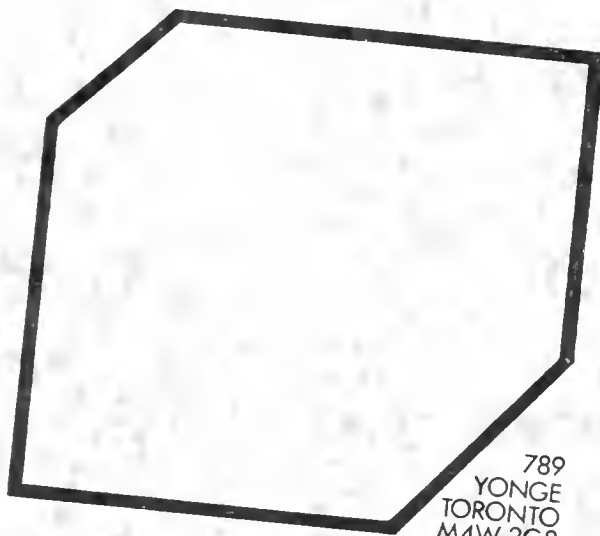


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NIGHT



ACTA VICTORIANA

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NIGHT

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, B.A., '04.

The last faint gleams die out along the West ;
Fades now the lingering radiance from the sky ;
The flame-tongued waters hushed to stillness lie
In silent calm, with gently stirring breast.

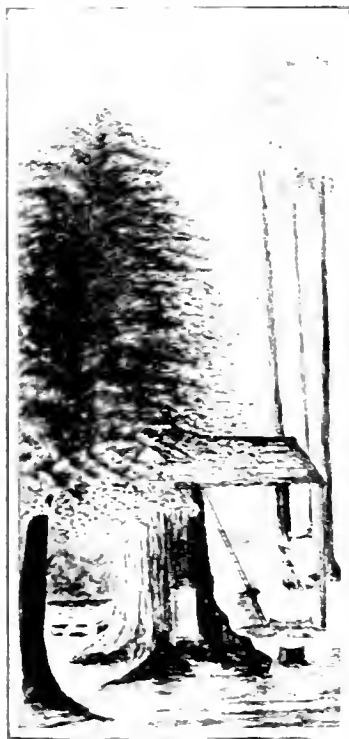
But soft! a glowing globe with ardent rays
Rekindles in the East day's dying flame ;
And light returns again, yet not the same,
The tremulous ghost of mid-day's garish blaze,

With wistful memories of departed day
Returned to haunt the slumber of the deep.
Then as the moon mounts higher, pale, serene,
She bends from heaven to kiss the well-loved scene,
While, like a child aweary of its play,
The silent bay lies smiling in its sleep.

British Columbia Lumbering

BY COTT L. NORTH.

ACCORDING to a man's nature is formed his opinion of the worth of any country, or section of country. The man of small mould, small bone, small eyes and small mind sees British Columbia, its forests and mountains, its lakes and its streams,



DADDY FREEMAN.

its roads, its towns and its people, and then turns up his lips with a sneer. "It's just a sea of rock," grunts he, and passes on. But the small man is not the only person who visits Canada's extreme West—the half-way house to the Orient. Captains of industry, with broad experience and still broader minds; engineering experts, fresh from the halls of science or tanned by the sunlight of a healthy outdoor struggle with the gnarls spread by nature's teasing hand in the pathway of modern progress, and bushy-browed, keen-eyed globe-trotters make their way to the Canadian Pacific coast, each one in turn seeing something that he thinks can be equalled nowhere else in the world.

The captain of industry sees opportunities offered on every hand for the construction of railways, the inauguration of steamboat lines, the opening of new avenues of trade with Japan, China, Australia, Mexico, and South America. His eyes fall on the mineral belts, and he is pleased. They are attracted to the swarming halibut and cod banks, the salmon runs and the oolachan schools, and he straightway knows where a mint of money can be made. The engineer understands that in a land of tangled rock and hill and stream the tracks of the captain of industry are sure to be strewn with problems for the solving of which he will be given alluring remuneration. So he rolls up his sleeves and prepares to work. The globe-trotter glances up at the snow-covered peaks that flash and tremble in the sunlight until the impressicnable eye gives them billowing motion and they become the "sea of mountains" for which the West is famous. When he

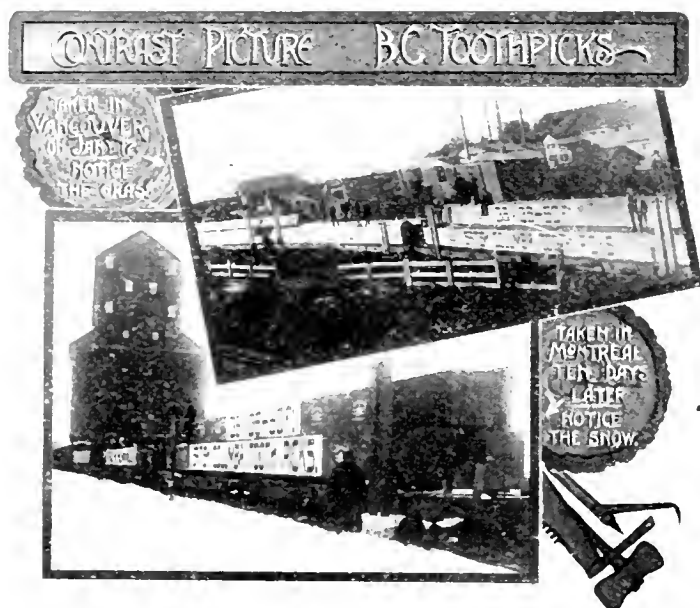


STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

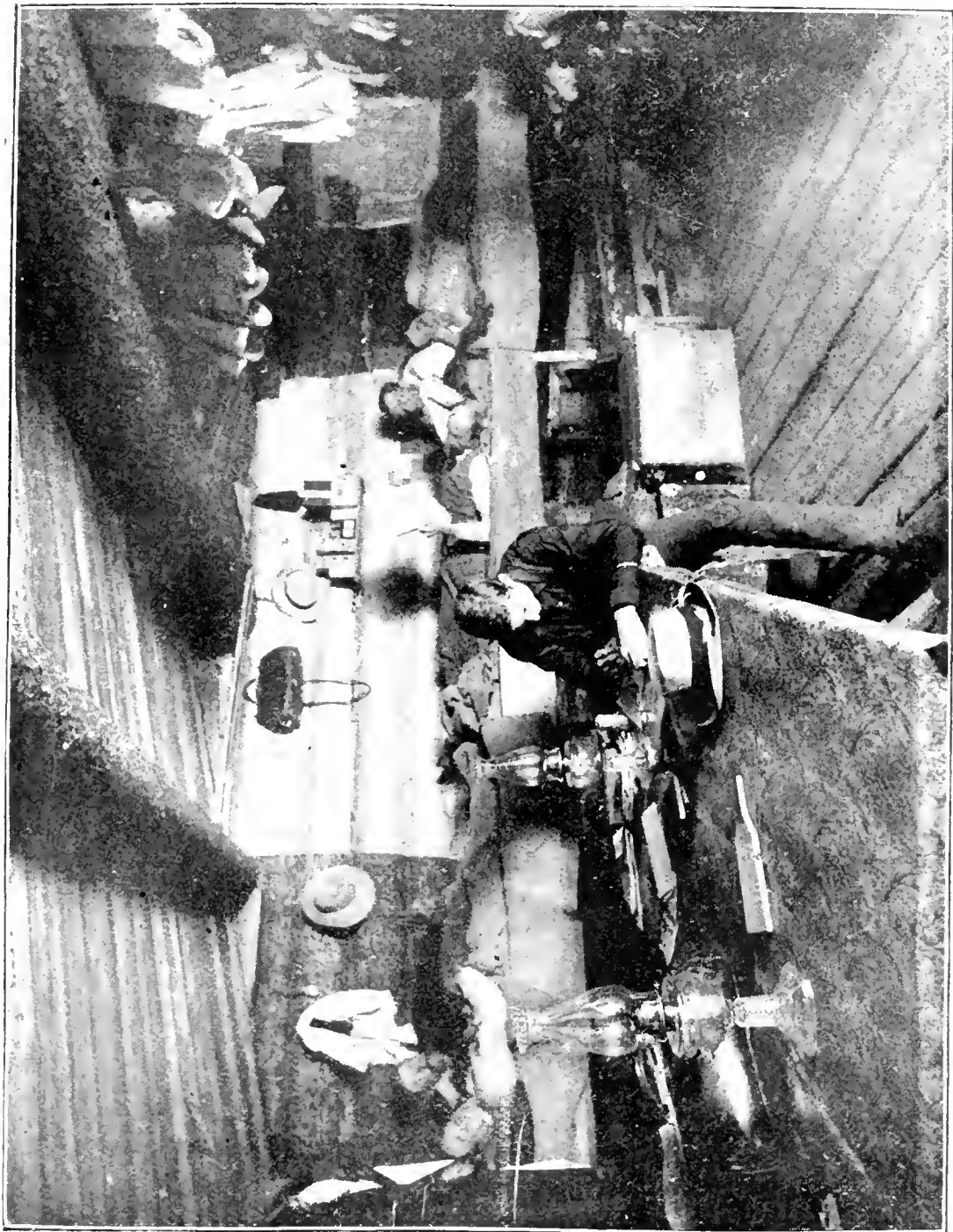
writes home he tells his friends he has found the tourist's paradise. Each sees in British Columbia something the other has not noticed.

All of which goes to prove that the Pacific seacoast province is so richly dowered by nature that for each who comes to visit it can provide a tempting field of enterprise from which it is difficult to turn away. Even the pessimist will find pleasure in the rocks, the tough stumps and the dismal rain.

But be he what he may, a financier or a tramp, a parson or a card-sharper, a scholar or an ignoramus, there is one thing in British Columbia which must impress everyone who travels through the province. This is its wealth of timber. The fame of the Douglas fir



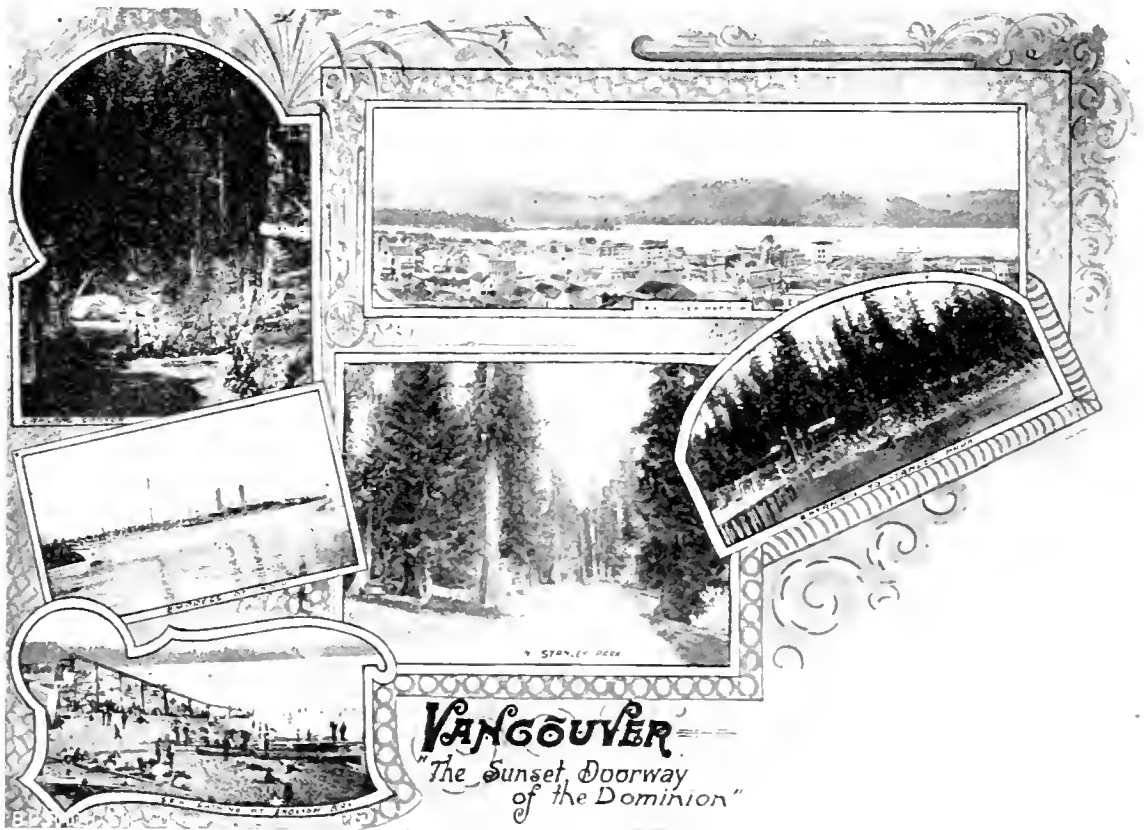
has been spread broadcast, and to the big mills of Chemainus and Vancouver come sailing craft from Cape Town, Brisbane, Callao, Yokohama, Liverpool, Honolulu, Mexico and the Indies, seeking loads of lumber for their home ports. In spite of the salmon, the gold, the mountains and the fruit of the province, the one thing for which British Columbia is known above all others throughout the world is its timber. As a matter of fact, not one acre in a thousand in the seacoast province is covered with merchantable trees, but where the forest monsters do grow they attain such a size and gather so thickly together that but a comparatively small "limit" will yield a bounteous harvest of "board feet." Mr. Patterson, of the Port Moody mills, which were so disastrously visited by fire this summer, is



IN A LUMBER CAMP.

responsible for the estimated proportion of timbered and untimbered land throughout British Columbia quoted above.

Naturally, as one of the most convenient shipping centres both for rail and vessel, Vancouver is vitally interested in the success of the lumber trade. Her mills are large, their cut extensive and the number of men employed well up in the thousands. Even before Vancouver commenced to be a town, the B.C. Mills Timber and Trading Company and the Port Moody Lumber Company were busy reducing timber to commercial lumber, and were bidding vigorously



for foreign trade. But with the advent of the C.P.R. and the founding of Vancouver, a new market was opened in Manitoba and the North-West. This market has steadily grown, and with its growth has come a rapid multiplication of the concerns competing for its custom. At the present time the coast mills, of which those in Vancouver, New Westminster and Chemainus form the most important part, number twenty-one and have a yearly lumber capacity of 350,000,000 feet. In addition, there are twenty eight shingle mills, with a capacity of 600,000,000 shingles. Both of these outputs could be doubled in an emergency by running night as well as day shifts.

Although the Territories and Manitoba take the larger portion of the B.C. lumber and shingle cut, trade has been pushed on into Ontario. The manager of the Brunette saw-mills in New Westminster said a short time ago that he found it profitable to ship as far east as Montreal and there to compete with the mills of the Ottawa Valley. One explanation of this rather remarkable fact, he says, is that the B.C. shingles have won such favor with Ontario builders that even at a much higher price they prefer them to all others, hence the demand.

In the early days of the industry the rougher grades of lumber



A SALMON CATCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

were shut out from the market by the high transportation rates. All profits had to be made out of the better grades. During the past four years, however, through the extension of the North-West and Eastern markets, and the increased demand from the local and foreign markets, conditions have been materially improved. Lower freight rates have obtained and better prices have prevailed. The rush to the Canadian wheat fields has proved a veritable gold mine for the lumbermen of the Pacific coast. To-day the outlook is bright, for the lumber barometer (to wit, the North-West) continues to indicate "fair weather."

Amongst the "sights" shown every tourist when he visits Vancouver is one or other of the big lumber plants—those of the Hastings, Royal City or Pacific Coast mills. The latter is the most recently erected and the most thoroughly equipped. It is an interesting sight to watch a big fir log, measuring anything from four to six feet in diameter, as it is hauled up out of the water by chains, clamped on a travelling support, and then run against the rough, rapidly whirling teeth of an immense band saw. First slabs, then boards are torn off as the huge car swings back and forth until each of the four sides has been trimmed down and a "stick" about three feet square is left. Then this "B.C. toothpick" is ready for shipment or to be sawn into heavy planks, according to the expressed wishes of the purchaser. To the mill it makes little difference. Only a few moments, and the largest of the felled forest monsters passes under the operating blades and emerges in piles of neatly cut dimension timber, boards or planks.

Unfortunately for the West, the majority of those employed in these big mills are Orientals—either Japs or Chinamen. Both work well, although neither one can get through nearly as much in a day as a good, sturdy white man who uses his brains and his hands at one and the same time. But the Orientals work for smaller wages, and so, in the eyes of the operators, are preferable. Out of their Japs and Chinamen the mills make money—and help to curse the country by refusing employment to honest Canadians who would make desirable citizens of the West. Of course, the millmen cry "hard times" and say that if they had to pay white men's wages they would soon close down. This whimper once was raised on the other side of the International Boundary line, but over there it is heard no more. The employers were forced to do without this cheap labor, and when they had to, they soon found that they could.

It is some consolation to know that since last January, when the \$500 head tax imposed on incoming Chinamen by the Laurier government went into force, not a single Celestial has entered the country save such as formerly were resident in Canada and had returned to their far Eastern homes simply for a visit. Thus is removed one (and the most serious) phase of the threatened Chinese invasion of Western Canada. Wherever the Mongol has settled in British Columbia in numbers he has built up a colony which forms the nucleus of the most undesirable, filthy and immoral section of the community in which he lives. As he seldom or never brought over with him his wife or child the increase of the pure breed is

effectually checked, but the half-breed, the worst breed of all, is only too common.

While this may seem irrelevant to the subject in hand, it must be



BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

remembered that, as the mills of the province offered employment for large numbers of the migrating Chinamen, they are responsible to a certain extent for the presence in the country of many Orientals. In

this way (a minor point, it is true, when compared with the vast profits accumulated through them by Canadians) the B.C. mills have proven a curse to the province.

But while the mills have cursed with one hand, they have blessed with another. Hundreds of now prosperous citizens of B.C. owe their start in the West to early employment given by the lumbermen. When a new arrival is down in his luck he straightway goes to one of the lumber yards, and there, if he is not afraid of hard toil and sore hands, he can secure work at a wage which will at least provide him with means on which to subsist. Thus he can keep himself alive and well fed while looking around for an opening, and if he is economical he can even lay by a few odd dollars as a nest egg.

To day Vancouver's lumber mills are working steadily and yielding a golden tribute. As population increases and the local demand provides an avenue through which much of the now wasted lower grades can be disposed of, the lot of the millmen will be brightened and the lumber traffic of Canada's gateway to the Orient will grow with leaps and bounds. British Columbia has the timber; her sons are ready to cut it. All that is needed to set in motion a fresh avalanche of trade is "the world as a market."

Ere closing it might be well to correct a certain popular mistake. When Canadians of the East speak of the famous Douglas fir, they think too frequently of huge trunks measuring fifty, sixty or even a hundred feet in circumference. This is wrong. There are, of course, unusually large trees whose trunks are even as much as thirty feet in diameter five feet from the ground; but these are not ordinary specimens. The average size on the stump of the Douglas fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock will not exceed four feet.



MEN OF THE WOODS.

In the Dormitories

BY E. EDNA DINGWALL, '03

THE most momentous question which comes to the average man or woman to decide is the choice of life work. Whether he knows it or not, it is most often in this decision that the final touch is given to the making or marring of character, and the man who has chosen wrongly has hung a millstone round his neck, whose fall must, sooner or later, crush both itself and him.

Old as it is true is the saying that work is valuable only through the spirit that permeates it, yet none the less should it be recognized that a clear understanding of one's strongest powers and a definite use of them is permissible—indeed, imperative—for the highest development of the individual; and that the man who, intellectually or physically, does lower work than that of which he is capable is hardly less in error than he who allows too keen a perception of his own talents to crowd out the more rudimentary truths of life. A man must live up to himself, not below, nor yet beyond; and, above all, he must live to his level in the spirit of consecration. Rare cases there must be when the sacrifice of self-suppression is necessary; but of the average man or woman it is seldom such surrender is permanently demanded.

In no work is this truth and the need of adaptability and harmony between talents and requirements more obvious, and in few is it less recognized, than in the rôle of boarding-school teacher. The idea appears popularly to exist that, among women especially, one who has received a college training, if she can do nothing else, can, as a last resort, always teach; providing only an obliging "agency" and a flattering photographer combine in her favor.

If teach she must and will, let her avoid boarding-schools as she would the pulpit. Firmly should each girl realize that none but a born *educator* should set foot in a residence school.

In the first place, look at the class of girls enrolled in almost all boarding-schools as residence pupils. With few exceptions you will find them either girls without homes or girls whose homes are so situated that more advantages are to be obtained from leaving than from remaining in them. What, then, is the boarding-school forced to undertake? Truly a stupendous task; none less than to take charge of the character-training as well as the intellectual supervision of its pupils. Whether it attains even partial success depends entirely upon the

character of those in authority, who have hour by hour more to do in moulding the young lives than have the very parents of the children.

Leaving out of discussion the question of the unconscious influence, what qualities are most necessary in the work of a residence teacher to produce that conscious influence, quite as unavoidable in her case as the unconscious? First and foremost, self-control. Self-control rather than sympathy? Emphatically, yes.

To educate the pupils we must, in the nature of things, control them; and control without the background of superior strength of character is worse than useless; it is positively harmful to the child. The teacher who has to resort to brute force to win the victory, or who is forced to bolster herself with varieties galore of purely external punishments, be she never so excellent a *teacher*, has not the capacity to be a child educator, and her place is as far as possible removed from the boarding-school. Let the teacher once lose control of herself, let her once allow her sympathies or passions to gain the upper hand, and her influence has decreased in the exact proportion in which she has departed from the line of justice. More than any other quality do children demand justice from those above them; and justice, above all, demands self-control. The ordinary school teacher has this demand made of her in the school-room for a certain number of hours each day; the teacher in a residence school must respond unceasingly, not only in the school-room, where she is more or less on guard, but in the hours of "duty," also, when she is called upon as a sort of domestic referee on all occasions, and where weariness of body is often the keenest of her personal sensations. If her self-control fails her under even so great provocation, she feels the results speedily, and will have a hard struggle to regain her lost ground in the minds of those most exacting of unconscious critics, the children.

Next to self-control and the accompanying sense of power is there keen necessity for sympathy, but sympathy, be it noticed, well ordered and controlled. A sympathy rampant can do more to distort the vision and hinder the usefulness of a residence teacher than can almost any other four unseasonable qualities. But, on the other hand, the teacher who cannot win the confidence of those with whom she comes in contact daily will by no means fulfil the demands of a true child-educator. Too little sympathy, like too much, hinders her from obtaining the true perspective, and will give rise to actions not on the strict lines of justice; and the teacher who does not represent to her pupils the incarnation of justice is already on shaky ground.

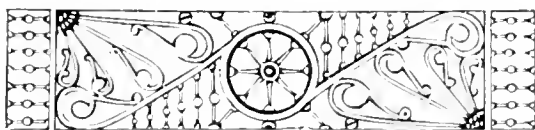
She who is impersonal that they may realize her power, and personal that they may learn her sympathy, such a woman it is whom the residence schools need, and whose hold over the pupils will not cease with their school days.

Control, sympathy and—humor. "A sense of humor will often save a woman when religion, training and home influences fail." And in a large sense is this true of the boarding school teacher. It is the constancy of the life that is wearing. Every day and all day long goes on the drain on the teacher's energies, and woe unto her who misses the opportunities of occasional flippancy! The future holds for her sure retribution in the shape of brain fag and large hospital bills, or else a gradual self-isolation from the good young life around her. To be filled with a sense of humor so keen that one can even see the funny side of a study-room joke which has fatally upset the gravity of a situation meant to be serious, this is to save oneself from the rack and one's pupils from the results of a too intense teacher's overstrung nerves. Truly, one is almost tempted to say, "And the greatest of these is humor."

Other qualities there are, volumes of them, but they cannot be touched on now. For the woman who combines them in the highest degree what possibilities lie in the life-work of a boarding-school teacher? The possibilities are as varied as the teachers. For the woman who combines everything everything is possible. Day after day she has with her more than a score of young souls in training. What she makes of them they will make of others, and the chain is never-ending.

Is it worth while? Is life worth while, or men, or women? The boarding-school teacher need never look for wealth, for her monthly cheques will at best afford only a competence; but if she be a true educator she will find in the lives her hands have helped to fashion compensation for her many sacrifices, her unceasing toil, her unfaltering zeal; and her reward will be the dearer to her because she must have earned it through the purifying of her own character in the education and uplifting of others.

Rothsay, N.B., Sept. 30th, 1904.



Our Palace Beautiful

COLLEGE is the pilgrim's stay in the Palace Beautiful, one of the early stages of his life journey. The sojourner here must enter the narrow passage and pass some lions, as Christian did, before he reaches the Porter. If he has slept in the Arbor of Indolence that stands on the hillside he arrives late.

The grave and beautiful damsel in control is lenient, and, at the Porter's request, takes the pilgrim into the Palace built for the refreshment and equipment of such travellers. The fresh young visitor's mind is occupied with himself and his pilgrimage as he talks with the inmates and the other guests about his experiences. Later his thought and conversation are broadened as his interest extends to the Palace builders, the why and wherefore of its building. Now he is more ready to abide in the chamber whose windows open to the sunrising.

He is shown the rarities of the place. He examines the volumes and records of the acts of the builders and his own predecessors. He peruses other histories of many famous things, "both ancient and modern, together with prophecies and predictions of things that have certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies and the comfort and solace of pilgrims."

Attention turns next to the armory wherein is all manner of furniture provided for pilgrims. There is here enough to harness out as many for service as there be stars in the heaven for multitude. Also are shown to him engines with which have been done wonderful things by earlier pilgrims.

In due time he is taken to the top of the house to view the Delectable Mountains of life duty which are common to all pilgrims, and he thinks of setting forward immediately for them. He is not yet ready, however. He must be panoplied from head to foot with what is of proof, lest he meet with assaults by the way. With his mind set upon the Delectable Mountains, he knows not of the Valley of Humiliation and of Apollyon so near him, but his wise helpers know of them and prepare him.

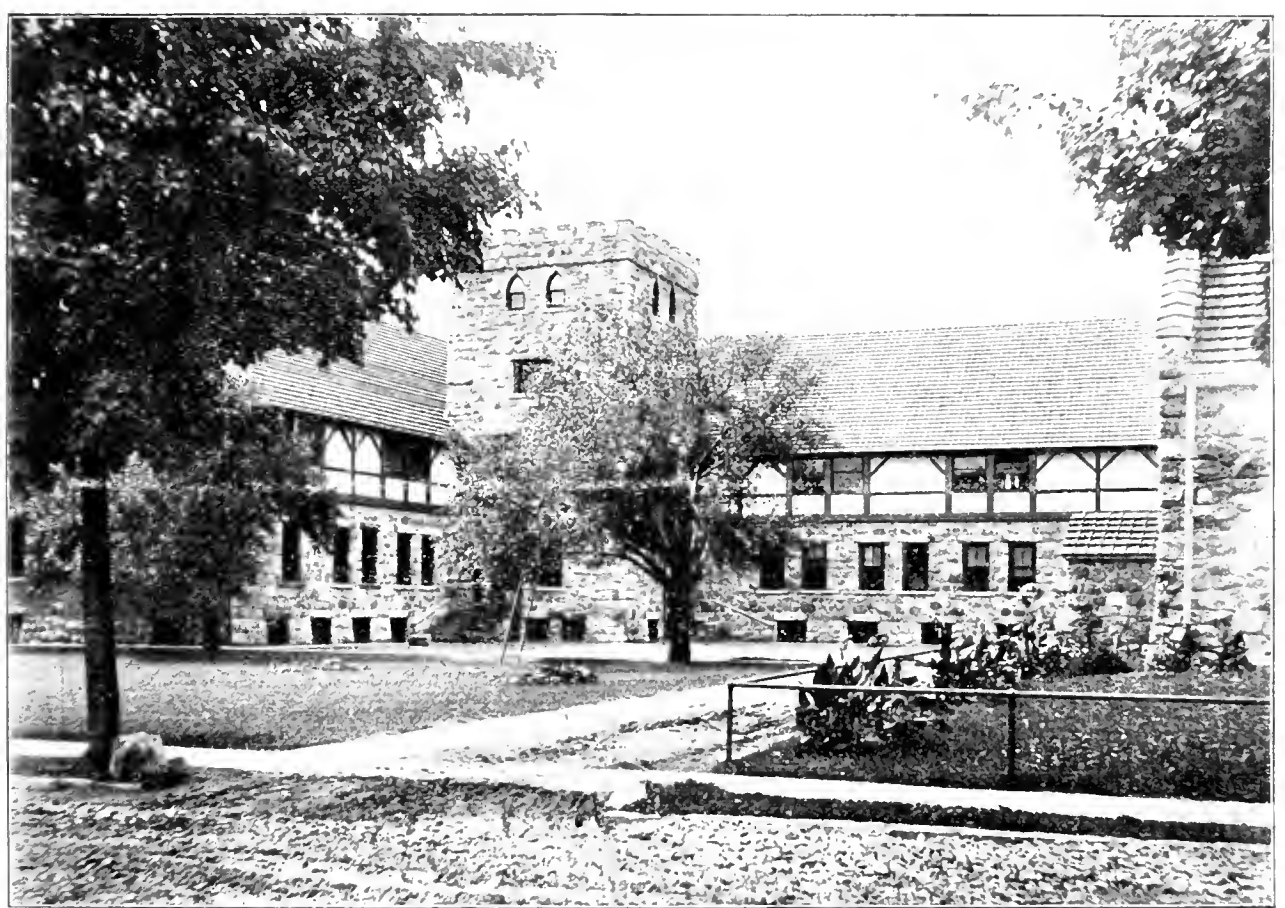
Well accoutred, he walks with friends to the gate and to the dwellers in the palace he says with Christian, "The Lord be with thee and add to thy blessings much increase for the kindness thou hast showed me."

A. G.

William Morris and the Roycrofters

BY ETHEL HUME PATTERSON, '05.

WE have been told very often that we are living in a commercial age, in an age whose ideal seems to be a grasping after what Hawthorne calls "the big unrealities—money, notoriety, power." Our teachers, our editors, our preachers, have so often cried out against "the curse of our generation—the greed for gain," that we have at last come to believe that there *is* a maelstrom underneath



THE SHOP.

the foaming mist of bubbles towards which we are whirling. We believe it is there, but the bubbles are very beautiful, and the current is very strong, and so we yield to the flow of the river, and whirl onward and downward. Sometimes we meet a man who is swimming against the tide, his eyes are fixed on the beautiful City of

our Ideal away from which we have turned, and he shouts to us "Back! back!" But we say, "No, the tide is too powerful. You are strong, but we are weak, and the bubbles are so *very* beautiful!" And away we whirl!

Exaggerated? Perhaps. Nevertheless the plain fact remains that the danger exists, that many of us are deliberately choosing it, and that the great strong spirits of the day are the men who are urging us to turn. All honor then and reverence to these men who, in this age crammed full of commercial and industrial activity, are holding up



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

the Beautiful before us; bidding us open our eyes to beautiful sights, our ears to beautiful sounds, and our hearts to beautiful thoughts. We believe in such men, and it will do us good to think about them. In William Morris and Elbert Hubbard we have two such standard-bearers of Beauty, for, just because we are a busy world and must always be a busy work-a-day world, they have endeavored and are endeavoring to bring the Ideal into our work, and so make it sincere, beautiful and joyful.

William Morris devoted his life to the worship of Beauty and to true Art—"the uplifting of the Beautiful that all may see and enjoy."

He was a man of complex and varied activities—a poet, an artist, a craftsman, a social reformer, and he blended these gifts into a splendid personality, so that the poet was never at war with the craftsman, nor the artist with the social constructor. For, while with pen and brush he drew beautiful dream-world pictures of primitive and mediæval times, he also strove to bring this same beauty into everyday



WILLIAM HUBBARD AND HIS SONS.

life—to give character, and fitness, and grace, to chair, and table, and cupboard. And to this part of his work he applied the principle of sincerity which animated that remarkable group of painters to which he belonged—"The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and which included Madox, Brown, Burne-Jones and Rossetti.

Morris' practical craftsmanship brought him into close touch with present economic conditions from the point of view of both employer

and employee, and, unlike Ruskin, who, though he bitterly denounced the modern system, would take no part in a revolution, his protests were active and he joined in heartily with the new Socialist party. His ideas as to social reform he embodied in the Utopian romance, "News from Nowhere," a picture of social revolution the outcome of which will be "a new state of society where work is not divorced from joy and where the tyranny of machinery is abolished." He gives voice again to this gospel in "The Commonweal"—

"Then a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds of his hand,

Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.

"O strange new wonderful justice! But for whom shall we gather the gain? For ourselves and each of our fellows—no hand shall labor in vain.

"Then all mine and all thine shall be ours, and no more shall any man crave For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter the friend for a slave."

And we believe that the promulgating of this doctrine was the permanent part of William Morris' life work. The fashions will change, no doubt, and our beautiful Morris windows and papers, books and hangings, chairs and cupboards, will pass away, but the impulse the man gave to the love of the sincere and the beautiful, and to joyful, as opposed to joyless, work, will never die.

Towards the close of the nineteenth century Elbert Hubbard met William Morris and, to use his own words, "caught it." Being a man of action, he at once began to put his ideas to a practical test, and began his social and industrial experiment, which has for its scene of action the ordinary little town of East Aurora, N.Y. This experiment ought to interest us because its great success has proved it practicable.

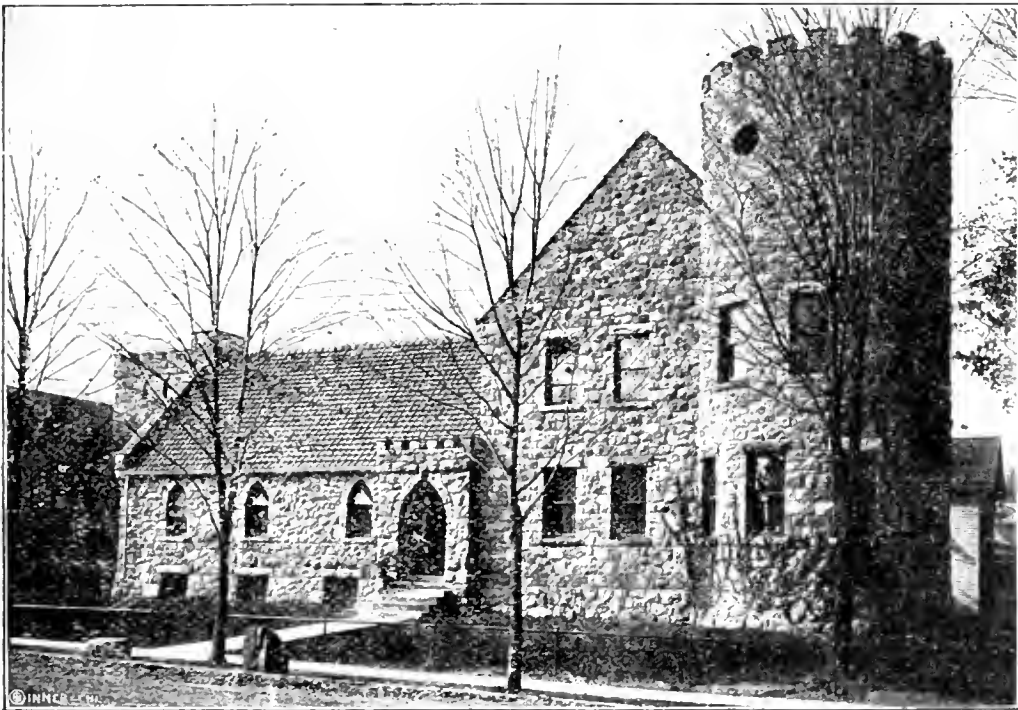
Mr. Hubbard, or Fra Elbertus, as he is called by the faithful, was one of a large family in an Illinois country doctor's home. He left school at the age of fifteen, worked on a farm, went West, became a cowboy, worked in a Chicago printing office, then worked as a salesman, then in a soap factory, taught school, went to Harvard, wrote for the newspapers, tramped through Europe (where he met Morris), came to East Aurora, where he raised horses and started Chautauqua circles. No wonder he says of himself, "I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and I have taken several post graduate courses."

By means of this educational preparation Elbert Hubbard had become a man of the people, and could understand economic and industrial problems as an aristocrat like William Morris never could

do. He began to formulate ideas concerning the nature of man's work and his place in society which were to be realized later on. He writes thus: "To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly, to bear patiently, to act quietly, to speak cheerfully, to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good. And, further than this, it is the best way you can serve humanity—live your life." And this the Fra hangs up as part of his creed:

"I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom.

"I believe there is no better preparation for a life to come than this: Do your work as well as you can, and be kind.



THE LIBRARY.

"I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts."

When Mr. Hubbard settled down in East Aurora he began to write his *Little Journeys*, and not being able to find a publisher, had the first one printed at the local printing office. This led to the printing of a pamphlet "about things in general and publishers and magazine editors in particular." Then the Fra procured the printer's outfit and decided to make the pamphlet a monthly magazine to run one year. He called it *The Philistine* because he intended to go after the chosen people in literature. The success of the little brown

pamphlet was enormous: its unique appearance and character doubtless having much to do with its first popularity.

The avowed intention of *The Philistine*, as expressed somewhere in its pages, is "to make men think," and this is accomplished sometimes by ordinary, but often by extraordinary means. The language is strong and terse, full of energy and fire, and indeed the Fra has a habit of seizing upon one's most cherished opinions and shaking them, sometimes roughly and rudely and even without reason, so that they return in a scarcely recognizable condition. But probably they are all the better and stronger for this kind of treatment, being, perhaps, like the well-brought-up, nursery-bred boy, in need of a few hard fights and knocks before he can become a man.

People rather liked getting a new point of view—they rather liked getting shaken up a bit, so *The Philistine* grew popular. The work grew apace and subscriptions poured in. Workers and a place to work in were needed. Here was a chance for the Fra to practice what he preached.

"It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working, but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written, 'In the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written, 'In the breaking of thy heart.'" The Fra took this cry of Ruskin for a text and preached a sermon, and the sermon took the form of a low, irregular, grey stone building, like a quaint English chapel. And in the rooms he put pianos, and books, and curtains, and pictures, and statuary—all the beautiful things he could—and this was to be the workshop.

The workers for whose needs this building was designed were right at hand. Before the coming of Fra Elbertus, East Aurora was an ordinary, plain, humdrum village, with the usual country store, blacksmith shop, sawmill and tavern. The consequence was that, as in hundreds of other villages, the cramped energies and ambitions of the boys and girls could find an outlet only in getting away to the big cities, where doubtless some of them *did* become shining lights, but some did *not*. Now not only is the appearance of the town greatly changed, but it has become a home place for its boys and girls—a home where they earn their living in a congenial, healthful way, and receive a broad, liberal education at the same time.

For it is as natural for boys and girls to want to make beautiful things with their hands as it is for birds to sing, and, when to the skill of the hand they can add joy of heart and guidance of brain, they grow, develop, are being educated. Not only the young people

but the young old people find work which is suited to them, and the interest which these veterans of agriculture and of housework take in art is amazing to those who do not know the barrenness of some of these busy rural lives, and the innate love in every breast for that which is beautiful and true.

These workers have been organized into a corporation, "The Roycrofters." In choosing this name, Mr. Hubbard says they had in mind Samuel and Thomas Roycroft, who made and printed very beautiful books in the middle of the 17th century; but "beyond this the word has a special significance, meaning King's craft—King's



"FRA ELBERTUS."

craftsmen being a term used in the guilds of the olden time for men who had achieved a high degree of skill—men who made things for the King. So a Roycrofter is a person who makes beautiful things, and makes them as well as he can." The shares of the corporation are held by the workers and by no one else, and this has been found to call forth the highest degree of diligence, interest, and intelligence.

Anyone who is the fortunate possessor of a piece of Roycroft ware will certainly admit that the Roycrofters have justified their name. Fra Elbertus has made a financial success of his experiment because he began to satisfy the innate love of man for beautiful things. Cheap

books had served their turn, but the art of making beautiful books seemed dead in America. However, to-day hundreds of book-lovers are treasuring the hand-made, illuminated, quaintly printed volumes with the Roycroft mark upon them. They are treasures, for there clings to each an individuality and a sentiment which could never come with an article shot out of a machine and like unto hundreds of others. And the joy that goes into the making of these works of art comes out again in the joy of the appreciative possessor. Truly joy is infinite and eternal!

Besides the making of books, the Roycrofters print the two magazines, *The Philistine*, and *Little Journeys*, and lately, as need has arisen, have begun such industries as carpentering, terra cotta work and weaving. And joyful work does not make up the whole of the Roycroft idea. There are healthful recreations of all kinds, and in the evenings, concerts, lectures, educational classes. Music is a very prominent feature, there being over one hundred pupils in instrumental music. Everything is done that can be done for the culture and development of the workers.

No, East Aurora is not the millennial dawn, nor yet Utopia! Patience, kindness, "bear and forbear," are just as necessary there as elsewhere. Some days, we doubt not, things go crookedwise, and there are frowns instead of smiles,—as the Fra himself expresses it, "We are travelling to the Beautiful City of our Ideal. We are aware we shall never reach it—but the suburbs are very pleasant."

And yet, East Aurora is a Dawn—possibly it will be a long, long, weary time before the Sun rises in full splendor—but the Dawn has come! From the humble little village we can lift our eyes to the Land of our Dream

"Where only the Master shall praise, and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the *joy of the working*, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."



A Double Victory

KATHERINE E. CULLEN, '06.

IT was one of those rare evenings of Indian summer when the air is balmy and fragrant and the sun seems to linger above the horizon in a clear blaze of golden glory. The beams of fading light seemed imprisoned and entangled in the jagged crests of the mountains, changing their dull blue, whence the Blue Ridge Mountains derive their name, to a bright rosy halo. Farther down the mountain sides, untouched by the rays of the setting sun, the characteristic blue haze softened and broke their bold, rugged outlines.

Against this sombre background arose a large and stately stone mansion, whose weather-beaten walls were surrounded by the broad verandahs and lofty columns of the colonial period. On a terraced lawn in front stood a young woman, whose face, though beautiful, revealed traces of patient suffering. With clouded brow she eagerly scanned the crests of the neighboring mountains for some sign of life. Word had just reached her that, earlier in the day, the Confederate army had been defeated and that the victorious Northern troops were scouring the country in search of fugitives. The news came to her like a thunderbolt and, half beside herself with terror, she repeatedly murmured, "Oh! if only he would not come to-night." And she clasped her hands appealingly and gazed wildly about. "If the soldiers come to-night he will be lost; he does not know that the battle has been raging near us. Oh, I must send him word not to come!"

Running into the kitchen Mrs. Mills asked excitedly for Sam. "Sam aint roun' yere jes dis minnit, Miss Virginny," explained Esther, an old servant, who had nursed Mrs. Mills when a baby. "Sam's down at de stables lockin' up de hosses fer de night. He done heerd dat some ob dese yere free-actin' niggahs gwine ter escapade on us to-night and so he's fixin' up fer to fool 'em."

"Esther," said Mrs. Mills, imperiously, "tell Sam I want him at once. I will be in the library."

"Yes'm," and old Esther in spite of her weight of years almost ran down the path leading to the stables.

"Miss Virginny, I heah you done want me an' I come jes as fas' as I could. Is anything happen to Marse John?" he asked, becoming suddenly anxious. "You look like you'd heerd bad news."

"Sam, your master sent word he would be here between nine and ten this evening to see us all before he leaves for New Orleans," and here Mrs. Mills tried determinedly to control her anxiety, in order not to arouse the excitable negro. Now Sam, there has been a skirmish over the mountains and your master may not have known that it was likely to take place. The soldiers are coming this way, and if he should come while they are passing through here what can we do?" Here Mrs. Mills could control herself no longer and wept like a child.

"Don't cry, fer de Lawd's sake, Miss Virginny. P'raps Marse John done heerd ob de battle already an' he aint comin' home. But if he was, Miss Virginny, we couldn't do nothin', 'cause we don't know zacktly whar he's gwine ter come from."

"You are right, Sam; we could not possibly let him know," and Mrs. Mills relapsed into tears.

Sambo slipped quietly from the room and went to the kitchen, where the servants were sitting beside the great old-fashioned hearth. Before the war the Mills' establishment had been the largest and most respected in the neighborhood, but when the war broke out hard times had come and only the old family servants were retained. And now as Sambo, the oldest member of the household, entered the room he found only two old women whispering in awed tones about "de war" and "pore Miss Virginny."

"Wat you two niggahs doin' yere, settin' by the fiah wastin' yoah time? You bettah get to work and fix up fer to hab a big supper ready, for shure as youse bawn dose confounded Northern white trash is gwine ter come heah and demand some suppah. Dinah," addressing his wife, "You cook all de meat and potatoes in de place, an' Esther, you make up de pies and cakes, for shure as youse bawn dose soldiers 'll be yere dis very night." These orders were all given in the tones of the Sambo of the old palmy days, when he was the pompous footman, and without hesitation the two old negro women set briskly to work.

Meanwhile in the library Mrs. Mills was sitting back in the depths of a great leather-covered chair, holding on her knee a pretty flax-haired child about six years of age, whose clear blue eyes were at once trusting and persuasive. "Mamma, won't I ever see papa again?" she asked. "Won't he ever come home again?"

"Why yes, darling; I hope so. What makes you ask such strange questions?"

"Because you are crying so hard. I thought perhaps he'd never, never come back again and let me ride with him like he did last summer on my own little Dixie." So in her childish way little Alice

prattled on till the sun had long since sunk behind the mountains. The night had become very dark, with only an occasional star peeping out now and then from behind the clouds.

Suddenly old Sambo rushed in and whispered excitedly to Mrs. Mills, who paled and grasped the arm of her chair to steady herself. A moment of agitation, then, with a great effort, she quietly told Alice to run up to the nursery and play until she could come to put her to sleep. Then, as the wondering child ran upstairs, the faithful black explained that a company of Northerners under General McLellan had come and demanded food. Orders were at once given to obey the request, and soon the house was filled with soldiers, who stared rudely around at the costly mahogany and rare old paintings.

Up in the nursery Alice, child-like, had forgotten the mystery downstairs and was playing with her dolls, unconscious of the intruders, but after a time a strange voice below the nursery window attracted her attention. Her childish curiosity was aroused, and, as she listened, the words became distinct and she could hear two of the soldiers talking.

"Say, wasn't that great grub we had? Major Mills has great cooks."

"Yes and they say that he had a fine lot of horses, and that some, if not all of them, are left here at home."

"By Jove!" broke in the other voice, "won't that be a great haul?"

"Yes, and as soon as the rest of the fellows have all the grub they want we'll go to the stables, and then leave by the north gate. Why there they go now. Hurrah!"

All this conversation was overheard by two very alert little ears, and it took but a short time for Alice to realize that her own little Dixie, a present from her father, would soon be taken from her. All her passionate Southern blood mounted up in rebellion, and in her anxiety for Dixie's safety she forgot her fear of those dreadful Northern soldiers, whose very name she had grown to hate because they were fighting against her father. With a sudden resolve she sped out of the nursery, down the broad old-fashioned staircase, and out into the night, heedless of the cold damp air. Her golden curls dancing about her delicately moulded cheeks, she hurried to the stables, fearing she might be too late to save Dixie.

What a sight met her eyes as she neared the lighted stables. There were all the soldiers with their torches peering about and leading out from their stalls the horses that had been her father's pride. Just as the fairy figure of the child appeared in the doorway one of the rough soldiers was leading out little Dixie, who whinnied with delight at sight

of her little mistress. Instantly all was silence, broken only by the child's cry, "What are you doing to my Dixie? This is my own pony and you can't have her." Then, burying her face in the silky black mane she sobbed as though her little heart would break, "Oh! Dixie, those cruel soldiers want to take you away, but I won't let them—no, I won't let them."

On the outskirts of the company of soldiers stood the general, a witness to the whole scene. At sight of the child his soldier heart was touched, as his thoughts turned to another little flaxen-haired child in the North, whom he might never see again. As the child raised her head and looked around appealingly, he hurriedly wrote something on the leaf of his notebook and stepped quickly toward her. Stooping down he folded her in his arms, and said in a husky voice, "You shall keep your Dixie just as long as you please and no more cruel soldiers will come to take her away. If they do, just show them this slip of paper and they will not touch your pet." The child's eyes filled with tears, and impulsively she threw her arms around the general's neck, and, kissing him fervently, she said, "You're almost as nice as my own papa." A last embrace and the general put the child down gently, and then quietly gave orders to march on.

Meanwhile in the blackness of night one could scarcely have discerned the dark figure of a man crouching behind the stable and listening with strained ears to the footsteps of the soldiers. He knew they would soon be marching past him, and must surely spy him as they passed, yet saw no means of escape, for retreat or advance would alike expose him. Anxiously he noted the delay at the stables and listened to their noisy shouts as one by one the beautiful steeds were led forth, but still the way seemed blocked for his escape. Suddenly silence prevails, and as he peers through a crack he sees the soldiers spellbound in the presence of a child. This is his chance. Now or never he must creep away. Slowly and noiselessly he crawls along till he reaches a dark and secluded path, when he darts up and runs for his life. He is safe. Little Alice, quivering with excitement, hastened back to the house, and rushing into the library was amazed to see her father talking excitedly to his wife, whose eyes shone with tears of joy. "Oh, papa!" she cried, delightedly; and as her father lifted her up in his arms and her mother smothered her with kisses, she said, "I saved Dixie; those bad soldiers were going to take her away."

Tenderly her father replied, "Yes, darling, and you have saved me, too."

First Things in College Life

THERE was a time when the popular conception of a college man was a near-sighted and spindle-shanked individual, wearing a brow "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and carrying in his hand some volume of the classics or of philosophy. *Tempora mutantur* and to-day the mental picture most readily called up by the mention of the great universities is, perhaps, that of a husky fellow in a padded suit with a rugby ball under his arm. As our conception of education has broadened out, the athletic and social phases of college life have obtained a prominence that threatens to quite overshadow the scholastic side. We have come to insist strongly upon the value of the physical training upon the campus and of the education to be found in the association with other men in the college societies and in the different relationships of college life, and the mere bookish recluse we pity or dispise according to our charity.

While we freely admit the wholesome tendency and the educational value of those elements of the college life to be found outside the study or lecture room, may we not also confess that in our anxiety to avoid Scylla there is a danger of falling into Charybdis, and that by a too zealous devotion to athletics and the work of the college societies we may indeed escape the imputation of bookishness but fail of acquiring the culture which ought to be looked for in the college graduate? It is scarcely necessary to remark that there is no cause-and-effect or any other relation between cramming and culture, or that the passing of examinations is not necessarily a proof of the possession of a cultured mind.

There are moral qualities that are cultivated to better advantage on the campus than elsewhere. There is an alertness that may best be gained in the college society. But there are also elements of culture which cannot be otherwise obtained than by continuous hard study. The power of application and of intense thinking, the formation of proper habits of study for after life—for the college graduate will presumably always be more or less of a student—the passion for truth, the saturation of the mind with the living and vivifying thoughts that have inspired men in all ages, the pleasures that come from the power of appreciating what is fair and noble in all art and the increased sense of the dignity and responsibility of life that comes from the wider outlook—to all these, books and study most efficiently contribute. Let us recognize, then, that, while athletic and college societies occupy an important, it is yet a secondary place and that the all-round college

man is not the man who occupies prominent positions in all college organizations and crams for his examinations on borrowed lecture notes, but the man who, while he takes his part in these and perhaps specializes in one of them, finds time also to become acquainted with his text-books and indulge as well in some supplementary or general reading.

Let us cultivate a college spirit that shall not only demand our attendance at the games in which college teams struggle for championship honors, but shall also require that we reflect honor on our college by winning creditable places on the class-list.

SENIOR.





A Segment of Nature

BY PROF. JAS. H. BOWMAN, LONDON.

THE members of our little Home Circle are in the habit of going into the fields and woods on Saturday afternoons and there observing, collecting and carrying home whatever Dame Nature, in her varying moods and seasons, may provide. The London district, in which we live, is unusually prolific because of the topography of the country and its rich loamy soil. It is at the junction of the two branches of the Thames whose valleys, with their wooded ravines, furnish the differences in soil, moisture and situation needed to produce variety.

As the river drains a large section of the northern country, we have borne to us, on its spring tides, seeds and spores of flower and fern not indigenous to the soil.

Besides this there is another feature of our local geography which adds wonderfully to the value of this field to the naturalist. This is the frequently occurring peat-bogs, giving us a strangely interesting flora with its fly-catchers and other plant specializations. They seem almost like small patches of a much more northern country, dropped down among our smiling hills. In extent they are from fifty to one one hundred acres each, and upon entering them we hear and see birds and collect flower-blooms quite boreal.

With such alluring inducements to research, it is not strange that nature-lovers make frequent rambles and that their naturalist's instincts find ample reward.

One of our trips, taken in September of last year, was along the south branch of the river, two or three miles from the city, where heavy woods cover the river valley and fringe several ravines long distances inland.

One of our lads saw something unusual in the fork of a tree about twenty feet from the ground. It looked like a sponge, was of the same color and outline and about the size of a cocoanut. Now as

sponges do not climb, and the "weary Willies" who might have made their spring-time ablutions here would hardly know the use of such a toilet article, I proposed that someone climb the tree and bring down the curiosity. No sooner was he under the tree branches than he started back crying out "why it's raining there"! As the sky was cloudless, I said "nonsense, it can't be; try it again". But it was so; there was a steady downpour which had soaked the ground and be-dewed the grass. The connection between this phenomena and the sponge was not apparent, but that two such singular things should be found together and be without relation to each other seemed unlikely.

Soon the brownish yellow growth was in our hands and we began our investigation. The resemblance to a sponge, we found, upon tearing it open, ceased with the outer covering. Within it was like a close-packed mass of sphagnum moss. This made it no less remarkable as no growth of this kind is found within several miles of the place. The memory of another ramble taken through this part of the country in mid-winter, when the snow was deep, drifted back to me. Then I had found a black mass attached to the branch of a beech tree. In appearance it was like a sponge that had been charred with fire and reduced almost to a cinder. Inside there was this same moss-like appearance. After much puzzling over the specimen the conclusion was reached, that campers, troubled by mosquitoes, had made a ball of moss, and saturated it with coal oil to produce a smudge. This explanation was not very satisfactory but was accepted for want of a better. Now it flashed upon me that the sponge and the smudge-ball were but different stages of development of the same thing.

When the lad came down from the tree he reported the upper branches covered with a white wool, and declared that it was this that occasioned the rain. Investigation showed that a mass of the woolly aphids literally covered the limbs and leaves, their snowy tufts moving rhythmically backwards and forwards and giving the appearance of wave ripples. These little creatures are provided with sucking tubes, which they insert into the bark and so sip out the sap. The dropping of this constituted the "rain" which we had noticed. On other occasions I had noticed this species of aphids on tree branches but never dropping such a shower.

Under the tree there was an ant colony, having the largest ant-hill I had ever seen. It consisted of a mound of sandy earth, four to five

feet long, two to three feet wide and one and a half feet high, made of ant holes, if anything can be said to be made of holes.

Now we had been reading a series of interesting articles running through an Entomological Journal on the aphid as the ants' cow, describing how the ants herd these little creatures, milking them at will of their sweet fluid which they consider a most delectable dainty.

The previous fall, when digging my dahlia roots, I found them shrivelled and worthless. They were infested with milk-white aphid. In talking it over with an Entomologist, I was told: "If you want to get rid of the aphid, kill the ants." At first blush this seemed extraordinary advice, yet experience proves its wisdom, for the multiplying of this insect is greatly promoted by the friendly offices of the ant.

The small rain shower beneath the tree was undoubtedly produced by the milking operations of the ants from the colony below. One is inclined to think that they must waste more than they drink, else their capacity must be enormous. Ants are notorious for having a "sweet-tooth." They love sweets as a drunkard loves his glass. Having no sucking-tubes of their own or other means of drawing the sugar-laden sap from the beech tree, these industrious little creatures tie up to another species provided with what they lack and so attain their desire. The gentle rubbing movement involved in the milking stimulates the aphid in his sucking operations and is apparently very pleasing to him. The presence of these aphides was likely the cause for which the ants choose this spot as their camping ground.

But the "sponge"? We had almost forgotten it in tracing the other phenomena on this beech tree, the home of so many curious manifestations. The "sponge," which was saturated with the "rain," was carefully carried and sections of it were examined under the microscope. Unable to determine its place in nature, we searched the neighborhood, and, having found some other specimens, watched their development during the next couple of months. The outer layer turned gradually darker, till it finally resembled a coal-black cinder. It was discovered to be covered with minute flask-like bodies (asci) containing spores, so that we knew it was a fungus and of the ascomycetes group. Its characters were so marked that there could be no mistake as to its identity. It was what Mycologists call *Scorias*, named from their resemblance to the cinder thrown from the crater of a volcano. The text books give several American species but no British ones, and this was our introduction to it. Its lodgment in the fork of this tree may be accounted for in this way:

The spores of this fungus, floating in the air, came into contact with the branches of this tree, wet with the viscous fluid from the aphids and were held there and fed by the nutriment thus supplied.

This incident is the arc of a small circle of life. The beech tree produced the sap. The aphids drew it from the tree but would have died of their gluttony but for the ants who formed the third sector in the arc ; while incidentally the fungus used the superabundance and waste of the other two.

Notes.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, who, though but fifty-two years of age, has already immortalized himself by discovering five new elements, is now in America in connection with the annual convention of the Society of Chemical Industry, of which he was last year president. His presidential address, which was delivered at the end of his term of office, deals with the college education of chemists, and is well worth the attention of all Science students. Sir William is a wonderfully expert chemist, as is well shown by his recent demonstration that radium changes to helium, for in that experiment he worked for months with a bit of gas considerably smaller than a pin's head. But there is a still stronger proof of his dexterity, and this not a chemical one. He can dress for evening dinner in four minutes !

THE well-known "kick" of a fire-hose is used for a very peculiar purpose on some boats recently sent out to Egypt from England for work on canals. On the boats are fire-engines which throw powerful streams of water into the air behind them, and the push of the streams on the air sends the boats forward.

THIS summer M. Rigolly smashed the "flying kilomètre" record for automobiles by covering five-eighths of a mile in 21 3 5 seconds. This is equivalent to a speed of 103 1 2 miles an hour.

It is the delight of our southern neighbors to boast that they have, within their borders, the superlatively best of everything on earth. Among other things they claim the fastest and best train service in the world. The Scientific American, in a recent number, gives the following interesting facts :—

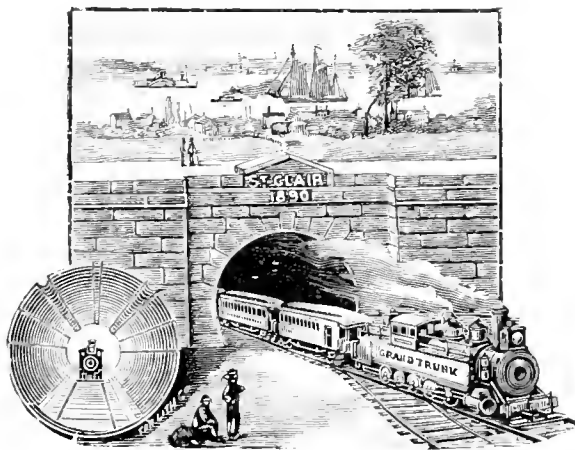
In the United States there are but two daily regular trains that maintain an average speed of fifty miles an hour or more, including stops, over the whole of their run. In France there are thirty-five trains that make an average speed of fifty-five miles an hour over

long distances. In England fifty-three daily trains, making runs averaging one hundred and one miles each, maintain this speed or better. Score, John Bull !

PROF. RIGGE, of Creighton University Observatory, Omaha, gives a striking instance of the wonderful exactness of astronomical science by solving an apparently impossible problem ; one that a Pinkerton detective might despair of. Required—to find in what year, on what day, at what minute a certain photo of the Observatory building was taken. By measuring on the photograph the shadow cast by the eaves of the building on the brick wall an answer was obtained correct to a couple of minutes. The photo was taken on May 2nd, 1893, at 3.06 p.m. Prof. Rigge adds that he is surer of the time than the photographer himself could be !

THE weight of the latest Pullman car is so great that there is actually two tons of wood and metal per passenger. This is a striking contrast to the economy of weight shown in the bicycle. It is well remarked that such ponderous cars are mechanically absurd.

FOGS are not in this country the menace and nuisance they are in England. Instead of fog-horns and bells, Sir Oliver Lodge proposes a new remedy for fog—destroy it ! He has proved that with an apparatus almost the same as now used for wireless telegraphy, small spaces, the mouth of a river, for instance, may be completely cleared of the densest fog.



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Editorial.

To all our readers—to graduates, undergraduates
GREETING. and theological students—greeting! A new staff,
full of hope and expectancy, a new year filled with
glowing ideals and bright prospects! Inspired by the traditions of
a past, rich with ever-enlarging visions and fulfilled prophecies, we
venture to raise the standard one notch higher. Difficult of attain-
ment? Yes, perhaps; yet with Lowell we believe

“Not failure but low aim is crime.”

If success in any measure crown our efforts, we fully realize that it
will not be because of any superior ability on the part of the present
staff, but because those who have gone before us have laid well the
foundations of success. “They have nobly done their duty”; and
as they have in turn stepped down and out, each has left some con-
tribution to the inheritance of their successors, not the least part
of which is

“The banner with the strange device—Excel-sior.”

Vacations are past, and another year is before us
FACING THE YEAR. with all its possibilities—possibilities measured only
by our application and receptivity. There may be a
great difference of opinion regarding the length of
the University vacation, but so long as the lengthy vacation sends us
back with renewed interest in and courage to face our work and with
keen enthusiasm to be and become the best we can by making the
most of every opportunity to improve ourselves and serve the
interests of others, we dare not say it has been too long. But if it
has taken from us the power of application to our work, which we
can regain only as the approach of examinations compels us to work,
and has taught us to be content with trifling away our time on minor
things, it is to us a bane, and the clamor might well be raised for a
shorter vacation.

However that may be, it seems certain that some men come back
to college with the determination to make academic work subservient
to every other interest in college life, and to having a jolly time; or,
at any rate, without the fixed determination to make it supreme
throughout the year. A hard “cram” at the end may land such a
man well up in examination lists, and on that result he may presume
for another year. But it is not mere speculation to say that he is
making a tremendous mistake not only in depriving himself of the
fruits of diligent study—fruits obtainable in no other way—but also
training himself to careless and loose habits of life which in the end
must militate strongly against true success in the great university of life.



COLLEGE SOCIETIES. Many complain that we have too many functions
in Victoria—too many claims upon the time of
the students; and that one who enters extensively
into college life, cannot attend to the duties thus involved, and at
the same time be a diligent student. This is a severe indictment, and,
in some cases, only too true. But is it not possible for a man to
enter this arena, without too great a sacrifice, and capture from it
trophies which will be of the most signal service to him throughout
his life? Let us cite, in illustration, the power of concentration—the
power to deal with one matter at a time, and, having finished it, to
drop it entirely from one's thoughts and give himself to the considera-
tion of other problems. We all recognize the need of such power in
the successful business man who is connected with a great many

interests, each demanding a share of his time and thought, for without it, dire confusion and failure must speedily result. If our multiplied societies can teach us to develop this power, they will be to us a blessing—otherwise they must prove a curse.



Nothing alienates the sympathies of men more quickly than to realize that a man is not honest either with others or with himself. The latter is the greater danger, perhaps, to the college man, and more particularly to the Freshman. Many a young man comes in from the country where, as preacher, teacher, or student, he has been the idol of the community. The result often is a "swelled head,"—an acquisition entirely out of place anywhere, and particularly so in college. The deplorable feature seems to be that the victim is often entirely unconscious of his affliction, and so makes no effort to conceal it, thus becoming a source, sometimes of amusement, oftener of annoyance and disgust to his fellow-students. Moreover, unfortunately for him, it not unfrequently requires a good many hard and humiliating lessons to assure him that there are others who know very nearly as much as he does, and that, however much his abilities may have been in demand in rural entertainments, the various societies in college can, as a rule, at least *exist* without his aid. And college men are not slow to teach such lessons, simply because they realize that no man can do his best, either for himself or others, until he places a proper estimate upon himself and his abilities, "not thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think"; in other words, until he is strictly honest with himself. If these new associations do no more for such a man than this, his academic life will have been of the greatest value to him, for it will save him from many harsh criticisms—delivered in a far different spirit—when he is pushed out into life to fight his way through the world shoulder to shoulder with his fellow-men.



The presence of our Chancellor amongst us again in apparent health is indeed a cause for thanksgiving for all who have learned to love and revere him. For it was no slight shock to most of us when we read the first brief despatch which conveyed the news that during his western tour he had met with an accident which seemed not unlikely to be very

serious in its consequences. It assured us again of the place he holds in our hearts, and, consequently, the frequent messages assuring us of his continued improvement in health were glad tidings indeed.

We congratulate him on his providential escape, and pray that he may long be spared to serve the interests of our beloved Alma Mater, and the cause of higher education in general.



It is with the sincerest regret that we announce
 A VACANCY. a vacancy on ACTA board, owing to the inability of
 our associate literary editor, Miss A. E. Wilson, '05,
 to return to college this year. Combining, as she did, an inexhaust-
 able fund of practical suggestions with consummate tact and judg-
 ment, Miss Wilson has ever been a tower of strength in every depart-
 ment of college life she has entered, and, consequently, our hopes had
 been raised very high as we reflected on the services she would render
 to ACTA. But as she had been in poor health for some time, the
 recent death of her father completely prostrated her, rendering her
 condition very serious. In her bereavement and illness we extend to
 her our fullest sympathy.



We again draw the attention of the students to
 ESSAY CONTEST. to the annual oration contest conducted by ACTA
 under the auspices of the Union Literary Society.
 All competitors must be *bona fide* members of either the Union or
 Woman's "Lit," paid-up subscribers to ACTA, or members of the
 board. All essays are to be written solely for ACTA, become its
 property, and must be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by November
 30th, 1904. They must bear no name, and contain not less than
 1,500 nor more than 2,500 words.

The Advisory Board of ACTA and the Professor of English in
 Victoria will be the judges with power to set a standard of excellence.
 For the best essay reaching that standard, a prize of \$15.00 will be
 awarded, but no award will be made unless there be competition.

A suggested topic is "Canadian Citizenship: its honors, powers,
 obligations and hopes"; but any subject suitable for publication in
 the literary, missionary, scientific or athletic departments may be
 selected.



THE editor of this department invites the readers of ACTA outside of college to co-operate with him in making the columns as newsy as possible by contributing any items of interest that may come under their notice concerning any of our graduates or ex-students. These may easily escape the editor, and both he and our readers among the graduate body will appreciate such a service.

CONGRATULATIONS are due Miss Edith Campbell, '03, who headed the honor list in the examination for specialists in Moderns and English at the Ontario Normal College last spring. Miss Campbell will teach the subjects of this department in the Ladies' College at Pickering.

THOS. JAYNE IVEY, '95, has resigned his position in the Sarnia High School to accept an appointment as Science Master in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, this city.

N. R. WILSON, B.A., '99, M.A., '02, Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Wesley College, Winnipeg, has obtained a fellowship in Chicago University, where he has gone with a year's leave of absence to prosecute his studies for the Ph.D. degree.

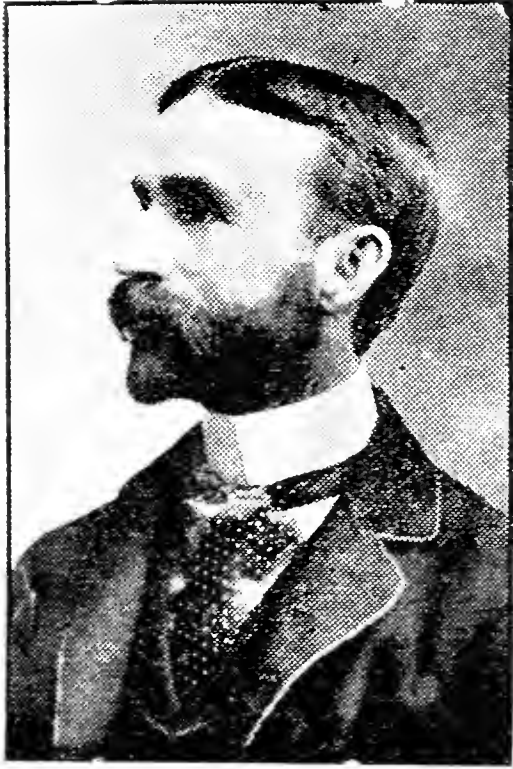
GEO. E. PORTER, '01, received his B.D. degree this year at the commencement exercises of Yale University.

FRIENDS of Rev. E. A. Wicher, B.A., '95, M.A., '96, who has for some years had charge of the English Presbyterian Church at Kobe, Japan—not a mission church, by the way—will regret to learn that Mrs. Wicher is in very poor health. Mr. and Mrs. Wicher are returning to Canada this fall.

F. W. H. JACOMBE, '96, until recently on the staff of the *Guelph Mercury*, has left for Yale University, where he intends to take a course in forestry in the forest school connected with that institution.

J. W. BAIRD, B.A. '97, Ph.D., has been appointed to lecture in Philosophy in the John Hopkins University.

W. F. KERR, B.A., '84, LL.B., of Cobourg, recently appointed County Crown Attorney for Durham and Northumberland by the Ontario Government, is one of Victoria's most energetic and successful sons.



W. F. KERR, B.A., LL.B.

He is the eldest son of Senator Wm. Kerr, also a Victoria graduate, and was born in Cobourg, where he was also educated, entering old Vic. after the usual preparatory training. In due course he graduated with first-class honors in modern languages, capturing the medal. He then studied law in his father's office, and when he was called to the bar in 1887, headed the list. Though his legal practise since then has been extensive, Mr. Kerr has found time to take an active part in politics, and might ere this, had he so desired, been the Liberal standard-bearer in his own riding. A year ago he was appointed *pro tem* to the position to which he has just received

the permanent appointment. Mr. Kerr stands for the ideal of the college man in politics—vigorous, clean and useful citizenship.

WE are quite accustomed to seeing Victoria graduates rise to positions of prominence wherever they may be. A recent issue of the "Leaves of Healing," published by Rev. John Alexander Dowie, relates that the first, present and only Mayor Zion City has ever had was recently introduced at a public meeting there as "the man who had captured the gold medal offered by a person in Great Britain to the one having the highest rank in scholarship in one of the great universities of Canada." The great university so referred to was, of course, Victoria; the person in Great Britain was the then Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., and the winner of the medal was Richard H. Harper. The Honorable Richard Harper graduated in '67, and is now not only Mayor of Zion City but a deacon in Zion and General Manager of the Zion Building and Manufacturing Association.

REV. J. H. FOWLER, '02, has transferred his allegiance from the Methodist to the Anglican body. He has taken holy orders in the latter Church, and gone to a western field of labor.

HOWARD NEVILLE, '02, has also left his early love and, after a year's mission work in the North-West, returned to this city, where he will go into business.

STUDENTS of the college will regret to learn that the exigencies of the work have compelled the London Conference to take Fred. Langford, '05, out of college to take charge of the Dresden circuit. Fred's absence from college leaves vacant the presidency both of our college Y.M.C.A. and of the Toronto University Y.M.C.A., positions which it will not be easy to fill so well.

Weddings

"GOD the best maker of all marriages.
Combine your hearts in one."—*Henry V.*

HYMEN must have been exceedingly busy this past summer if he had anything to do with the unusually large number of weddings in which ex-students of Victoria bore leading parts. It is to be feared that our list, though long, is not yet quite complete, but we hope to fill in any omissions next month. To all the newly-wedded couples mentioned below ACTA tenders its heartiest good wishes for their happiness, prosperity and usefulness.

ON May 16th, in New York City, Thos. Willoughby Walker, B.A., '99, M.D., was married to Miss Jean M. Newsom, of New York.

H. E. FORD, '95, Professor of Romance Languages in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., and Miss E. P. Baker, of that city, were united in marriage on June 21st.

REV. D. BRUCE KENNEDY, '03, of Rouleau, Assa., has found that it is not good for man to be alone, and on June 7th, at Winnipeg, Man., took unto himself a help-meet in the person of Miss Maria Lynch, daughter of the late Rev. John Lynch. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. Darwin, President of the Manitoba and North-West Conference, who was assisted in his pleasant duty by Rev. T. E. Holling, B.A., and Rev. John W. Saunby, '87.

A VERY pleasant event took place at the home of Mrs. D. Almas, of Brantford, when her niece, Miss Emily Shaver, became the wife of Rev. William Kinnear Allen, B.A., '00, M.A., '04, B.D. Amid a

profusion of flowers, and in the presence of many guests, the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. G. Foote, of Delhi, Miss Lena Broadway, of Seneca Falls, N.Y., assisting the bride, while Mr. Joseph Seymour, of Hagarville, and Rev. A. N. St. John, '00, performed a like service for the groom. The bride is an honor graduate of the Bayonne Hospital Training School for Nurses, in New Jersey. After a trip to the St. Louis Exposition, Mr. and Mrs. Allen departed for Swift Current, Assa., where Mr. Allen is now stationed.

ON May 25th, Rev. George W. W. Rivers, '00, and Miss Lottie Rolley, of Wyoming, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. R. S. Pritchard. Rev. John Mahan was assisted in the performance of the ceremony by Rev. J. E. Ford, Rev. G. W. Andrews, '75, and Rev. G. N. Hazen, '95. Numerous presents attested the popularity of bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers are living at Morpeth, Kent Co.

ON June 29th, Claude Laing Fisher, '04, and Miss Bessie H. Pickard, youngest daughter of the late T. C. Pickard, of Holmesville, were united in marriage by Rev. A. E. M. Thomson, M.A., B.D., of Merlin. It is quite evident that Claude made good use of the time allowed him by dispensation from lectures. He and his bride are ensconced in a cosy home in Goderich.

THE marriage of Miss Grace Swanzey, '98, to Dr. W. D. Ferrie, of Edmonton, Alberta, took place on August 24th at the home of the bride's parents, 353 Euclid Avenue, this city, Rev. T. M. Campbell officiating. Miss Tess Swanzey, sister of the bride, performed bridesmaid's duties, and Dr. Fred Cawthorpe, of Hensall, acted as groomsmen. Dr. and Mrs. Ferrie have taken up their residence in Edmonton.

ON September 1st, at Vernon, P.E.I., Miss Mabel Gertrude, eldest daughter of Rev. S. H. Rice, became the bride of Rev. Alfred S. Rogers, B.A., B.D., of Hillsburg, N.S. The groom's father, Rev. D. Rogers, officiated, assisted by the bride's brother, Rev. H. C. Rice, B.A. Mr. Rogers is a graduate in Arts of Mount Allison, but took his Theological degree in Vic. last year, and proved himself an all-round college man.

THE home of Mr. Miles Hartley, Norwich, was the scene of a pleasant event on September 7th, when his sister, Miss Mary Annie Hartley was married to Rev. C. P. Holmes, of Shallow Lake. Rev. A. J. Irwin, B.A., '90, B.D., performed the pleasant duty of making the

worthy couple man and wife. Charlie has been up to this year a member of the class of '05, but has been called out of college by the exigencies of the work of the conference, and very sensibly has decided that a preacher's efficiency is increased by marrying. The good wishes of his former classmates and fellow-students generally follow him and his bride.

REV. R. S. BAKER, B.A., who was in the B.D. class of '02, and is now at Walton, and Miss Sara Alice, daughter of Dr. Harvey, of Wyoming, were married in the Presbyterian church of that place on August 17th, by Rev. Richard Hobbs, assisted by Rev. G. Gilmore and Rev. G. W. Andrews, B.A.

REV. W. S. SMART, of last year's C. T. class, and Miss Mabel A. May, of Oshawa, were married in that place on August 24th, by Rev. R. Burns, Ph.B. The bride was an active church worker and will be much missed in her home church. Mr. and Mrs. Smart will reside at Blairton.

REV. A. W. CRAWFORD, B.A., '95, M.A., '98, Ph.D., Prof. of English and Philosophy, and Dean of Beaver College, Beaver, Pa., and Miss Nettie Nixon, youngest daughter of Chas. Nixon, of St. George, Ont., and sister of Mrs. L. E. Horning, were married in Chicago on August 10th, by the Rev. Dr. Herben, Editor of *Epworth Herald*. Dr. Crawford obtained his Ph.D. at Cornell, where he spent three years in post-graduate study. Miss Nixon has been pursuing her art studies in Chicago, and has attained considerable distinction as an artist. The honeymoon was unfortunately saddened by the sudden death of the bride's father, which took place in St. George on August 16th, the very day set for the reception to his daughter. Some guests arrived only to find that an unbidden guest had come before them, and called away the host. Mr. Nixon was eighty-three years old, and a prominent official in St. George Methodist Church.

At 268 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., on August 18th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wrigley, Miss Adeline Rook, of Newburg, Ont., was united in marriage to Rev. A. H. Hore, '97, of Waskada, Man. Rev. R. P. Bowles, '85, of Grace Methodist Church, was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. J. W. Coone, of Rossburn, Man. Miss Bessie Holmes, of Albany, N.Y., was bridesmaid, and Rev. R. E. Spence, '97, of Winnipeg, groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Hore are residing at the parsonage at Waskada.

On Wednesday, August 24th, Rev. T. A. Steadman, of the C. T.

class of '01, now stationed at Point Edward, was married to Miss Edith Hunter, of that place, the ceremony being performed by Rev. D. N. McCamus, of Sarnia.

ON June 22nd, at "Idylwild," Sandhill, the home of the bride, Rev. C. Langford, of Corbetton, united in marriage Rev. J. J. Coulter, of the C. T. class of '04, now of Chapleau, and Miss Jennie J. Gray, daughter of Henry Gray, Esq. Rev. H. T. Ferguson, B.A., '90, B.D., of Mono Road, and Rev. G. N. Gray, of Gore Bay, assisted.

THE wedding of one of the most popular students who ever left Victoria's halls took place at Stouffville on July 6th, when Rev. A. J. Brace, of the C. T. class of '04, formerly trooper chaplain with the C.M.R. in South Africa, took to wife Cora Blanche, daughter of Mr. James O'Brien. The mystic words that made two one were pronounced by the groom's father, Rev. A. H. Brace, of Peterboro', who was assisted by Rev. A. P. Brace, B.D., brother of the groom, and Rev. J. R. Aikenhead, of Stouffville. Miss Manning, of Brampton, attended the bride, and Mr. E. G. Brace supported the groom. Numerous friends were present to tender their congratulations and good wishes to the popular and worthy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Brace left for Jackson's Point, accompanied by quantities of rice, marguerites, old shoes, cow-bells and other tokens, contributed by too-zealous friends, and in August departed for New Westminster, B.C., where Bert has charge of the West End church. The sterling qualities that made Trooper Brace so successful in South Africa and so popular in college, will no doubt bring him equal success in his chosen field of labor in British Columbia. ACTA speaks for all in college, and a host of others outside of college, when it wishes him and his bride all the happiness that health, prosperity, and good work, well done, can bring.

THE home of Mr. James Brandon, 199 Beverley Street, this city, was the scene of a pretty wedding on August 2nd, when his eldest daughter, Miss Amy Margaret, was united in marriage to Matthew D. McKichan, B.A., '98, M.D., of Broadview Avenue. Miss Mary Hollinrake, of Milton, cousin of the bride, and Miss Marion Brandon, sister of the bride, attended her, while Edgar T. Brandon gave countenance to the groom. Rev. J. C. Speer, D.D., who officiated, was assisted by Rev. W. Gilroy, '97, of Broadview Congregational Church, and Rev. J. T. Morris, of Clinton Street Methodist Church. The young couple spent the honeymoon in points East.

REV. R. J. MCINTYRE, who spent a couple of years with the century class, and who is now stationed at Victoria West, B.C., was married on September 7th, at Sandon, in the same province, to Miss Ada L. Pound. Rev. Jos. Calvert and Rev. Frank Hardy, '04, performed the ceremony.

AT the residence of the bride's father, 334 McLeod Street, Ottawa, on June 29th, Miss Lily M. Fawcett was united in marriage to Carl Engler, '01, of the Government Geographical Survey. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. G. Lett, of McLeod Street Methodist Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mattie Fawcett, while Chas. Douglas, B.A., assisted the groom. After the usual festivities, the young couple left on a trip down the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Engler have taken up their residence at 213 Patterson Ave., Ottawa.

AT the residence of Mrs. L. Corkill, Sydenham, on July 13th, her only daughter, Margaret E., was united in marriage to Rev. Jacob J. Hughes, '03, of Osnabruck Centre. The necessary words were pronounced by Rev. T. C. Brown, of Sydenham, who was assisted by the bride's uncle, Rev. S. E. Snowdon, of Plessis, N.Y. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes left for Toronto and points west on their honeymoon tour.

ON the evening of July 6th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carr, Czar Street, was a scene of festivity, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Maude B., to Rev. F. Albert Magee, of the C. T. class of '02. Rev. J. A. Rankin officiated, Miss Mabel Carr assisting the bride, and Mr. J. P. Carr supporting the groom. The bride was a popular member of the choir of Central Methodist Church. Mr. Magee has returned to British Columbia with his bride, and assumed the duties of his pastorate at Duncans.

THE residence of Mr. John Jickling, near St. Mary's, was the scene of a very interesting event on June 16th, upon the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, Miss Amanda Jickling, and Rev. Wm. Conway, B.A., '03, B.D. Friends, flowers, feasting, added to the joyousness of the occasion, and Mr. and Mrs. Conway were launched upon the matrimonial sea under the fairest auspices. The bride is a sister of Miss Carrie Jickling, '05, and not unknown to Victoria students, having spent last year in the city in attendance at the Deaconess Training School, while the groom, during his years of attendance at Vic., won the hearty respect of his fellow-students. They now reside at Port Lambton, of which circuit Mr. Conway has charge.

REV. A. P. STANLEY, of last year's C. T. class, was married, in Napanee, on June 18th, to Miss Edith Sharp, daughter of the late Luke Sharp, of Morven, at the residence of John Sharp, Esq., J.P., the bride's grandfather. Rev. C. O. Johnston, of this city, cousin of the bride, tied the knot with the assistance of Rev. Mr. Boyce, B.A., B.D., of Morven. The bride is a graduate of Albert College, an accomplished musician, and exceedingly popular. They will live at Echo Bay, Mr. Stanley's field of labor.

ON September 7th, at the home of the bride's parents, Bethany, Ont., Rev. James S. Woodsworth, B.A., B.D., and Miss Lucy L. Staples, '01, were united in marriage by the groom's father, Rev. J. Woodsworth, D.D., assisted by Rev. H. V. Mounteer. The duties of bridesmaid were performed by Miss Clara M. Woodsworth, '01, while C. B. Sissons, '01, of Chatham, supported the groom. Mr. Woodsworth is a graduate in Arts of Wesley College, but obtained his theological degree at Victoria. His bride was a valued member of the staff of Lindsay Collegiate Institute. The young couple, after visiting Muskoka, left for Winnipeg, where Mr. Woodsworth is assistant pastor of Grace Methodist Church.

MISS MABEL CATHERINE LIGHT, daughter of Mr. W. J. Light, Sault Ste. Marie, and George W. Goodwin, '97, of Osgoode Hall, were married on September 20th at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin have taken up their residence in this city.

WE regret that we are not able to give in this issue the present locations and occupations of the members of the class of '04. It was found impossible to secure the necessary information owing to the fact that some members of the class had neglected to send in their addresses to the Secretary of the class. However, we hope to present in our next issue a full list both of '04 and '03.

THE Secretary of the Bible Study Class, Mr. W. A. Walden, '05, requests us to announce to the graduates of Victoria that the course of study to be followed this year is that mapped out by Professor Bosworth, of Oberlin College. The book is entitled "Studies in the Life of Christ," and may be had on application to the Secretary. The prices post and duty paid will be 75c. for the paper cover, and \$1.05 for the cloth binding. Professor McLaughlin, our leader, is hoping that many of our graduates will pursue this course in conjunction with the students.

Obituaries

SENATOR JAMES COX AIKENS, whose death occurred at his residence in this city on August 6th, was one of the oldest ex-students and friends of Victoria. Born in the County of Peel in 1823, he received his education in the local schools and in Victoria University. After leaving college he returned to his native county, where for a number of years he engaged in farming. His political career, which was to



THE LATE SENATOR AIKENS.

prove so long and creditable, began in 1854, when he was elected as the representative of Peel Co. in the Legislative Assembly of Canada. In 1862, he was appointed to the Legislative Council, and continued to occupy his seat therein until Confederation, when his worth and prominence were recognized by an appointment to the Senate of the newly-formed Dominion. From 1869 to 1873 he was a member of

Sir John A. Macdonald's administration, occupying the post of Secretary of State and Registrar General. During his term of office he framed and carried through Parliament the Public Lands Act, and organized the Dominion Lands Bureau, which subsequently became the Department of the Interior. On the return of the Macdonald Government to power in 1878, Senator Aikens again entered the administration as Secretary of State, afterwards becoming Minister of Inland Revenue. In 1882 he retired from the Senate to accept the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, but was recalled to the Senate in 1896, where he continued to serve his country till his death.

In early youth Mr. Aikens identified himself with the Methodist Church, and throughout his life continued a faithful and consistent member of that body. While occupying posts of the highest political and social prominence, he preserved the simplicity of his Christian character, and his whole career was marked by a conscientious fidelity to duty and the strictest honesty of purpose. His sound business judgment was placed at the disposal of the Church, and for a number of years he filled the position of Lay-Treasurer of the Missionary Society, displaying the most scrupulous care in discharging the duties of his office. He was also a strong supporter of the temperance movement, and was for some time Vice-President of the Dominion Alliance. In 1892 Victoria conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

CHARLES WALTER CHAFEE, M.D., '84, died of an affection of the heart at his home, 614 Spadina Avenue, on May 25th. He is survived by a sister, Miss Chafee, and a brother, Rev. A. B. Chafee, of Coboconk.

THE sympathy of all the students of Victoria will go out to Miss Alice Wilson, '05, in her recent bereavement by the death of her father, Mr. Richard Wilson, of Cobourg. Mr. Wilson, who was also an old student of Victoria, was a man of independent spirit and unimpeachable probity, a strong supporter of the cause of temperance, and prominent in both church and civic affairs. The respect with which he was regarded by his fellow-townsmen is shown by the fact that for three years he occupied the position of Mayor of Cobourg. He passed to his reward on August 24th, at the age of 62 years. N. R. Wilson, '99, is a son. The class of '05 also regrets to learn that Miss Wilson is compelled by ill-health to abandon, for the time being, her college course.



The Lakeside Conference

IN the changeful hurry of our College life we fail to grasp its full significance. Like the fleeting visions which start and fade as the tourist skirts the mountain or winds along the river's bank, we "see or seem to see" visions of a larger life and a truer beauty; but lacking the hours of reflection, we fail to print upon our lives the lasting image of those clearer revelations. It is only as we are lifted up above the blinding atmosphere of the busy world to linger awhile in the solitude of our own and God's presence that we can interpret the clear outline of the heavenly vision, and catch the accents of the still voice.

Such a season was our visit to the Lakeside Summer Conference. There on the wooded shore of Lake Erie, for ten days waiting for another Pentecost, two or three hundred men sat "together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Gathered from the colleges of the Central States and Ontario, having caught the same vision of life's service and humanity's need, and animated by the same high purpose of the noblest living, mustered for a far-reaching campaign, we waited the marching orders of our Divine Lord. In the early morning hour, with Bible in hand, we scattered by ones and twos along the shore, till a hundred quiet nooks became secret meeting-places with God. And whether in the forenoon's discussion of the practical needs at home and abroad, or in the afternoon hours of recreation, the very atmosphere spoke of God's presence, and the conversation echoed His Spirit throughout. In the still evening hour we sat together upon the lake shore and faced the question of our life's work, and with the purposes newly formed in our hearts we concluded the day under training for personal work.

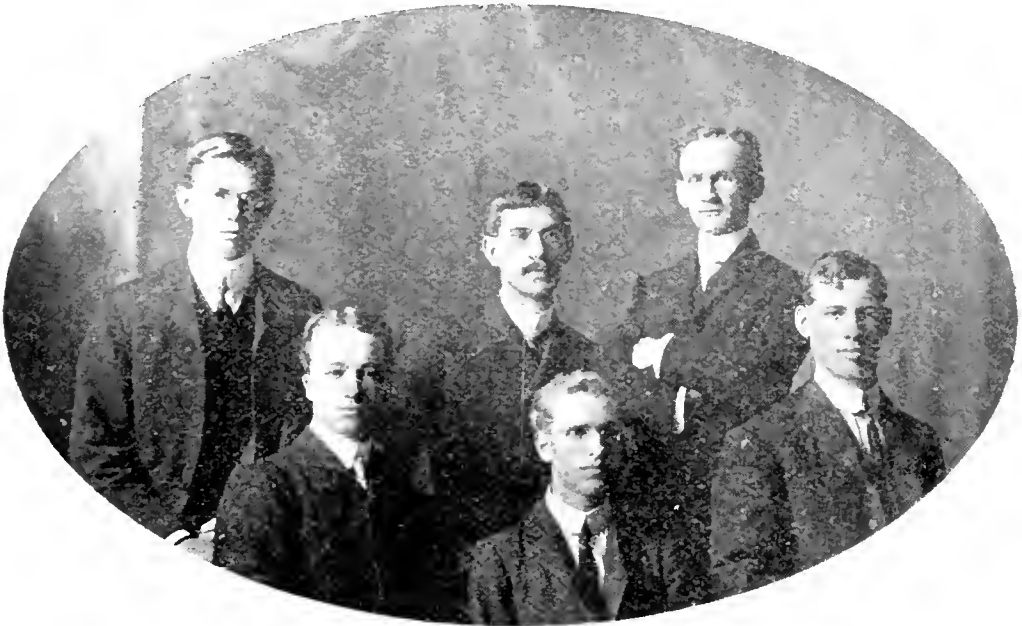
Those were indeed blessed days, a green spot forever in the memory of those who were privileged to attend. Their fruitage must be seen in the certain testimony of the future,

" That tasks, in hours of insight willed,
May be through days of gloom fulfilled."

F. W. LANGFORD, '05.

The Victoria Band

THOSE who were with us in "Vic" last year will remember the awakened spiritual life that marked the latter half of the academic year. The awakening is associated in our minds with the conference of the College Missionary Society, in January, and the visit later of Sherwood Eddy, on furlough from India, and of Willis R. Hotchkiss, from Africa. One mark of this awakening was the evangelistic services conducted in neighboring churches by men from the College Y.M.C.A. Another was the large increase in the number of those who purpose to serve as missionaries in the Foreign Field. Still a third was the formation of the Victoria Band by a committee



THE VICTORIA BAND.

representing the Faculty and the volunteers of the College. Its permanent members were: W. A. Gifford, B.A., (Leader), E. W. Wallace, B.A., J. H. Wallace, B.A., F. W. Langford, A. E. Elliott, (Secretary), E. W. Morgan. Besides these, A. E. and C. J. Moorhouse, F. H. Langford and J. S. Bennett each assisted for two weeks.

With credentials from Chancellor Burwash, the Executive Committee of the General Board of Missions and the Editor of the *Guardian*, the Band made its announcement in the columns of the Church organ, and awaited invitations. More than could be accepted were soon tendered, and after visiting several Toronto churches on the remaining Sundays of the academic year, an all-summer campaign

was begun in London, June 12, and during the vacation services were conducted in London, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Chatham, Sarnia, St. Mary's, Clinton, Goderich and Brampton.

The Summer Schools at Morpeth, Port Stanley and Victoria College were also visited, and gave an opportunity for combined work and rest. One week in July was spent under canvas at Port Stanley, and a jolly week it was, with boating, fishing and enjoying the entertainment of kind people.

The fun, however, lasted but one short week, and the work was serious enough. One week was spent in each church. For some time the first services of each week were given to evangelistic work, and men and women were converted. Later, the conditions incident to the summer season made it necessary either to lengthen the time spent in each church or to make the campaign more distinctively missionary. The Band adopted the latter course, for everywhere their own position as volunteers seemed to make their missionary message peculiarly acceptable.

Each week opened with a statement of God's claims upon a human life, of the privilege and power of Christian service, and of the immeasurable possibilities of a consecrated church. This was followed by a presentation, with the aid of maps, of the mission fields. The week closed with an appeal to the individual to determine his life-work in the fear of God, and to take as the dominating purpose of his life, whether at home or abroad, the bringing in of the Kingdom.

Missionary literature was sold. The Epworth Leagues were met in consultation. Meetings of the whole officuary of the Church were held to consider the necessity of an immediate forward missionary movement. At these meetings the churches were urged to choose and support their own missionary.

Several results are noted. People have been converted. Individuals and churches have been led to recognize their stewardship and to increase largely their support of missionary work. The General Board of Missions has granted a request for individual representation of the individual church, and has thus initiated a new policy. Several young men and women have determined to enter missionary work. Classes are being formed for Bible study and prayer and for evangelistic work at home, while many are observing the morning watch. The reflex influence upon the Volunteer Band has greatly increased its activity and devotion. It is confidently believed that it will speedily become impossible for the Church to experience again her recent dearth of workers for the foreign field.

Silver Bay

THE Student Conference at Silver Bay, June 24th to July 3rd, was attended by twenty-eight Canadians, nine of whom were from Victoria. The strongest point of the Conference was its Bible Study, conducted by Drs. White, Johnson and Stone.

As at every previous Conference the question of Missions was made very prominent. Mrs. Pearson, of Japan; Mr. Carter and Mrs. Eddy, of India; Mr. Hotchkiss, of Africa, spoke for their respective fields, while Mr. Mott represented The Student Volunteer Movement.

During "Association Hour" each day the undergraduates discussed plans for the coming year's work, while the graduates, in an "Alumnæ Conference," planned to keep in touch with and help the Alma Mater.

Three verses quoted by Mr. Speer at the closing Alumnæ Meeting may well be taken as a motto for the coming year: Rev. iii., 8, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door"; 2 Sam. iii., 18, "Now then do it"; 1 Cor. xvi., 9, "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."

G. P., '04.

Religion in the College

IN speaking of religion in the college we presuppose, without argument, that its right to some place or other is recognized. Religion in the college is not an alien. We presuppose that college men and women believe in God and in a moral law with rightful imperatives, in the fact of religion and its uses. Why such a presupposition? Because, in the main, college men and women are neither superficial nor intellectually or morally deformed.

The number unquestionably grows less of such as would write over the door of their model university the legend: "All knowledge acquired here except religious"; or, to elaborate: "Here we investigate physical laws, but it is beyond our province to look into the relation of the law to God or of man to God. We revel here in literature, Latin satirists, Greek dramatists, French novelists, but not in the buried books of Moses and Isaiah, or the sayings of the Nazarene. Hume we know, Voltaire, Rousseau and Paine; but who is Paul? who John? and when did Butler live? Music we love and cherish, but not for hymns nor for the services of God." This would be both folly and hypocrisy, the true expression of neither mind nor

heart. Religion has its place with us. We all *think* so, and if we do not *feel* so we will not confess it.

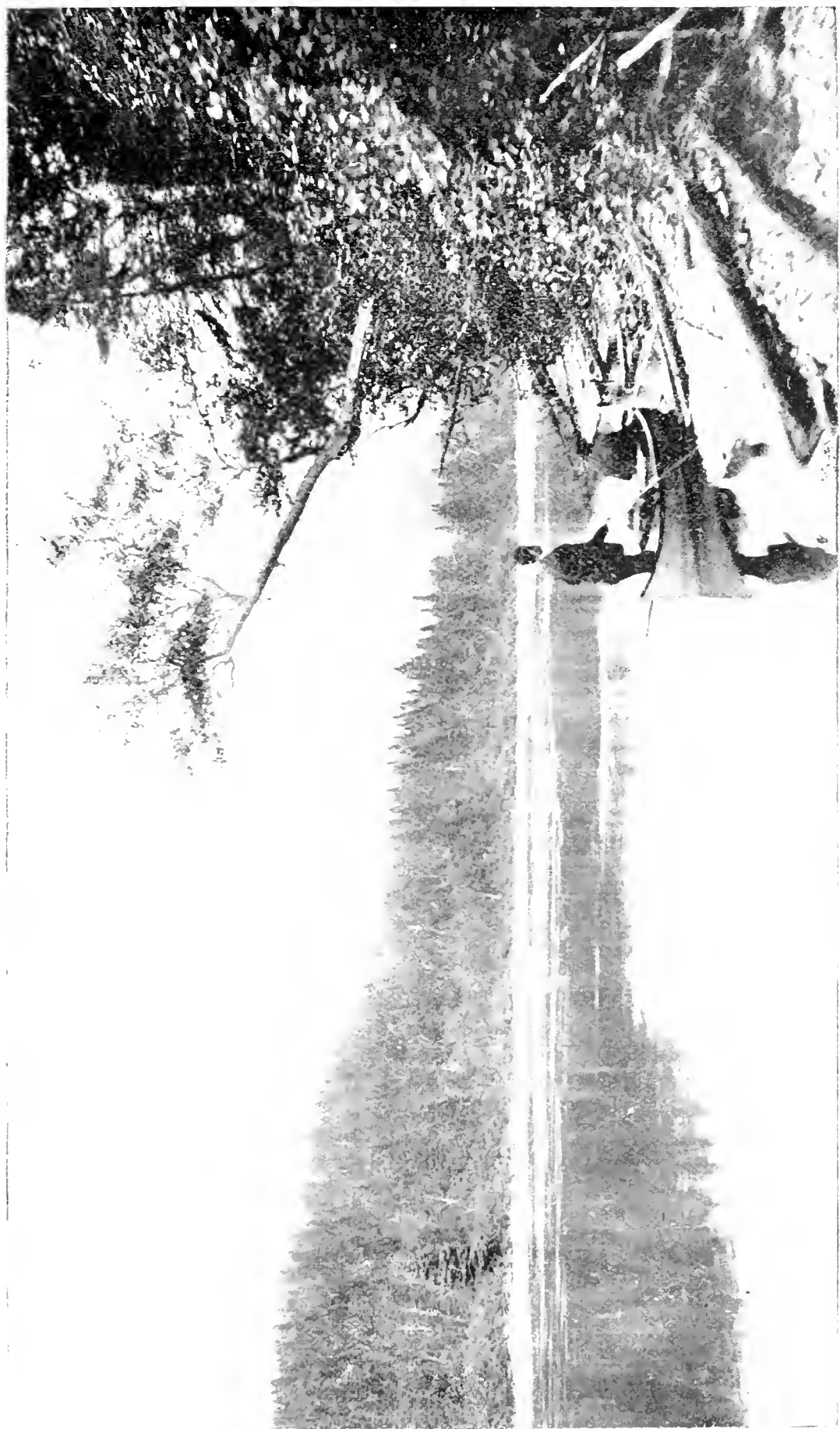
But if religion has a place at all it should be clear and unmistakable, without suggestion of needed apology or defence, without cant or cringing. A religion unasserted and merely tolerated, occupying an ambiguous position, is a farce. The motto of Harvard has not too little of compromise: "*Pro Christo et Ecclesia.*"

The man at college stands at the parting of the ways. These are the days when, from the Temple-cave of his own self, the Nameless urges him to make his choice. What life is worth the choosing? or is any? What life rightfully claims him? or does any? It is religion that ought to illuminate and strengthen here. Mathematics has its certainties, but not those which give peace to the soul. Literature and science little move the depths of the heart whence are the issues of life. Philosophy does not speak to the conscience, nor furnish motives, nor fashion character, as religion is competent to do. It is faith in truth and God and Christ which alone can find real worth in life, and give it noble ends.

And so by every worthy allurements we will commend religion to the college man. We will aim for every man that "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure," he may during his years with us think on these things; and as for the sphere in which through life he will exercise the virtues here acquired, we will aim that it be determined in the fear of God.

THE Fall Conference of the University of Toronto Y.M.C.A., was held in University College, Y.M.C.A. Hall, Sept. 28th and 29th. The attendance was not large, but the men were representative and deeply interested. "Vic" was well represented on the printed program, the names of E. W. Wallace, B.A., W. A. Gifford, B.A., E. S. Bishop, F. W. Langford, A. D. Miller appearing. Because of the necessary absence of Messrs. Miller, Bishop and Langford, the services of J. S. Bennett were sought and given.

C. M. Copeland, Y.M.C.A. Secretary for Ontario and Quebec, gave very efficient aid. The Association officers are preparing for a campaign to be conducted soon in Toronto University, by J. R. Mott.



THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.



HURRAH!

"How are you, old chap?"—"Glad to see you! Where did you get all that tan?"—"What have you been doing all summer?"—"Where do you room?"—"Have you seen the Freshettes?" These are a few sample remarks of the kind that were flying about the corridors on the 1st of October, and subsequent days, when Alma Mater received her straying brood under her wings once more. The rugged endearments of the men, the gentler tokens of the women, the bright eyes, the hearty hand-clasps and the gay jests—these will return as pleasant memories while the Octobers come and go and Latin and Calculus are forgotten.

We met a college grad. away out on the "bald-headed" prairie, as the Westerner terms it—a man with wife and family and home ties; but the cycle of the year never brings October's golden days—so he told us—without a tugging at his heart-strings to return to Alma Mater.

FRESHMAN to Miss Barker—"Where do the Freshmen register?"

It is rumored that a Freshette strayed down to the men's reading room, where she was apprehended by Jimmie Hunter and escorted back to neutral territory. Later she expressed herself confident that J. H. was a Freshman. Intuition?

FRESHMAN (in search of lodging) to A. D. Miller—"Where is the bureau of rooms?"

"FOOLS walk in where angels fear to tread," was the remark of a Freshman who attempted to enter Dr. Edgar's class-room where a number of Freshettes were sitting. The implication is doubtful.

ROBERT informs us that on October 1st, while in the Registrar's office attired in blue overalls and armed with a broom, a Freshman entered and without a moment's hesitation put the question: "Are you Mr. Bain?" Robert says he could not suppress a baneful smile.

"I THINK I'll take this book, Mr. Aydie." This to A. D. Miller at the bureau.

MISS J-M-SON, '08 (meekly)—"So the girls take turns in waiting at the table."

MISS CHAPLE, '08 (specialist), Monday a.m., October 3rd—"It's perfectly horrid down stairs—there's nothing but men."

MISS P. B. F., '07—"I did nothing but get fat."

HAMILTON ADAMS, '06, has been suffering from a wart on the sole of his foot, which will probably hinder him from taking part in the sports on field day. This is his sole trouble, however.

NATURALLY, to a Freshman, registering is a novel experience. Having learned how, he perpetrates the deed whenever an opportunity presents itself. The out-of-date address book, prepared by the Alma Mater Society and kept in the men's reading room, tempted one unsuspecting victim, and he signed.

JUNIOR to first year theolog—"I suppose you will hold your class-meeting soon?" Spec.—Yes, I suppose so. Will it be in the chapel?"

MISS ANNIE ALLEN, '02, assures us that she will sometimes climb the back fence of the Deaconess Home to try our ice.

MISS J-KL-G, '05 (dazed)—"What church do I attend?" "Why, I don't attend any." Oh, the passion for classics!

RUDELL, '05, informs us that he will not take astronomy. There are plenty of stars in his course already, he says.

BENNETT, '05, on hearing that a Freshette will room in same house—"Won't that be jolly. I'll take her under my wing."

TEDDY, M., '06, reports that two theologs. came into the city on his train accompanied by two young ladies to the great scandalization of a friend of Ted's, who was a Med.

TOMMIE GREEN, '02, lately returned from his field of labor in B.C. reports that he is just aching for the first reception. In the meantime he has begun the B.D. course.

BUNCH of juniors assembled—"Well, girls, what did you do?" Chorus—"I kept house." "I cooked." "I entertained my relatives," etc., *ad infinitum*.

GRAD.—"Annesley Hall filled Robert?" Robert—"Yes, sirree! If it had been twice as big it would have been full. It's just like the bicycle craze some time ago."

MISS CULLEN—"And then the wedding! Why, I shouldn't have felt worse if it had been myself!"

THE Sophomores thought they had struck pay-dirt sure on discovering a trunk in the upper hall. But it was Dr. Horning's.

JAMES, '05, was observed at the Union by those who arrived on the same train to play the gallant very solicitously. He carried her guitar case and a sweet smile.

MR. AND MRS. STEVENSON, parents of the '07 brother and sister, have just moved into Toronto. We congratulate George and Miss S. on the double privilege of being at home and at college at the same time, a pleasure which we cannot all enjoy.

CLYO to Senior—"You're as unreliable as a Freshette!"

WE are pleased to note the handsome fence about the Hall and other local improvements. We are glad, however, that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage," etc.

CHARLIE WARD, '04, wandered over from the Technical School where he has, for three weeks, restrained the natural passions of a class of fifty by his persuasive eloquence *à la français*. Charlie wore a red petunia and a cane. He has secured a tutorship in the University of Chicago (nos compliments!), but is uncertain whether to accept it or not.

YOU can get that book at the bureau.

PRIOR to the opening of college, George Earnest Trueman, '06, entered into solemn compact by letter with the local editor (Masc.) to refrain from shaving the upper lip, each to appear in college, and the party of the second part to make no mention of former's appendage in these columns. Faithfulness on the part of the local editor was rewarded by jibes and jeers. Know all men by these presents the perfidy of George Earnest Trueman.

Apropos of the above we congratulate Copeland and Lamb of '06.

PROF. LANGFORD, to Pearl Blanche F., who is registering with him—"This is Miss Faint?" "Yes." "Miss P. B.?" "How did you know?"

SOPHOMORE query—"Tell us—surely we could not have been so green when we were Freshies?"

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

MISS VAN A-ST-NE, '05—"I've nothing in my head but a cold."

KNIGHT, '05, could furnish locals for half a dozen college journals by his manifold experiences of the past summer. He was at the St. Louis Fair. While doing "The Pike" he called to see a certain Philippino lady. Now Jack is a trifle tanned. While conversing with the wonder from the antipodes, their heads only being visible to outsiders, one was heard to inquire: "Which is the Philippino lady?"

On another occasion while dining in a "rice restaurant," where the Chinese staple took the place of all cereals and vegetables, Jack called a waitress (they were alone) and complained that a chicken, which was his meat order, was so muscular and tough that he suspected that it had walked all the way from the rice plantation to the Fair. This so incensed the lady of the white apron that she had him put out, after extorting 85c. for the meal which he had not eaten. Jack said he never felt so put out in his life.

It is with deep regret that we insert herewith an obituary notice of the late Prince, the noble St. Bernard, who was spoken of as the best behaved Freshman who came in with '07. Deceased was formerly the property of Mr. Dunbar, the Sculptor, by whom he was presented to Robert. Doubtless many have missed him from the side entrance and the lawn where he patrolled the walks—a vigilant sentry. On July 12th he passed away to the paradise of good dogs (if such there is), and at midnight of the same day, by the light of a torch, Robert acting for the clergy and William as sexton, they laid his great, shaggy, yellow coat in its last resting place beneath the pines on the eastern lawn by the side of the lamented terrior Bobs, late of Dr. Edgar's class-room. Robert loved Prince dearly, and shed tears at the burial; but William, according to Robert's version, "when the cock wept thrice, went out and crowed bitterly."

ECHOES of the tour of the Victoria University Male Quartette are still heard. Elmer tells how Lane, at Kingston, took the unsuspecting Jolliffe and Walden off the boat and introduced them to a couple of lady cousins whom he had picked up on the wharf five minutes before

VOICE from the hall, to bunch of Canadians in room 119, Silver Bay Hotel—"Girls, you're disturbing the whole corridor." Miss Beatty, '03 (excitedly)—"Oh! we are just discussing original sin and a personal devil."

PROF. LANG, entering suddenly, in the midst of a Y. W. C. A. Executive meeting—none present but Seniors—"Oh, I beg your pardon. Is this the Bob Committee?"

HAROLD WOODSWORTH, '07, wears that expression which alternates between exaltation and depression of spirit. Someone told us that Hal was showing a couple of Freshettes through the building, but we were relieved to observe upon investigation that they were his sisters, who will take special work at Vic. and reside in Annesley Hall.

DURING the summer the fairy wand of the furniture dealer has been at work in Annesley Hall, with a result which should be gratifying to the committee. The rooms on the ground floor, which last year were a barren waste, present an appearance of simple elegance and quiet dignity, which must add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the occupants. Many details in the furnishings, which were overlooked in the first plans, have been re-arranged and completed, so that, in so far as a pretty, comfortable home is conducive to felicity, the Hall should be a very happy place. Of Victoria students registered in Arts, there are in residence two Seniors, three Juniors, sixteen Sophomores and seventeen members of the first year.

MISS GR-H-M, '08—"Miss Proctor, please may I dust your room now?" Such humility has been seen, no, not among freshmen.

MISS M-S-N, '08—"Is this the place where you come to get thin?"
MISS P-rl-w, '08—"Yes, I hope so; that's why I came here."

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, October 4th, an informal reception was given by the Executive of the Y. W. C. A. to the girls of the incoming class, when, under the genial influence of the hostesses, not to mention apples and fudge, the Freshettes began to feel a little more at home.

THE notice of the student body is called to the book bureau, now under the able management of Mr. A. D. Miller, '05. After investigation, we can assure everyone of careful attention and prices which cannot be bettered in the city. Patronize home institutions and ACTA's advertisers!

HAROLD KENNETH SMITH is a handsome, manly freshman, and, though only seventeen years of age, one who bids fair to make his mark in college circles. Born in Kent county, he matriculated from Essex High School. He has registered in Biology and Physics, with a view to the medical profession. The class of '08 are to be congratulated upon such a musical acquisition as Mr. Smith, who plays the piano, the violin and the cornet. While blest with but two incisors in either jaw he can eat an apple in two bites and expects to cut his wisdom teeth in the near future. Smith is a distant cousin of Dr. Horning.

AMONG the new faces we notice these: Miss Lewis, who comes with two scholarships, will, judging from her intellectual face, be a shining light in her two courses of Moderns and Classics. Miss Ada Wallace impresses one as a girl who might be jolly, and her friends describe her by a word that doesn't rhyme with angel. Miss Hyland is registered in English and History. She promises to shine in the social life of the College. Miss Gowanlock is registered in Mathematics, and seems a thoughtful girl who will be a mainstay in her class along academic lines. Of the large class of '08, twenty-two are registered in Moderns. How happy Dr. Horning will be!

REMARKS of American cousins at Silver Bay:—

"Where *is* Canada College?"

"We knew you were Canadians by your French accent and your rosy complexions" (the sun had done its best during our trip down the St. Lawrence).

"You play hockey all year, don't you?"

"No, I've never heard of Ottawa."

THE members of the Victoria Band have some amusing tales to tell. Having a week off at Port Stanley, the minister furnished a tent, and they camped beside the church. The first night, while Alex. Elliott was at his devotions, Ed. Wallace, who, with the other boys, was already under the covers, inquired in graveyard accents: "Who ever thought we'd be lying in the church-yard so soon?" Alex. may be pardoned if he broke off his petitions abruptly to give vent to his feelings in a cheerful way.

ECHO No. 2. What's in a name? A good deal when it will induce a rational being to mistake Edward and Jimmie for brothers.

Park Street Church, Chatham—Rev. Cobbledick, addressing Dr. F. and turning to Edward: "May I introduce Mr. Wallace?" Turning to Jimmie: "Another Mr. Wallace—a younger brother." "I do not exactly recall your mother, but if my memory serves me right her complexion was very different from the Doctor's. You must take after your mother." Jimmie blushed and took after Rev. Cobbledick.

SPEAKING confidentially, the men of the class of '08, in point of numbers, looks and reputed intellectuality, do credit to Victoria. Among those who have come under our notice is Mr. Alex. McLean, who enters holding the first scholarship in Mathematics and Science. His home is in Middlesex county where, for three years, he fostered the "young idea" in a country school house. He will be a favorite with the ladies.



IT is hardly necessary to discuss the value of systematic exercise in the fresh air as a factor in the normal development of a healthy mind. This question has been threshed out by medical men and scientists, and results have been of so practical a nature that, at the present time, the "daily constitutional" is almost co-essential with eating and sleeping. The "constitutional" assumes many different forms, and for the edification of new students, and the awakening of those more familiar with college "ways and means," it may be well to point out the manner in which our universities have taken hold of the question.

The department of physical training is now recognized to so great an extent by many of our colleges that courses of instruction have been prescribed and awards made for special merit in the pursuance of them. Nor has this been brought about through hygienic principles alone. There are other motives—the natural desire for glory and the still more natural desire for gain (not Joe). In American and in many Old Country institutions the athletic team has proven itself the most satisfactory medium of advertisement, bringing glory to the man and to the college. As a body, Victoria students do not fully realize just how much the name of a university or college depends on a championship in some one line, at least. The spirit of competition is keen, and is equally legitimate in mental and physical effort. This statement may seem to have a barbaric ring, but it is undeniable that Anglo-Saxon history has always savored strongly of *muscle*, and in all likelihood will continue to do so. In recognizing the importance of the department of athletics we can do no better than emulate the good example of others, and effect for Victoria a more perfect issue.

We are rather limited as to numbers in comparison with rival institutions, and the desire to enter the whole field of sport has occasioned our downfall. The necessity of specialization is an up-to-date fact, and only by adopting it can we hope to cope with other and larger colleges. That outsiders may credit us with some little spark

of pride, let us "get together" and do something. Victoria is not backward in mental products of a high order—she may even have harbored abnormalities or monstrosities—but in the athletic world she is known as the "Ladies' College." There is not necessarily any scorn in this appellation, just truth, for, verily, the dear girls on the tennis court and in the ladies' hockey team alone seem capable of achieving success. Our valiant football teams have marched out every year under the acclaim of the fairest of patronage; and notwithstanding this have been whipped like presumptuous children. The position of the Victoria girl might be likened to that of a young woman dining out with her half-witted brother—horribly mortified but necessarily apologetic.

In the past we have been justly proud of our religious societies, of our literary societies, and especially proud of ACTA—a publication pre-eminent in past years in collegiate journalism. When our athletic teams can compete with those of other institutions as well as our college organ (not the vocalian) has competed with her rivals, then the existence of our stomachs will be as irrefutable as the existence of our brains, and we shall be Wren—men, I mean—in body, soul and spirit, and as such, worthy of the name. It is necessary for every student to take part in some out-of-door work. Why not assume an active course in that which shall redound most to the glory of the ribbon he wears so conspicuously in his hat. Victoria does not beg her students to assist in this; she demands their hearty co-operation, and absolutely no one is exempt.

The question of specialization has been treated of during the past two years by members of the Athletic Union; and the rays of opinion have converged to the one point—rugby. The game commends itself to us, first, because it is the child of the university, and secondly, because it seems to be our only hope. We have no available men for the Association League, and it would be a senseless thing to train for certain defeat. On the other hand we have many of our old rugby fiends still with us, and also plenty of promising, though raw, material. With this combination of experience and new blood we ought to achieve wonders. Why not throw the association balls into the fire, and thus prevent that diversion from the main issue? It might not be safe to advise the demolition of the alley board, but we would suggest incidentally that it be used more as a windbreak than anything else. Who thinks of attaining fame by this means, anyway? What knightly pleasure is there in slapping small rubber balls into the Chancellor's back yard, or in like manner raising bumps on the ear of

the man in front? Of course these remarks are not made in an absolute sense, but rather to accentuate the need of a concentration of purpose and effort. We cannot boom rugby too much this year, as our chances are good and results important. Captain Robertson expects every preacher to doff his white tie and swallow-tail, every layman his fancy vest and embroidered hose, and, clad in ferocious grin and coagulate foot-ball armor, join in the march, not to death but Victory.

We would urge new men to "enlist" immediately. There are vacant places on the first team and, mayhap, changes to be made. College students should understand that success depends to a great extent on the sacrifice, not of time but of personal comfort, and sometimes a little pride. We cannot all capture a place, but every man who attends practices gives invaluable service to the "regulars." There ought to be thirty men on the field every practice night, each one determined to do his best; thus two teams may be formed, and the knowledge gained by the players in occasional contests is practical and necessary.

For the honor of Victoria, let the men in her halls respond to this call and prove that the name of their Alma Mater is not a sarcasm on herself.





EUGENIA FALLS.



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November.

BY H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

O dreary days and rugged ways,
And bitter winds so fiercely blowing;
O fallen leaves and shiv'ring trees,
And bare, brown fields with nothing growing!

O empty plains and sweeping rains,
O lonely wood, a requiem sighing
O'er summer dead and songsters fled,
And flowers in their dark graves lying!

O early night and laggard light,
O glittering frost with fairy fingers;
O glad surprise of sunset skies
Where Heaven's brightest glory lingers!

O changeful time of gloom and shine,
Thy charms my heart will long remember;
In all the year I hold most dear
The cold and colorless November.

The Scotch Church Case.

FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

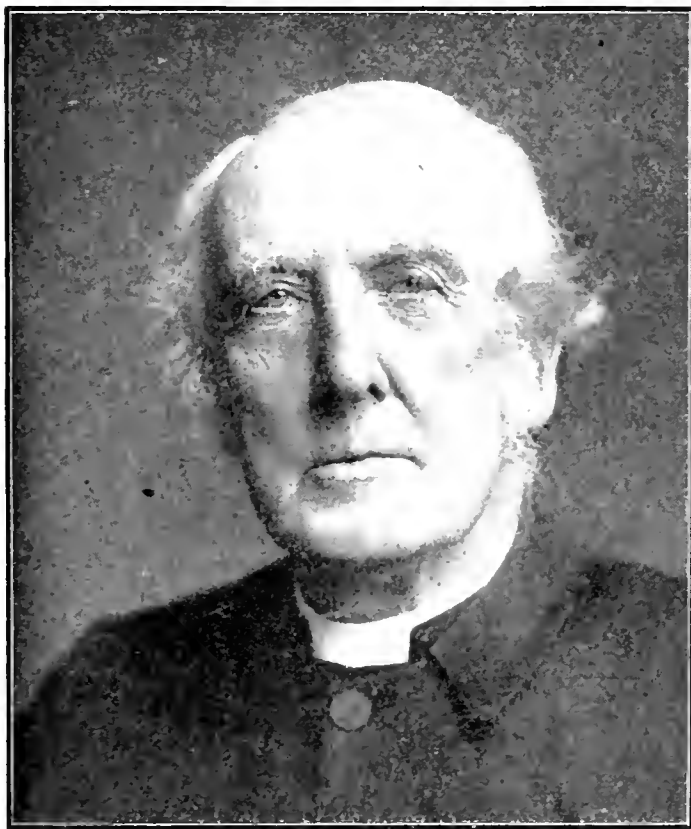
Dean of the Faculty of Theology.

FREE Churches in Great Britain seem to have fallen on troublous times. Questions of liberty and justice which were thought finally settled long ago are up once more and clamoring for decision. First we had the unrighteous English Education Act, which, while it delighted the Roman Catholics and Anglicans, outraged the Nonconformists and drove half England and practically all Wales into "passive" rebellion. Now we have the decision of the House of Lords on the Scotch Free Church Union, practically confiscating the property of a great Christian body and handing it over to an insignificant recalcitrant minority, on grounds which virtually deny the spiritual autonomy of the Christian Church.

The ultimate issue will probably be the quickening of the life of Free Churches both in England and Scotland. In the meantime there is great hardship.

The history of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland was for many generations one of dissension and disruption. From the main body, the Church of Scotland established by law, various secessions took place on various principles, and the seceding bodies often subdivided. Even in these sometimes apparently absurd subdivisions there was a soul of goodness, a noble love of truth, a loyal adherence to principle. Take, as the highest example, the origin of the great Free Church. The issue was that of "patronage," the right of lay patrons to appoint ministers to churches without the consent of congregations or presbyteries. For ten years a keen controversy raged, the issue being really that of the spiritual independence of the Church, or, as it was put, "the headship of Christ." Finally, in 1843, in obedience to their consciences and in heroic vindication of their principles, 474 ministers of the Church of Scotland walked out of the Assembly, abandoned their churches and their manses, gave up their legal incomes, and, like Abraham, "went out not knowing whither they went." This was the more remarkable as these men were not, as the earlier seceders, "voluntaries." They held the principle of the union of Church and State, and would have welcomed such an establishment and endowment of the Church as would have left the Church free in spiritual things.

Their success, under the splendid leadership of Chalmers, was equal to their heroism, both at home and abroad. They raised, without State aid, magnificent churches, colleges, mission premises, and endowments. Their relations with the seceders who had preceded them gradually became more cordial and intimate as they felt more and more the impracticability of their own ideal of an establishment which should not infringe upon the spiritual liberty of the Church. Soon after the "Disruption" of 1843, the centrifugal forces in the religious life of Scotland began to lose their vitality and the centripetal to



DR. ROBERT RAINY.

Leader of the United Free Church of Scotland.

assert themselves. In 1847 the United Presbyterian Church was formed by the union of the "Secession" Church with the "Relief" body.

Not, however, until 1867 did the idea of the union of the Free Church with the U. P. Church find expression in the Free Church Assembly. But a committee on union deemed the question of establishment to be an insuperable barrier between the Free Church and the "voluntaries" of the U. P. Church. The movement, nevertheless, went quietly on.

In 1874 "patronage" in the Church of Scotland was abolished by Act of Parliament. But no tendency developed in the Free Church to return to the bosom of the old Church. The ministers and people of the Free Church not only had become attached to their own ways and their own work, but also had weakened in their devotion to the principle of establishment. Indeed, gradually, under the sagacious leadership of Dr. Robert Rainy, the majority of the Free Church came to favor the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland.

This, of course, meant a *rapprochement* with the U. P. Church. From 1874 to 1900 negotiations went quietly and carefully on for the union of the two bodies, and at last, in 1900, they happily issued in the almost unanimous union of the Free Church and the U. P. Church in the United Free Church, a body at once as large and as powerful as the Established Church of Scotland. Of the more than 1,100 ministers of the Free Church, only twenty-eight held out against this union, honestly, no doubt, thinking themselves alone true to the principles of the "Disruption," but probably with "more scruples in their conscience than conscience in their scruples." They rejected what the majority claim to have been reasonable offers of compromise and accommodation as to the property, and attempted to hold certain churches and manses by force. This little minority, located almost entirely in the Highlands, called themselves the Free Church of Scotland, organized presbyteries and an assembly, appointed a Moderator, and claimed the whole property of the late Free Church on the ground that they alone were true to the original principles of that body in reference to predestination and establishment. The property, so they claimed, had been given for the propagation of the doctrine of predestination and the principle of Church establishment, and should now go to those only and wholly who were true to their trust in this regard.

There is evidently this much truth in this claim of the minority, that the Free Church has been a living Church, and not a mere trust corporation, and has therefore inevitably made progress in the conception and expression of truth. The spirit of the Free Church in 1843 was doubtless intensely Calvinistic. The Free Church keenly sympathized with the Secession Church in its expulsion of the able and learned Dr. James Morison for his doctrine of the Universality of the Atonement. But "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." In 1879 the United Presbyterian Church passed a Declaratory Act, declaring the sense in which it understood the Westminster Confession of faith on the matter of predestination, practically

accepting the Morisonian or Arminian view. In 1892 the Free Church passed a similar Declaratory Act. In the present United Free Church, therefore, the questions of predestination and free will are open questions. We honor this noble spirit of liberty and comprehensiveness.

The minority appealed to law. The Scotch Courts of Session unanimously sustained the right of the majority. The case was appealed to the House of Lords, the supreme tribunal of the Empire. A committee of the House of Lords tried the case. But for the death of Lord Shand, as is now known, the committee would have been equally divided, the appeal would have failed, and the property would have remained with the United Church. The Lord Chancellor Halsbury, however, on the death of Lord Shand, so constituted the Committee as to make the success of the minority practically inevitable, as too soon appeared. Professor Kennedy, of the chair of law in Aberdeen University, does not hesitate to publicly charge Lord Chancellor Halsbury with turning the House of Lords Scotch Appeal into an English Court of Law, by ignoring Scotch lords qualified to sit and calling in Lord Alverstone and Lord James, Englishmen like himself and ignorant of Scotch law and history, instead of following the sound principle and practice of Lord Eldon, who, as he himself has recorded, feeling the difficulty of mastering Scotch law, when he had a unanimous judgment of the Scotch judges to deal with was accustomed to send the case back to their full court for further enlightenment and fuller information. A leading Scotch paper bluntly reiterates the charge of "the packing of the Court by the exclusion of the Scottish judges competent to sit in it, and the selection by the Lord Chancellor in their place of English judges as ignorant as himself of the Scottish conception of a church, if not of the law of Scotland." Only one Scotch judge sat on the Committee, Lord Macnaghten, and he declared for the United Free Church, and with him one English judge, Lord Lindley. Indeed, of the twelve judges who from first to last have given judgment in the case, all the Scotch judges, seven in number, have been in favor of the majority of the Free Church. It is a clear case of Scotch judges against English.

The point of law on which the minority relied, and on which the Court decided in their favor, is this, that if property was given in trust to a certain body of men for certain religious purposes, and if the original legal documents of that body provided for the disposal of the property in the event of a schism, then the property should be disposed of according to that provision; but, failing such provision, the

property must belong to the party adhering to the opinions and principles on which the body was originally formed. In conformity with this general principle of law the American Presbyterian Church has in its constitution a provision for the amendment of doctrinal statements by a constitutional process. It would be wise for all churches to have such provision. The contention in the case of the Free Church was that there was no such provision for a schism and the disposal of the property, and that therefore the whole property must be handed over to the insignificant minority as alone adhering to the opinions of the Church at its origin. On that principle, blindly applied, one dissident might block all change, progress, reform in any church. This, surely, is logic making itself absurd. This is law of a sort that the lay mind can hardly respect.

What was the answer of the defendants? First, that the original Free Church documents did not make the principle of establishment a fundamental question, and that the Church had in various ways long since made it evident that it did not so regard it. Secondly, with respect to doctrine, that the property had been given to be held at the disposition of the Assembly, and that the Assembly had exclusive jurisdiction over the formulation of doctrines—given to the Church for the purposes of the Church, and subject to the whole powers of the Church. This was felt to be the most important point, this claim to spiritual autonomy of the Church, and the Court went very fully into the history of the progress of thought in the Free Church to ascertain whether the historical continuity had been strictly maintained.

At this point emerged the grave difficulty that English judges, brought up under the English Church Establishment, seemed incapable of any adequate conception of the Christian Church in its autonomy and inherent right of development. By reaction from the supremacy of the pope, supremacy has been given to King and Parliament over the Church of England, and men have learned to look upon the Church as if a mere creature of Parliament, and upon "Free" Churches as strictly analogous to mere trust corporations. The Scotch (and New Testament) conception of the Church as no creature of parliament, as possessing inalienable spiritual independence, as clothed with inherent prerogative over its own formulation of doctrine in loyalty to Christ as its Head, was simply caviare to the English judges. In the report of the trial we read of sneers and sarcasms, and impatient questions, and suppressed laughter on the part of the Lord Chancellor, as the Scotch counsel developed the claim to spiritual independence of

the Church. The Chancellor directly denied the claim of spiritual independence, defined as the "power within the Church to do anything that affects spiritual matters." Let the Church depart in the least from the original basis and it forfeits its property! Behind that principle the court sheltered itself throughout from all appeals to Scotch Church history and theology. It seemed to those learned lords a horrible idea that a Church could change its creed without the sanction of Parliament! So Scotch religious liberty, as in the old days, was at the mercy of Anglo-Erastianism. What a premium this puts upon the hypocrisy which will mumble insincere assent to outworn formulæ for the sake of property, what a stab to the heart of all vital Christian thought striving to keep abreast with truth!

The decision of August 1st, 1904, endorsing in every point the claims of the minority, and handing over the property of 1,100 ministers and 300,000 communicants to 28 ministers and a handful of people, precipitates a momentous crisis in the history of Scotland. Ninety-seven per cent. of the Free Church lose all their church property to three per cent. The property involved includes over \$5,000,000 in invested funds, nearly 1,000 church buildings, manses to correspond, three theological colleges, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, a magnificent Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, and most valuable premises in the foreign mission fields, especially India. It would take fully \$50,000,000 to replace the property swept away from the Free Church by this startling decision. One of the most iniquitous features of the case is the fact that the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, created by the annual payments of the ministers, is taken and handed over to the twenty-eight ministers of the minority, and the widows and orphans for whom it was accumulated, are cast upon the charity of the world. In Edinburgh one congregation remained out of the union of 1900, fifty-five entered; the property goes from the fifty-five to the one, 23,000 people are left without churches to worship in, and fifty-five ministers without manses. In Glasgow the property of 103 congregations and 70,000 people is handed over to two congregations. How can the twenty-eight ministers of the "Wee Free" man all the churches handed over to them, to say nothing of the three theological colleges with their fifteen professors and two hundred students? On the foreign fields 304 missionaries and 344 native helpers are stripped of churches, colleges, and homes.

Three-fourths of the property in question has been given to the Church since 1874, when the Free Church Assembly declared that there was "no objection on principle to union with the United Pres-

byterian Church." Money given after that is handed over to those who object to such union. A large proportion of the donors of the property are alive, and have gone into the United Church, and yet their wishes are not to be considered. Is this justice? Is this faithfulness in the administration of a trust? For instance, out of \$685,000 raised in the Free Church during the last ten years for church extension in Glasgow, all but \$75 was subscribed by men who not only approved but entered the union. Their wishes are ignored. This money is snatched from them and handed over to a handful of dissidents.

According to the judges the whole matter is one of the administration of a great pecuniary trust. Yet these same judges did not stop to inquire what effect their decision would have upon the actual carrying out of the trust. They did not think it worth while to ascertain whether the twenty-eight ministers of the minority and their insignificant handful of adherents would be able to really carry on the great and vast work which for so many years of splendid success the Free Church has carried on, but in their haste to express their scorn of the principle of the spiritual independence of the Church, they risked the ruin of the whole work which the property had been accumulated to carry on. The "Wee Free" Church, if it takes possession of this great property at home and abroad, will do so not to administer it, but to wreck it.

Scotland remains comparatively quiet under this outrage, because it cannot yet believe that such a monstrous injustice can be actually perpetrated. The Scotch courts have yet to give the orders for actual dispossession. Who can tell what we may see in Scotland if the attempt be made to actually turn out congregations from the churches which they built with their own money, and their ministers from the manse which they provided for them? It is most tragic that the very Church, the Free Church, which once suffered the loss of all for conscience sake, left all to vindicate its spiritual independence, should still find itself in bondage and peril at the hand of the state. Of course, this would have been avoided if there had been an explicit statement of a provision for a schism or a change of creed in the original constitution of the Church. But surely even law and lawyers might take some things for granted, and have some regard to justice.

Under the circumstances, compromise on the basis of arbitration having been offered by the majority and declined by the victorious minority, Parliament must be invoked to redress the injustice of law. There is an interesting precedent of the year 1844. The Presbyterian churches of England had long become Unitarian. The property was claimed by those who remained properly Presbyterian. The Law

Committee of the House of Lords decided for the Presbyterians. But the very Presbyterians declared they wished no confiscation, and the very Lords who had decided on strict legality against the Unitarians introduced a remedial Act into Parliament providing for an equitable division of the property. It was then held in Parliament that to follow pedantic legality in the matter would be practical confiscation of money contributed for generations by Unitarians for Unitarian purposes. Men like Sir Robert Peel and Lord Macaulay warmly espoused the cause of justice and religious liberty, and the Act was passed. Such, we hope, may be the outcome of the present crisis.

To the honor of Presbyterianism and Scotland be it said that the great question which is stirring men's souls is not that of the property but that of the spiritual autonomy of the Church. Robertson Nicoll, in the *British Weekly*, makes the issue one between "the living Church and the dead hand," and declares "a church constituted according to the judgment of the Lord Chancellor has parted with essential liberty." In the discourses of the Free Church ministers on the Sunday after the decision there was a new passion for the old Church liberty, a plea for the inherent right of the Church to free development of creed and polity and work. One happy issue of the crisis will be a passionate earnestness in proclaiming a broad, free Gospel, in spite of Lord Halsbury's contention that that is inconsistent with the Confession of Faith and forfeits the property. The "Wee Free" Church may be bound by the decision to a strict Calvinism and to all the dead past. The great, progressive majority will abide by the Union, assert their liberty, preach a universal Gospel, and take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, rather than suffer the Word of God and the Church of Christ to be bound.

No one has put the issue better than that leader of High Anglicanism, Bishop Gore. He writes to the *Times* as follows: "That 'Churches' should be tied by a law of trusts never to vary their convictions as expressed in formulas or constitutional methods, except at the risk of losing legal continuity and the corporate property which goes with such continuity, seems to me to be a state of things which every lover of truth or freedom ought to shrink from. . . . I am writing simply from the point of view of a citizen of a great nation, who desires that the nation should be on the side of religious reality and freedom of spiritual movement. And, though I do not agree in many important respects with the United Free Church of Scotland, I cannot but think it is a grave moral disaster that our law should be such as to lay a dead hand upon a process of normal intellectual and spiritual growth in an important and noble religious community."

*Among the Real Irish.**

BY E. W. STAPLEFORD, '05.

WHEN one strolls down St. Patrick Street in Cork he need not be told that he is in Ireland. Almost every man he meets has the map of his native land plainly stamped upon his face, and "begorrah," "by faith," and "by the howly Mary," are heard on all sides. The signs over the store fronts show that the MacCarthys, the O'Donoghues, the Murphys, the O'Sullivans, the Caseys, and many others of suggestive names, are doing their share in the commercial life of the town. The most Irish place in the world is Cork. The most Irish place in Cork is Paddy's Market, just off St. Patrick's Street. Paddy's Market is carried on partly in the open air and partly in a massive stone building. Most of the merchants, especially those who transact business in the open air, are women. The street is literally covered with wares of every description. The women squat before their goods and drive hard bargains, filling the intervals between sales with knitting. Almost everything which the poorer class of the people require can be purchased here. Cheap meat and vegetables, fish, eggs and cheese, all of uncertain age, and second hand rubbish of every kind, abound. If Mike and Biddy determine to emigrate to "Greater Ireland," as America is called, they bring all their household effects to Paddy's Market, and sit there until they sell out, Mike breaking the monotony of business life by frequent visits to the neighboring public house, and Biddy seeking the same end by her knitting needles, with an occasional sly visit to the "Pub" herself.

From Paddy's Market we took a walk to the hill which is crowned by the church made famous by the author of

"The bells of Shandon, which sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

After visiting the church, which is a very modest structure, we wandered through the lanes and courts of the parish, for Shandon is in the very heart of the poor section of Cork. Naples is said to be the home of the most abject poverty on the continent, but in Naples there is no such poverty as in Cork. I knocked at the doors of several houses, presumably to ask direction, but really to get a glance into the houses themselves. The dirt and squalor is appalling. Meeting a typical Irishman I asked him the cause of all this poverty and degradation,

* Several of the cuts in this article are used by permission from "Here and There in the Home Land."

rather expecting him to lay the blame at the door of the British Government. He asked me, however, if I had been in any of the public houses, and suggested that I call at some of them. I visited several of the saloons, or "pubs," as they are called, and in every case they were filled with men and women, and in many instances the women had babes in their arms. Though for the most part clothed in rags, still they had money enough and time enough to waste in drink. The British Government is not altogether to blame for the distress in Ireland, about which we have heard so much.

The tourist does not tarry very long at Cork. While it is pleasantly situated on the River Lee, it cannot be said to be a beautiful city,



AN IRISH COTTAGE.

and its attractions are not numerous. Commercially it is not in a flourishing condition. Its trade has declined and its population has decreased. Its quays are lined with unemployed men, who make a living by earning an occasional sixpence or shilling. If Mr. John Redmond would expend his eloquence and energy in inducing Irish-American capitalists to invest their money in establishing industries in the south of Ireland, he would be a real benefactor, not only to his own beloved land, but also to the entire British Empire.

With such thoughts as these in mind, I started for Blarney Castle, which is only five miles distant. The Irish question was forgotten as soon as the open country was reached. Nature has been very kind to Ireland and never made a more beautiful spot. England is

beautiful, but her beauty is conventional. Scotland is beautiful, but her beauty consists in her ruggedness. But Irish scenery, especially in Munster, is of that quiet kind so restful to the nerves, and yet so free and unconventional; for Paddy, unlike the Saxon, has been content to allow Nature alone to do her perfect work.

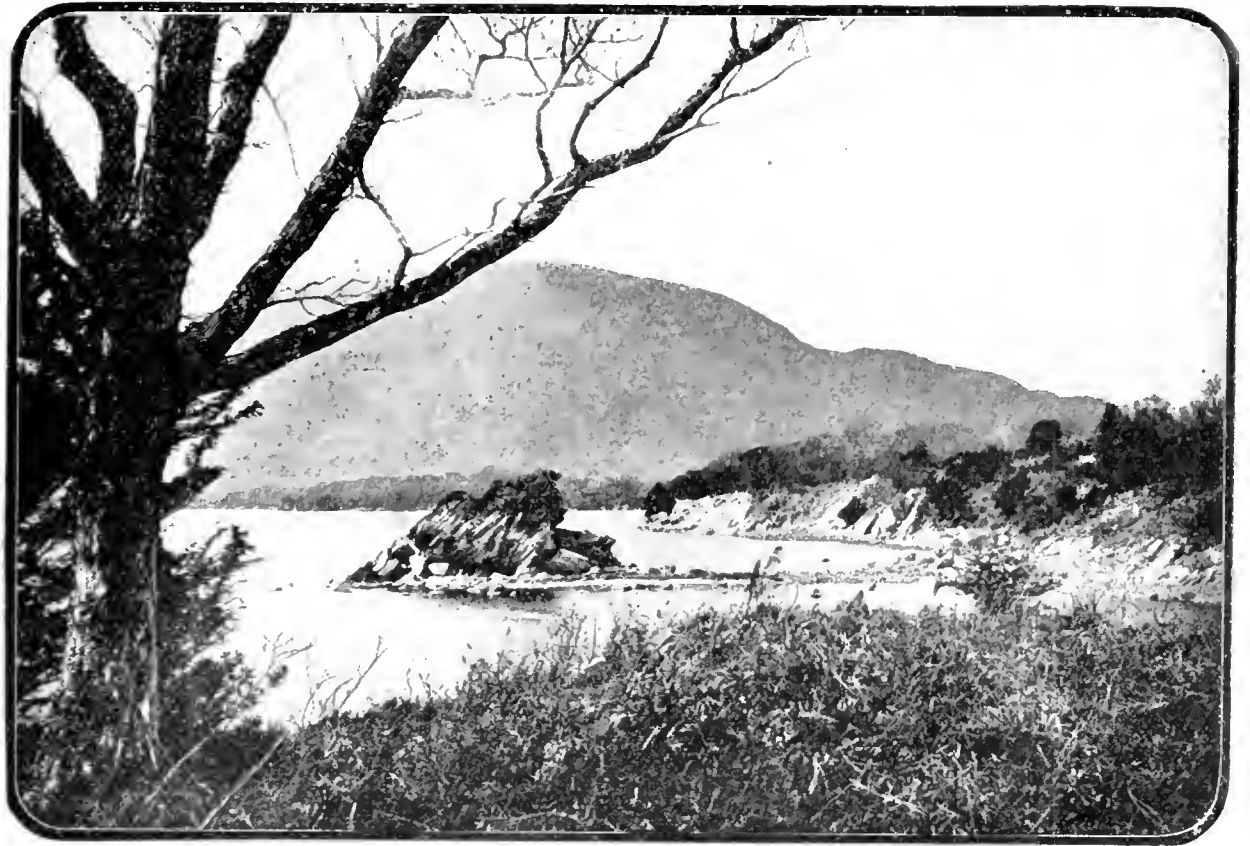
About half-way to the castle I left the railway, in order to better enjoy the scenery. It was a delightful May morn. Erin had donned



KILLARNEY—THE OLD WILK BRIDGE.

her richest green. The rambling hedges were in flower and the orange bloom afforded a suggestive contrast to the green. The country seemed but sparsely settled. Occasionally a maiden passed, carrying on her broad shoulders a bunch of brushwood, or a woman with her ill-fed donkey and lumbering cart on the way to Paddy's Market, or a man, with pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, whose business would be hard to surmise. I called at several cottages, presumably to inquire the way to Blarney Castle. Kindly greetings always awaited me. "It's a

foine day, sorr, and may God bless ye, sorr," was the usual salutation. (Later an Irish friend of mine told me that the usual greeting of a visitor to a cottage is, "May God bless all here, barrin' the cat.") It is interesting to peep into these little stone cottages with thatched roofs. They are usually of two rooms. The main room suffices for drawing room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom for the children. The chickens also have a claim upon this room, but the proverbial



KILLARNEY - COLLEEN BAWN PARK.

"pig in the parlor" has, I am told, become a matter of history. "The gentleman who pays the rent," as the pig is respectfully called, lives in a sty built against the rear wall of the cottage. The floor of the cottage is of cobble stones and is usually clean, though the feeding trough of the chickens occupies a place in the centre of the room. The peasants were most polite and wished me all the good luck which usually follows a pilgrimage to Blarney Castle. Some were quite free in imparting domestic history. One man told that he had "a son who is doin' foine in Ameriky," while a good old woman mentioned

that her daughter Katie was just "killin' hersilf wor-r-kin' in Boston," and intended to return home as soon as she could save enough money.

When approaching the castle I met a man walking with a hurried, nervous step. His features were of the Irish caste, his walk distinctively American. "I've kissed the Blarney Stone," said he, in a tone of exultation. "Good luck to you," was the rejoinder, as we shook hands. "You live in America," I continued. "Yes," he said, "I



ENTRANCE TO THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

left Ireland fifteen years ago. You are an American?" "No, better than that," I replied. "I am a Canadian." "Oh, well, it's just about the same thing," he answered. (Personally, I think there is a great difference.) We fell to discussing the Irish question. "What is the cause of the poverty in Ireland?" was asked. "It's the Government, the wretched British Government," he replied with great emphasis. It is too true that the Ireland of to-day is suffering from the oppressive rule of the last three centuries. The curse of Cromwell

is still upon the land. The iron heel of the conqueror has, to a certain extent, crushed out the fiery spirit of the Celt, and carelessness and indolence have displaced thrift and ambition. But it is also true that the British Government, within the last quarter of a century, has done all in its power to redeem the past, and to-day, under Wyndham's Land Bill, Ireland is granted privileges which no other people ever enjoyed. It is to be regretted that more of the people are not



VIEW IN THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

availing themselves of the advantages of this Land Bill. If Irish agitators, instead of wasting their energies in hurling invectives at the British Government, would use their influence to induce the Irish people to take advantage of their privileges, they would be true patriots and a real help to the great masses of the poor. Further, if the fearful waste of resources through the drink evil could be stayed, and the capital thus conserved devoted to the establishing of industries, Ireland would again bloom and blossom as the rose, and the Gem of the

Ocean would once more occupy her rightful place among the countries of the world.

But are we not standing before that shrine of Irish wit—Blarney Castle? A massive donjon tower, one hundred and twenty feet in height, is all that remains for our inspection. An interesting old lady was in charge of the castle and told that it was built in 1446 by Cormack MacCarthy, a descendant of the ancient kings of Munster. During the days of Queen Elizabeth, it was the strongest fortress in Munster, often repelling the attacks of besieging armies. It fell before Cromwell's men in 1646. Later the Lord of Blarney was exiled for Jacobite sympathies, and the troops of King William destroyed all but this single tower. The fair keeper of the castle also told us of the virtues of the famous stone, which is placed high up on the battlements.

“ There is a stone there, whoever kisses
Oh ! he never misses to grow eloquent,
'Tis he may climb to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of sweet Parliament.”

She pointed out the stone, telling, not showing, how it is to be kissed, and closed her tale by mentioning that she had been “in charge of the castle for over thirty years.” I remarked that I could scarcely understand how one so young could have been living here so long. “I can see, sorr, that the stone is beginning to wor-r-k on ye already, sorr,” she replied. It's impossible to get ahead of the Irish.

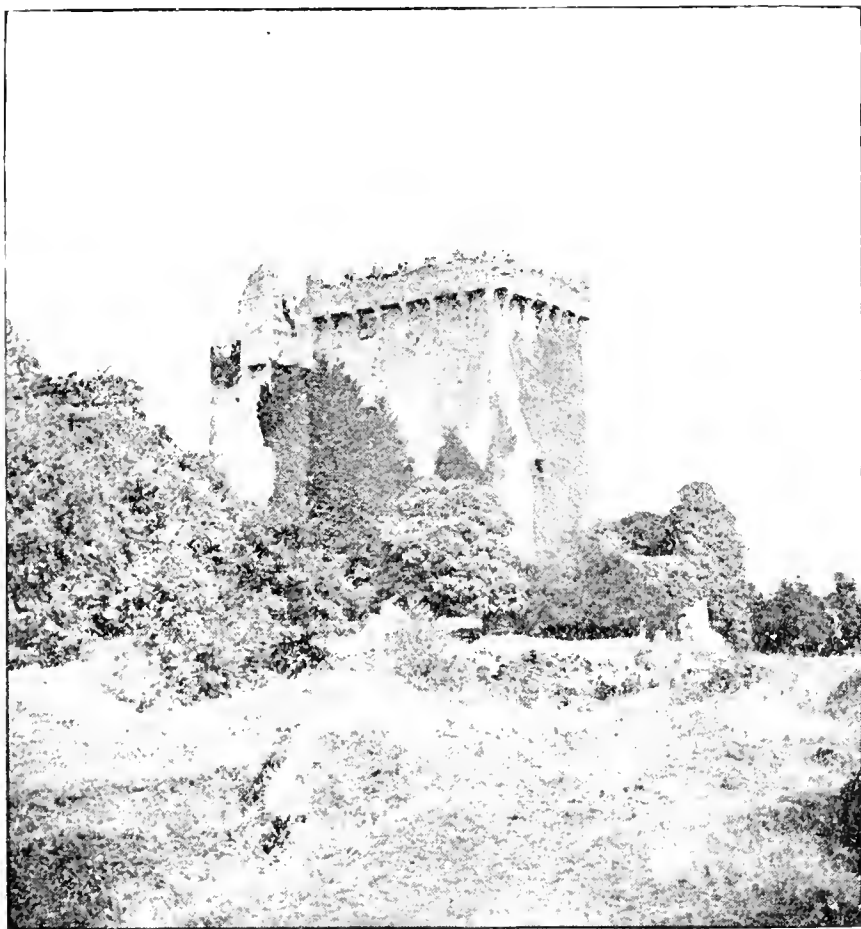
After obtaining a magnificent view of the country from the top of the tower, I went below and explored the dungeons where old-time prisoners waited in gloom and misery for something to happen. It was delightful to regain the sunlight and wander among the groves of Blarney.

The little village of Blarney was close at hand, and the boys and girls were just coming from school. Stopping a bunch of the boys, I asked them to show me their text-books. They were very polite, far more so than the average school-boy in the Western Hemisphere. “What do you know about Canada?” I asked.

“Canada, sir, is very hot in summer and very cold in winter. Corn, lumber and apples come from Canada. It's a good place to go to, for they give away farms free.”

Not bad for a Blarney boy of about twelve, is it? I was very glad to notice throughout the British Isles that the ignorance which has so long existed regarding Canada is rapidly disappearing, and the British school-boy is almost as well informed regarding Canada as the Canadian school-boy is regarding Great Britain.

But Blarney, wrapped in beauty and mystery, had to be left behind, for the evening train soon started for Killarney. The compartment of the car I entered was empty, but soon a guard escorted two ladies to the door. I withdrew to a corner and hid myself behind a Cork newspaper, but could not help noticing that one of the ladies had the English cast of features, while the other was decidedly Irish—a fine-looking woman, richly dressed, evidently of the “better sort.” We



BLARNEY CASTLE.

had travelled but a few miles when the Irish lady, looking over to the form behind the Cork journal, said: “Excuse me, sir, but would you object if I should have a smoke?”

Coming from so fair a petitioner the boon was readily granted. A beautiful silver cigarette case was produced, and the lady very kindly asked me to join in the smoke. I was compelled to say that as yet I had not acquired that accomplishment. But smoking has

some advantages from a social standpoint, and the lady ventured to remark : " You are from America, I believe ? "

" From Canada," I said.

" Toronto ? "

" Yes, from Toronto."

" Oh, I think Toronto is the loveliest city in America," she said. " We visited many cities when there, but we thought Toronto the finest of them all, though we liked Montreal, too."

Cards were exchanged, and I learned that my newly-acquired Irish acquaintance was the wife of the squire of —, while her companion was the wife of the vicar of the same place. In true Irish fashion I was invited to pay them a visit, one stating that her husband had business interests in Canada and would be glad to meet a Canadian. I was greatly disappointed that my plans were such as to prevent my accepting the invitation.

It was dark when the town of Killarney was reached, but the next morning revealed the fact that the town itself possesses few charms. It consists of a few winding streets, lined with low, squalid-looking houses. On market-days the town is full of all sorts of interesting people from the surrounding country, men in long-tailed coats and knee-breeches, strutting through the crowd and swinging their shillalahs in a dangerous manner ; women enveloped in shawls, carrying great baskets of produce on their shoulders, or standing beside their faithful donkeys ; and laughing barefooted colleens, whose black eyes flash bewitchingly.

Tourists visit Killarney not to see the town but the lakes which have made the name famous. At breakfast in the morning I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman from Philadelphia. We arranged to make the trip of the lakes together. At ten o'clock a typical Irish jaunting-car was in waiting. We had a beautiful drive alongside a magnificent demesne, which had recently been bought from its original owner by a prominent brewer, and is now used merely as a game preserve. Another cause of Ireland's poverty is here suggested. How many prosperous homes could be supported if that great game preserve of thousands of acres were cut up into fifty-acre lots ? After a nine-mile drive through a wild, rugged country we arrive at Kate Kearney's cottage :

" O did ye ne'er hear tell of Kate Kearney ?

She lives by the banks of Killarney ;

One glance from her eye,

Shun danger and fly,

For fatal's the looks of Kate Kearney."

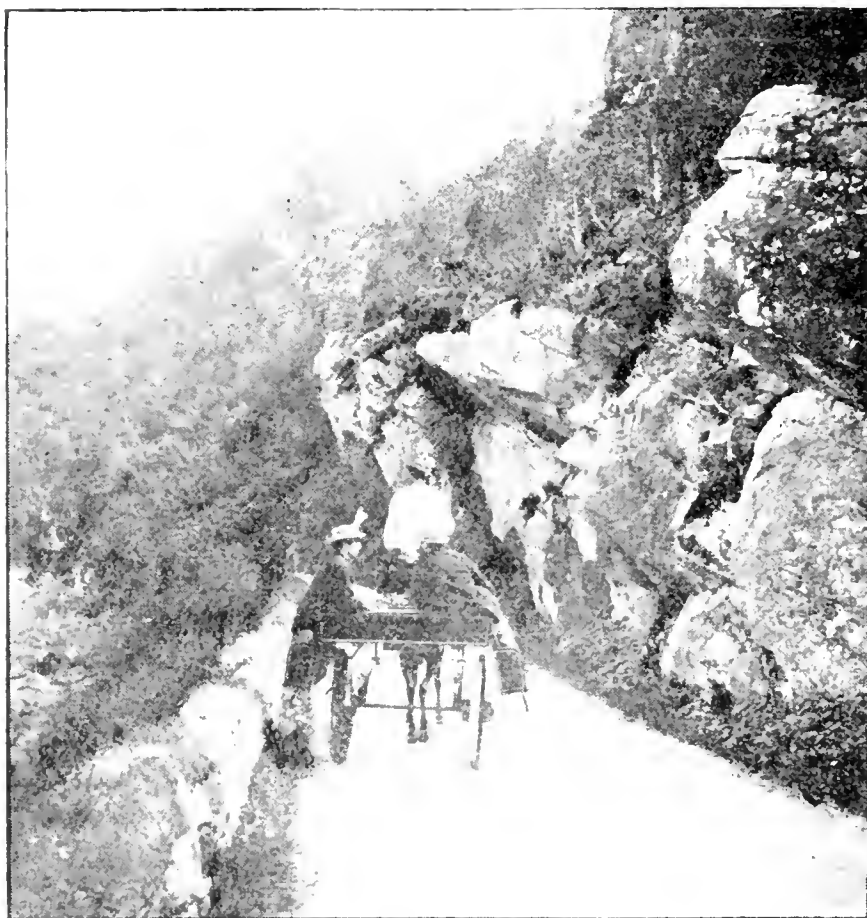
Here we made a stop, for souvenirs and mountain dew are dispensed by the noisy descendants of the bewitching Kate. We also left our car here, as the road through the Gap of Dunloe can be travelled only on foot or by pony. It is a four-mile trip. We elected to walk. It is an interesting trail through the wild narrow pass between Macgillicuddy's Reeks and Purple Mountain, reminding one of some parts of the Kootenay country in British Columbia. A small



GLENA BAY, KILLARNEY.

stream called the Lor goes leaping the craggy cliffs and adds beauty to this rugged scene. We passed a small lake known as Black Lough, where, our guide told us, "St. Patrick, God rest his sowl, banished the last shnake in Ireland." Along the trail the traveller is besieged by natives selling trinkets or begging. Out from behind bushes and rocks step pretty colleens selling goat's milk and poteen. Upon being asked the price, one of them replied, "To foine gintlemen loike ye, just whatever ye loike." After such blarney we had not the heart to offer anything less than a shilling.

After a good stiff walk of nearly an hour the Lakes of Killarney burst upon our view. It might be mentioned that there are three lakes—the Upper, the Middle (or Muckross), and the Lower. The Upper Lake is the smallest of the three, being only two and a half miles long by one mile wide, but it is the most beautiful and is magnificently situated amid wild and lofty mountains. Here a boat in charge of two men was awaiting us. A lunch which had been prepared was greatly enjoyed as the boat glided by the many little



IN A JAUNTING-CAR.

islands of the lake. The scene before us was one of surpassing beauty. In the distance could be seen the lofty peak of the Carrantus, the highest mountain in Ireland. On the right frowned the craggy sides of Cumaglan. Soon we entered Long Range, the channel connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes.

After a fine row among islands, beautiful in every shade of green, we reached the "Meeting of the Waters." We shot the rapids under the old Weir bridge, and, as we passed its massive stone arches, one

of the boatmen said, "Now, gintlemen, this is the owldest bridge in Ireland, it was built when Adam was a little bowy."

At the head of the Lower Lake is Ross Castle. This ivy-clad ruin was formerly the stronghold of the great O'Donoghue family and dates from the fourteenth century. It is celebrated in history as being the last fortress in Munster to hold out against the Parliamentary army. It is an interesting old ruin and from the top of the tower a magnificent view of the lakes can be obtained.

A trip to Killarney would be incomplete without a visit to Muckross Abbey. It is situated about three miles from the town near the village of Cloghereen. So next day I strolled out along a beautiful country road with the abbey as my destination. The monks of old evidently had a love for the beautiful, for well did they select the site for the sacred pile. The abbey is built on a hill commanding a fine view of the Lower Lake. The hill reaches the edge of the lake by a series of beautiful terraces. It is said that a church, which was destroyed by fire in 1190, stood upon the site of the present abbey. The abbey itself was founded by Teige MacCarthy for the Franciscan monks. In the centre of the choir is the vault of the MacCarthys, and here also sleep the stormy chiefs of the O'Sullivans, and the O'Donoghues. The best remaining portion of the abbey is the cloister, in the centre of which grows a magnificent yew tree which seems to be as old as the abbey itself.

Strange feelings creep over one as he wanders about these monuments of the past. I thought of the brave Celts who sleep amid these ruins. Noble men they were. When the now proud Saxon was but a sea-pirate, the sons of Erin were enjoying a comparatively high state of civilization. Schools and colleges flourished throughout the land. If Ireland had been left alone to develop along her own lines, would the later pages of her history have been brighter? This is a question hard to solve. Erin has had her dark days, but to-day her prospects are brighter than they have been for four centuries.

Musing over these things I strolled down to the shores of the lake. What a picture the Great Artist has thrown upon Nature's canvas! Standing there, an incident of the previous day is recalled. When rowing down the Middle Lake we asked our boatmen for a song. One of them laid down his oar and began to sing:

"Ireland is the most distressful country
That ever you have seen,
For they're hanging men and women, too,
For the wearing of the green."

I shall never forget that song. The boatman was a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested Irishman. He began to sing in a low tone. Gradually the song took possession of the Celt, his eyes flashed fire, his great chest heaved with passion, and the song became the defiant cry of an oppressed but unconquered people. I felt that the fiery soul of the native Irish is still alive, and that the persecution of centuries has been unable to quench its flame. These words still echo and re-echo amid the vales of Killarney,

“They’re hanging men and women, too,
For the wearing of the green.”

Funditores Imperiorum.

O SPIRITS tremendous, titanic, austere,
Who founded the empires of earth,
Your fabrics of glory were builded on fear,
The music of swords was your mirth.

Defiant, undaunted, you travelled the path
Where Destiny beacons success,
And peoples opposing succumbed to your wrath,
And Liberty shrieked in distress.

Like lamps at a feast ye all flamed in your pride,
The pomp of great kings was your prize,
And Lust, your elusive and beautiful bride,
Flashed views of far fields in your eyes.

O Founders of Empire, how massive your tread ;
How crimson the flower of your fame ;
What visions of glory, invincible dead,
Arise at each magical name !

The young Alexander, the gallant, the fair,
With star so refulgent, so brief ;
On Indus’ far banks Glory weeps for him there,
And Youth still admires his fond grief.

The legions of Cæsar advance into Gaul,
And patient is resolute Rome ;
To mightiest Julius the Celts are in thrall,
His ships cleave the westernmost foam.

Rome withers : her grandeur declines, and her sons
Are nerveless, supine, helpless prey
To Attila, terrible King of the Huns,
The scourge of the world for a day.

The sword of Mahomet in Araby gleams,
The Crescent invades every clime,
But Caliphs and Sultans deterred not with dreams
The dusty siroccos of Time.

As brilliant, as baneful as any of old
Who founded great empires and fell,
Napoleon's grim star its ascendancy held
Till Europe had tasted of hell.

Yet, Masters of Men, notwithstanding your power,
Death sought you and vanquished you quite ;
Fate suffered you, each for his one little hour,
Then plunged you in nethermost night.

— *William Talbot Allison.*

A Plea for the High School.

SELF-DEPRECIATION in matters educational cannot be said to be one of our national defects. It is true that there are those in Ontario who urge various minor changes in the course of study, but in general it is safe to say that even with them any improvement would partake of the nature of a refinement on perfection rather than of a step taken to keep pace with the times. Without venturing to call in question this assumed superiority in school matters, might it not be safely asked whether on general principles such self-satisfaction is to our own best interests, especially at a time when Mosely Commissions, and Committees of Nines, and Tens, and Fifteens, taking nothing for granted, are seeking to "formulate improved educational doctrine" along all lines?

The all-satisfying proof given by us in support of our claim to superiority is that the graduate of our primary school¹, high school or college outshines the graduate of the school of like standing in the United States. Although this has never been put to a fair or final test, yet, in view of the severe uniformity of requirement in Canadian schools and the great diversity of standard of schools in the United States, it is probably true or, at any rate, quite as true as any state-

ment so sweeping in character could well be. Indeed the educators of the United States themselves as a rule quite freely concede our superiority in this respect, and it is a matter of comment sometimes with us that they do not pay more attention to our system of education, with a view to getting a leaf out of our book.

It is rather startling, therefore, for a Canadian to learn that, far from regarding this as something inviting imitation of our system, they are more inclined to regard it as a danger signal. The reason for this is not hard to discover. The travelled "American"—even the one who has only been across the bridge at Niagara Falls—likes to demonstrate the keenness of his powers of observation by noting all the particulars in which we resemble the "English." It is not hard, therefore, for him to associate our severe examination requirements with all he has ever heard or read of the cramming methods formerly in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge, with the life-crushing rigidity of the German system and thence with empty mediæval Scholasticism, Chinese government examinations and all the rest of the unsavory things connected with rigid intellectual tests.

Nor can this peculiar prejudice to our system be attributed entirely to their native disdain for all things un-American. A United States schoolman, in estimating the value of the work of a school, will not take as the main point the proficiency of individual graduates in the subjects studied. He is sure to inquire also into the ability of the graduate to make ready use of the knowledge acquired, and, above all, he will take into account the number of students entered, the number of students graduated in proportion to the number entered, and the degree of proficiency of each before entering and after leaving, thus judging the school by the cumulative rather than the individual good accomplished. Their highest aim is to place as good an education as possible within reach of the many: *the greatest good to the greatest number* is the motto.

Viewed from their standpoint, it is not hard to see which branch of our system is not doing as much good as it ought to do. There is a distinct national loss in our aggregate educational attainment from the fact that our Canadian High School course, except as a preparation for college or for teaching, has not a more widely recognized value as a final preparation in itself for entering upon the ordinary occupations of life. There is something wrong here, even though we grant that a college education is the ideal equipment for citizenship. Surely there are grades of advancement short of this, yet in advance of the public school, desirable of attainment! It is true that some do

attend the High School who afterwards neither teach nor attend college, but these are mostly those who are counted out before completing the course—dropped in silence because they could not pass the examinations. The fact remains that there is no considerable body of students attending High School for a definite length of time for the sake of the education alone.

The fact of the matter is that we pay so much attention to the single aim of "keeping up the standard" that we lose sight of other aims and come well nigh to creating an intellectual aristocracy, thus denying the benefits of a higher education to many for the sake of the few. In the United States the High School is commonly called the People's College, and in this there is no disparagement of the college proper, for it gains rather than loses by the popularity of the High School. They graduate from the High School with all the ceremony of a college graduation. They have their class day, commencement and baccalaureate sermon, while the nomenclature, freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, is quite familiar to every citizen. All of this, of course, would be quite ridiculous in itself if it did not carry with it the substantial fact that a very large proportion of their primary school graduates enter the High School, and then remain there until they have completed an organized three or four years' course.

Our High School course is not framed with a view to making it an independent unit in our system, attractive and desirable in itself. In the choice of subjects, and especially in the prescribing of work within each subject, too exclusive attention is paid to college entrance requirements. Not enough attention is paid to giving the course in any subject aim and purpose. The student is not brought soon enough to see the practical and therefore interesting side, and too little attempt is made at giving the student some idea of the scope of the subject as a whole. We prescribe enough drill in the subject to enable the student to pursue the subject with ease after he enters college, there to learn the use and beauty of the subject.

We grind away at Latin composition, and then take one book of Cæsar's masterly commentaries and part of one book of Virgil's great epic, chosen arbitrarily without reference to the poems as a whole, as exercise for drill on translation, so that after the student enters college he may read the poem and find out what it was all about. The practical side to the study of Latin, a dead language, is the ability to read Latin; and this, after all, comes mainly by much practice, and may indeed be acquired without a thorough knowledge of grammar. This is not a plea for the discontinuance of the study of

Latin grammar, but it is a plea for the reduction of the existing disproportion between the amount of dreary mechanical work and the amount of Latin literature read in the High School. This should be done by increasing the amount of translation to at least four books of Cæsar and six books of Virgil. We might then expect to make Latin what it may be, but is not now, in the High School, a popular subject.

Our course in English is open to much the same criticism. We study scraps and fragments of an author or a poem. The practical result of a course in literature is not merely the ability to understand difficult passages of literature, but rather the kindling of a desire for good literature. A sense of the personality of the author is necessary to the intelligent comprehension of even detached passages or poems. It is, furthermore, necessary to the discovering within the pupil of taste in literature, a predilection for a certain author or a certain type of literature. This can only be acquired by comparative reading of an author's works, and by comparison with works of the same type by other authors. We leave the study of types and periods of literature over to the college. We too often expect the mature appreciation of a gem of literature in a fifteen-year-old student, and by too much drilling render forever distasteful what might have been "a thing of beauty" if some of the "shades of meaning" had been left to *grow* upon the student. But, worst of all, we ignore our own Canadian literature!

Our methods of teaching do not tend to enable the student to make use of his knowledge. We do not develop sufficiently in the pupil the power of fluent expression, since the student's ability to recite in class is not taken into account in estimating his fitness for promotion. There is not enough independent work required of the student day by day. The teaching is too well done, and the pupil relies upon that too much, thus destroying his feeling of self-help.

Too many subjects are studied concurrently, and the interest which should be concentrated is dissipated over too wide a field. The pupil who recites geometry twice a week and has seven other studies, is more likely to hate the subject than if he recited it every day and had only three other studies.

In spite of the best school machinery the educational standard must still depend upon the attitude of the people toward education. Indifference and apathy will defeat the most intelligent efforts. The efficiency of any school should be its own best drawing card, but any

feature which tends to make it attractive to a greater number of students is worthy of attention.

Canadian people are, as a rule, skeptical about "American" methods. We are probably quite justified in not desiring any closer union with the United States. We should not, on that account, be narrow and superficial in our judgment of them. We say they are over-hasty for visible results; too practical, and inclined, therefore, to be crude and immature in their attainments. In all justice let it be said that any crudity or immaturity in things educational is due to the rapid changes taking place to satisfy the demand for education, and that the sin of being practical or over-hasty about visible results is not unpardonable when it has for its aim, not the cultivation of an ethereal ideal of education for the few, but the education and uplifting of the masses.

C. E. AUGER, '02.

Grunt the First.

PULPITEERS.

CHURCH-GOERS sometimes ask themselves, after listening to a new, young minister, "How did he manage to wriggle through his course?" the question arising because the new, young man mumbles and hesitates and drops his voice, besides making what, by courtesy, is called his "discourse" not only otherwise uninteresting, but positively painful to his hearers.

Unfortunately, too, there are examples of new, young men becoming old, old ones, and clinging meanwhile to all their mannerisms; and now and again it seems a case of "the older the worse."

Why should a minister have a pulpit voice as distinguished from his ordinary tones? Some have even a pulpit pronunciation! A well known D.D., who has no difficulty in saying "Lord," "God," "salvation," "power," and some other words, just as they ought to be spoken, the moment he enters the pulpit, pronounces these as "Lorda," "Goda," "salivation," "pawoer." This is an extreme case, but we all know of others equally disagreeable and distracting. Besides, there are people of quick ear who profess their ability to distinguish Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers simply by the quality of tone in common conversation.

Was there ever an example known of a young man being refused ordination on account of his (let us put it mildly and say) "awkwardness and the insignificance of his personality?"

OBSERVER.

Grunt the Second.

One Species of Humbug.

PERHAPS the medical profession provides more room and therefore offers greater temptations than any other to practice popular humbug. Not long since a gentleman fearing sciatica consulted a well-known physician, who, after a long and apparently careful examination of his patient's left hip, said, "Well, of course you know sciatica is possible, but, in the meantime, I can find nothing but an acute affection of the seventh nerve." At another time a lady from a distance called upon "His Sapiency" for advice respecting a pain in her shoulder, neck, and the side of her head, when she, too, was informed that she had "Just caught a cold, and the seventh nerve was somewhat affected." During the past month two other cases have occurred in which the trouble came from the seventh nerve, one being in the right sole, the other in the right fore-arm.

Akin to those who believe in palmistry, astrology, osteopathy, absent treatment and the like, are those who feel a certain amount of satisfaction not only in being able to inform their friends that the doctor says, "All the trouble is with the nerves," but to add, "and it's mostly in the seventh nerve." Seven has always been regarded as a sacred number, and in some inexplicable manner this bugaboo gives them pleasure. How long shall these things be?

OBSERVER.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.



Alchemy.

ALCHEMY has a rather doubtful claim on us on the ground of its scientific value, but its annals are so crammed with human interest that a peep into its gloomy and mystical past is, for such as were formerly called “ingenious persons,” really fascinating.

The general aims and objects of the so-called “sacred art” of alchemy are probably vaguely known to even the profane—which word must be taken in its ancient sense— but a short statement of them is necessary. It was thought that there existed or could be made three things of the highest value and most wonderful properties—a philosopher’s stone, which would change quicksilver to gold ; an elixir of life, which would give eternal youth and health, and an alkahest or universal solvent. The elixir and the philosopher’s stone were somewhat confused with each other. For these objects many men in the Middle Ages spent their health and money, and even their lives, and the baneful delusion lived even to times quite modern.

It is a puzzle how such peculiar ideas were ever thought of, much less believed. There is good reason to credit them originally to the arm-chair philosophy of the Greeks. Socrates, though so shrewd and deep a thinker, said that the true nature of external objects could be discovered by thought without observation, and most Greek philosophers were at one with him in his scorn of investigation. By this delightfully unscientific method they evolved and elaborated the doctrine that all things are formed of four elements ; indeed, many philosophers reduced this number to one. Granted these premises, the alchemists’ deduction, that one element could be changed to another, was simple and logical.

The alchemists had, however, far different theories of the origin of their art. To them it was clear that Adam must have known of the elixir of life, else how did he live so long ? Of course he would also know of the philosopher’s stone. And where could he learn these secrets but from the devil ? Others, more moderate in their claims, did not trace their art to his Satanic Majesty, but ascribed its beginning

to Tubal Cain. or to Abraham, or to Moses. The most popular and most credited account named Hermes Trismegistus as the father of alchemy. He is said to have lived about 2000 B.C., and to have had the mighty secret of transmutation engraved on a tablet of emerald and buried with him. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, explored his grave, for motives unrecorded, and found the tablet and transmitted the inscription to us. It consists of thirteen propositions, and we quote a couple :

“Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, prudently and with judgment.”

“Ascend with the greatest sagacity from the earth to heaven, and then descend again to the earth, and unite the powers of things



superior and things inferior. Thus will you obtain the glory of the whole world and obscurity will fly far from you.”

Unfortunately, this lucid statement does not cause obscurity to fly, for many patient investigators through hundreds of years spent their lives in trying to read its riddle. It is sad, but necessary, to add that this legend cannot even claim great antiquity, for it is probably the ingenious fabrication of monks who had more leisure than was good, and is an example of that old saw about Satan's ability to find employment for the idle.

It may be mentioned in passing that to this mythological Hermes no less than thirty-six thousand books have been ascribed, so that he must have been a more prolific author than Dumas, as one writer sarcastically remarks. A memory of him lingers in our common word, hermetic, for *to hermetically seal* was originally to *seal with Hermes his seal*,

It would be impossible or useless to select for description any particular member of the multitude of followers of Hermes, or to attempt any connected relation of the fortunes of his art, for all alchemical history is in chaos, and most of what we do know is not true. A short description of a typical alchemist by Paracelsus, himself a past grand master of the cult, would be better: "They are not given to idleness, nor go in a proud habit or plush and velvet garments, often showing their rings upon their fingers, or wearing swords with silver hilts by their sides, or fine and gay gloves upon their hands, but diligently follow their labors, sweating whole days and nights by their furnaces. They do not spend their time abroad for recreation, but take delight in their laboratory. They wear leather garments with a pouch and an apron whereon they wipe their hands. They put their fingers amongst coals, into clay and filth, not into gold rings. They are sooty and black like smiths and colliers, and do not pride themselves upon clean and beautiful faces." In short, they were plugs.

While Paracelsus is under mention, a word about the death of this sixteenth century enthusiast. Tradition has it that he fancied he had discovered the elixir of life, and drank a cupful of the magical liquid. It was alcohol and, of course, proved fatal.

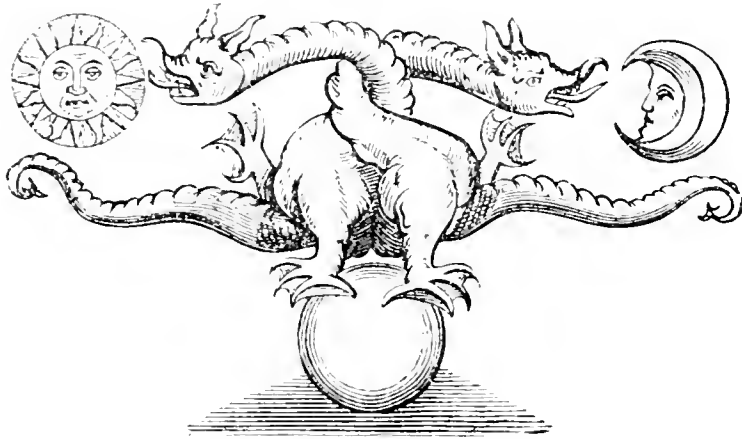
The peculiar literature of alchemy may be illustrated by an extract from Paracelsus' works. "The life of all metals is a secret fatness; of salts, the spirit of aqua fortis; of pearls, their splendor. . . . The life of all men is an astral balsam, a balsamic impression and a celestial invisible fire, an included air and a tinging spirit of salt. I cannot name it more plainly." We are forced to admit that even Browning is crystal clear in comparison with this author.

Such a system of mystification ruled alchemy from first to last. The simplest facts were hidden in a mist of allegory, lest the uninitiated should catch their meaning and steal the secrets of the art. The mysterious dragon that appears on page ninety-four is nothing less than an allegorical recipe for the preparation of the philosopher's stone. The dragon (nitric acid) must be obtained from the earth (the ball), and caused to eat the sun (gold) and the moon (silver). The sun thus digested gives the red stone, for use in transmuting baser metals to gold, and the moon gives the white stone, used in making silver.

It is to be hoped that another alchemical recipe will not seriously strain the reader's patience. We give a method of purifying gold by fusing it with antimony. The other illustration of our article refers to this, "The king's (gold) diadem is made of pure gold and a chaste bride must be married unto him; wherefore, if ye will work on our

bodies, take the most ravenous gray wolf (antimony), which by reason of his name is subject unto valorous Mars (iron), but by the genesis of his nativity he is the son of old Saturn (lead), found in mountains and valleys of the world. He is very hungry: cast unto him the king's body that he may be nourished by it: and when he hath devoured the king, make a great fire, into which cast the wolf, that he be quite burned. Then will the king be at liberty again."

If admirable in nothing else, the alchemists deserve respect for their ability in lying. Our friend Baron Munchausen would be reduced to envious despair could he but hear their modest *statements of fact*. Lully said he made by projection—the technical term for a transmutation—about thirty million dollars' worth of gold. Nicholas Flammel claimed to have built and endowed in Paris three chapels, seven churches and fourteen hospitals with the gold he made. Dr. Dee, of later date, said he found a large quantity of elixir of a power 272, 330, that is able to change that number of times its weight of baser metals



into gold. The exact detail of the last statement makes it a triumph in the art of prevarication.

More remarkable than these flights of imagination is the credulousness of the people, who believed them all. In 1404 the English Parliament forbade the making of gold and silver, probably because of the economic difficulties that would arise from its manufacture. Henry VI. granted several patents for the manufacture of gold and appointed a commission to investigate the subject. Ornaments and coins of alchemical gold were for sale in the various countries of Europe. For the benefit of any who may be inspired with the desire to experiment, let us say that the law of 1404 was repealed in 1689 and transmutation is now legal. Also all the patents have expired.

Amongst all these seers of visions that were not and dreamers of dreams that never came true was a friar, Roger Bacon, born in 1214,

who, though subject to the great delusion of transmutation, has left on record perhaps the most remarkable prophecy ever made without divine assistance. In this prediction he saw what was not to be fulfilled for nearly seven hundred years. "Bridges unsupported by arches can be made to span the foaming current ; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the sacred powers of Sol (heat) and Luna (cold) into action, and behold a single steersman sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel, which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered with the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements (fire, water, fuel and air) do their labors ; bind the eternal elements and yoke them to the same plough."

Science Gossip.

THERE is on exhibition at Honolulu the largest photograph ever made. This mammoth picture is a panoramic view of San Francisco and measures forty-one inches by thirty feet ! It was taken from an automobile by a special camera not much larger than ordinary instruments. While the picture was being taken, the eye of the camera swung slowly around the horizon as a person might turn about in viewing the landscape from a hill top. Within the camera a strip of celluloid film moved rapidly and on it picture after picture was taken, each beginning just where the preceding one ended.

The film was developed as usual and from it an enlargement was made on sensitive paper by an apparatus designed for the purpose. A huge tray was built for developing this print and five men were necessary to rock it. Five gallons of developer, a barrel of hypo and other chemicals in corresponding quantities were used in developing. A single print cost two hundred dollars.

RECENTLY a new "long distance" record for typewriting was made in New Jersey by Mrs. Cunningham, court stenographer, who wrote 21,089 words in six and a half hours without an error. The speed is remarkable, but to those who know the fallibility of stenographers, the absence of errors is even more so.

IN New South Wales there has been found the body of a shark three and a half feet long changed to opal. This unique fossil is attracting much attention. It is strange that of all creatures an unworthy shark should attain such glorious immortality.

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Contributions and exchanges should be sent to H. H. CRAGG, Editor-in-Chief, ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to E. W. MORGAN, Business Manager ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

Editorial.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a circular XMAS ACTA. from our Business Manager urging our readers to order at once any extra copies of our Xmas number they may require. This is necessary that there may be a sufficient number printed to meet the demand without leaving a large number undisposed of. ACTA's finances have never warranted enthusiastic speculation. From the partial list of contributors presented, it must be clear to everyone that a treat is in store for the readers of our special holiday number. The Board is making every effort to have the issue published very early in December, and is trusting to our friends, and especially to the student body, to give it a large circulation. Nothing could be more suitable for a Xmas gift from a Victoria student than a copy of his college magazine.



Mark the date—Dec. 2nd! Don't make any other engagement, and don't forget to be there! Let THE every student remember that this is our function, and that we, and not the Faculty or the Senate, are responsible for its success or failure. We are glad to think that Victoria has so many friends deeply interested in her welfare in every particular, and glad to avail themselves of any opportunity of display-

ing that interest. They come to this, the greatest event of our academic year, to be entertained; shall we not show that we have some ability in the art of entertainment? An able and enthusiastic committee is in charge; let an equally enthusiastic student body—and not merely a section of it—hold up their hands!



With the passing away of the inevitable restraint
 ONE'S PLACE due to the approach of the "Bob," "The Honorable
 IN COLLEGE. Gentlemen of the Class of '08" will be feeling around
 for their place in the life of the college; in which
 effort, doubtless, they will be largely influenced by the advice of
 those of the upper years with whom they chiefly associate. And it is
 well, perhaps, that they should thus seek advice, but it should be
 from more than one class of students, that all ideals may be examined,
 in order the better to exercise the judgment in raising a standard.
 For one class will be able to see little room for anything but athletics;
 another for literary pursuits; still another for religious work; while a
 fourth will say, by word and deed, "We are here for study only, and
 nothing else is worth the powder."

No sane man will deny that one who neglects study is making a fatal error; but at the same time every student ought to recognize that there is a place for him in college life which he ought to fill in justice both to himself and his fellow-students. A man who spends four years and the required capital to attain a degree positively cannot afford to content himself with securing only half of what is in store for him. It is a poor type of economy which will lead a man, while making an annual outlay of from two to three hundred dollars or more, to refuse to spend a few dollars extra in order to obtain the benefits accruing from intercourse with one's fellows. Moreover it is surely the acme of selfishness to be willing to enjoy the invigorating tone of our college life, while allowing others—who are perhaps in even more straightened circumstances—to bear the burden of sustaining it. Yet that is just what a good many do, not realizing, perhaps, that they not only do not assist but even retard the progress of the college. In corroboration of this remark let us quote *The Outlook* of a few weeks ago:

"No man lives or works alone: the modern world is a vast workshop in which men and women are thrown into the closest relations: and every man is related not only to his own work but to the work of others. It is a man's duty not only to hold himself responsible for the kind of reward his work brings him, but to work cheerfully and courageously. The atmosphere of the work-room is the effluence of

the spirits of those who live and breathe in it, and the workman must not only attend skilfully to the matter in hand, but he must put hope and courage into the air of the room."

These words are peculiarly applicable to college life, for here, too, the words of the Great Teacher are true, "No man liveth unto himself." Therefore let every man find his place and fill it to the best of his ability.



COLLEGE The following letter requires no editorial com-
DECORUM. ment. It will appeal to many as conveying a timely
 warning :

"DEAR ACTA,—Permit me through your columns to draw the attention of the students to the necessity of maintaining a certain amount of decorum in our college life. Times have changed, 'tis true, and few Freshmen in these degenerate days ever deem it necessary to touch their hats to their seniors in recognition of their superior dignity. Such was the custom of antiquity. But there surely is some degree of respect to be shown them even yet. For instance, one can scarcely excuse the thoughtlessness displayed by the Sophomores at the last reception in their unseemly haste to be first in giving their class-yell. I do not wonder that the Seniors did not care to give their yell afterwards, and am only suprised that the Juniors did not follow their example. One naturally expects that at its own reception a class should lead the farewell demonstrations, but in other cases seniority should be respected. This may seem to some a trifling matter, but these little amenities of life greatly enhance the spirit of the college.

"Moreover it is becoming a subject of remark among some of the ex-students that there is sometimes too great freedom displayed by the men to their lady friends in college halls. In the jollity of receptions a few forget at times that friendliness is not to be confused with familiarity. And in this connection it might not be amiss to note the childish frivolity displayed by a few—not all Freshmen—on the tennis courts, even to the extent of young men and women chasing one another around with rakes, etc., while the boys demonstrate to their admiring lady friends that they have not forgotten their public school antics and can even yet leap through the flames of a bonfire.

"Let us have at least some dignity.

"Yours sincerely,

"DECORUM."



OUR readers will be pleased to know that the vacancy on ACTA Board has been filled by the election of Miss E. H. Patterson, '05, to the position of Associate Literary Editor. No words of introduction are required for one who has in the past so ably contributed to our columns.



A DESPATCH from Chicago announces that the Executive Committee of the trustees of the North-Western University have elected Thomas F. Holgate, M.A., to be acting President. Prof. Holgate is a native of Ontario, graduated from Victoria with the class of '84, and received his M.A. degree in '89. He has been a member of the professorial staff of the North-Western University since 1893, latterly in the capacity of Dean.

WE are in receipt of an interesting letter from Wm. Elliott, '84, who is at the head of a Normal School in Hiroshima, Japan. He undoubtedly reflects the sentiments of all Europeans in Japan when he expresses both the hope and the belief that Japan will win out in the present war. Mr. Elliott takes occasion to remark on the high degree of excellence ACTA has reached, and sends along, by way of contrast, a copy of the first number ever issued. "Those," he says, "were the days of small things, even with Clifford Sifton and Prof. Coleman connected with the institution."

MISS GRACE SCOTT, of Ottawa, who was for two years a member of the class of '03, graduated last spring from Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, with highest honors.

D. H. TRIMBLE, '99, is preaching at Marathon, Iowa.

LISGAR R. ECKARDT, '02, is attending the School of Theology, Boston, Mass.

W. A. POTTER, '00, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis, is, we are glad to know, steadily improving.

HORACE DAVISON, who was with the class of '02, has just returned from London, Eng., and received an appointment as assistant actuary with the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Company of this city.

GEN. J. G. C. LEE, who was introduced to the students of the college and delivered a short address in the chapel a few days ago, is one of the many sons of Victoria who have risen to positions of prominence and influence on the other side of the Great Lakes. Gen. Lee is a native of Saltfleet Township, in the County of Welland, and

was a student at Victoria in the early fifties. On leaving college he went to Ohio to follow his chosen profession, civil engineering, and was there engaged in railway construction when the Civil War broke out. He joined the Northern army and fought in a number of important engagements in the war-swept States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia. When peace was secured by the triumph of the Northern armies, he was transferred to the regular army and rapidly advanced to the rank of General. As Quartermaster-General he administered the Commissariat Department until his retirement, about three years ago, with full rank and a general's allowance. Gen. Lee is the author of several works on military subjects. He is now visiting his old home in the Niagara peninsula. Victoria students are proud to see in our halls the soldierly figure of so distinguished an ex-student, and hope that the General may long live to reflect honor on his *Alma Mater*.

Weddings.

SOME of the weddings crowded out of our last number are chronicled below. ACTA's best wishes follow all the happy participants.

JUST as the sun rose on the morning of September 28th, Professor Misener, in the college chapel, pronounced the words that made E. A. Miller, '04, and Miss Deborah Thorp, of Aurora, man and wife. The newly-wedded couple left immediately for Mr. Miller's chosen field of labor in Iowa, U.S.A. Mr. Miller made a splendid record in Victoria, winning the Prince of Wales gold medal in general proficiency on graduation. We predict for Mr. Miller the success usually met with by our Canadian students across the line.

THE marriage of Rev. H. B. Christie, Port Elgin, who was for some time a member of the class of '97, and Miss Ethel Preston, daughter of Mr. T. H. Preston, M.P.P., of Brantford, took place at "Hedgedyn," the residence of the bride's parents, on August 3rd, Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Midland, brother-in-law of the groom, officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lilian Preston, and the groom by Rev. G. J. A. Reaney. The bridal pair spent the honeymoon at Ocean Grove, N.J.

ON Aug. 31st Miss Perth Morris, of Bowmanville, was united in marriage to Rev. J. F. Chapman, '03, by Rev. D. O. Crossley. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman now occupy the parsonage at Minden, in the Bay of Quinte Conference, where, as elsewhere, Chappie's oratory and serene smile will doubtless win him friends.

A QUIET wedding was celebrated in the Presbyterian church at Bervie on June 15th, when Miss Belle Henderson, daughter of Wm. Henderson, general merchant, and Rev. Chas. J. Wilson, B.A. '03, M.A. '04, were married by the Presbyterian minister. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left immediately for Lloydminster, Sask., where Charlie's work lies for the present Conference year.

"The Old Familiar Faces."

THE CLASS OF '03.

MISS ROSE BEATTY is plunged in church work at her home in Parry Sound. She is President of the Epworth League, a member of the Quarterly Board, a teacher in the Sabbath School, and organist in the prayer-meeting.

MISS S. BRISTOL is in Vancouver, B.C.

MISS E. CAMPBELL is teaching moderns in Pickering College.

MISS R. CULLEN pursues the pedagogic art at Whitby Ladies' College.

MISS E. DINGWALL is experiencing the sorrows of the boarding-school teacher in the Ladies' College at Rothesay, N.B.

MISS F. M. EBY is on the staff of the Glencoe High School.

MISS S. JACKSON is engaged in teaching the young idea at Union, Ontario.

MISS R. JOLLIFFE is Associate Professor of English at Walla Walla University, Washington, D.C.

MISS O. LINDSAY finds Y.W.C.A. work does not provide enough mental exercise, and is now at the Ontario Normal College, Hamilton.

MISS SMITH is teaching in the Midland High School.

MISS ALICE WILL is engaged with the Morang Publishing Company, this city.

R. C. ARMSTRONG is at Shidzuoka, Japan, engaged in missionary work.

N. E. BOWLES is preaching at Hilliardtown, New Ontario.

J. F. CHAPMAN is stationed at Minden.

J. H. CHOWN is engaged in the offices of the Methodist Book Room.

W. CONWAY occupies the parsonage at Port Lambton.

R. G. DINGMAN is with the Toronto Carpet Factory Co.

E. FORSTER is assistant in the Chemical Laboratory of the University.

A. R. FORD is on the staff of *The Financial Inquirer*, New York city.

R. S. GLASS is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

G. H. GREY is dipping into legal lore at Osgoode Hall.

E. C. IRVINE is instructing in the Mathematical Department of Stanstead College.

E. H. JOLLIFFE is assisting in the Chemical Laboratory of Toronto University.

D. B. KENNEDY is preaching at Rouleau, Assa.

P. M. KERR is classical professor in Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

JOHN MCKENZIE is pursuing his theological studies at Knox College.

PERCY NEAR is attending the S. P. S.

D. P. REES is travelling for an advertising agency, with headquarters in the city.

D. A. WALKER is preaching in the Paisley Street Church in Guelph.

J. H. WALLACE has entered upon commercial pursuits, but expects to come back next year for B.D. work.

C. W. WEBB is studying theology at Queen's University.

C. J. WILSON is in charge of the Methodist church at Lloydminster, Sask.

T. E. WILSON is at Osgoode Hall.

AMOS THOMAS is stationed at Kinglake, in the London Conference.

R. O. JOLLIFFE has left for China, to engage in mission work, accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Smith on their return to that land.

F. L. BARBER, after a year in Europe, has returned for B.D. work.

THE secretary of the class, Mr. A. R. Ford, care of *Financial Inquirer*, 115 Nassau St., New York City, would like all members of the class to notify him upon changing their addresses.

THE CLASS OF '04.

MISS H. A. GRANGE and Miss M. E. Allen represent Victoria this year at the Ontario Normal College. Neither of them was able

to resist the temptation of stealing away from the city by the mountain to attend Vic.'s first receptions.

MISS S. M. BAXTER, we understand, is taking a postgraduate course in domestic science at her home in this city.

MISS A. L. O. FIFE is rounding off her university course by doing the grand tour of the continent of Europe.

MISS B. A. LINGHAM is engaged in Y.W.C.A. work in Montreal, where she is Assistant Secretary of the Association.

MISS J. C. POTTER now wears the dignified title of Assistant Preceptress at Albert College. Moderns is her department of instruction.

MISS G. PETERSON is in Y.W.C.A. work in this city.

MISS F. E. WATTS has joined the noble army of martyrs, being engaged in the teaching profession at Bruce Mines.

MISS L. E. V. LLOYD is doing postgraduate work in the University of California.

MISS E. A. WEEKES is in training at the Deaconess' Home for foreign missionary work, upon which she expects to enter in the course of a year.

MISS M. L. A. JEFFERY is spending the winter in New York City.

MISS E. V. DANARD is teaching at Pakan, Alta.

H. N. BAKER is prying into the mysteries of the law at Osgoode Hall.

J. H. HOLMES has embarked upon a journalistic career, and will help to mould Western opinion through the columns of the *Saskatoon Phoenix*, of which he is the Managing Editor.

D. H. MARSHALL and F. W. K. Harris, keeping manse and kirk in their mind's eye, are pursuing their theological studies at Knox College.

E. A. MILLER, whose wedding we chronicle elsewhere, has been stationed by the Iowa Conference at Thompson, Ia.

W. H. SPENCE is comfortably located at Lake Mills, Iowa, a town of some 1,500 inhabitants. We understand that Will will very soon furnish us with another item for this column.

A. B. RANKIN and E. E. Cleaves are now registered in the Faculty of Medicine.

W. G. CATES is a member of the staff of the *Ottawa Journal*. We are informed that Bill is making a great social and musical hit in the

Capital, regaling those present at the functions he is delegated to write up with college songs, rendered in his own inimitable style.

J. WILFRID CANTELON has accepted a Fellowship in the University, and is now Demonstrator of Physics. He is said to be especially popular with the ladies of his classes.

C. L. FISHER holds a general agency for one of the life insurance companies, with headquarters at Goderich.

H. W. BROWNLEE has secured the principalship of one of Ottawa's public schools. Hugh will now overlook the political situation from the vantage-ground of the Capital.

F. W. HARDY is preaching to the miners at Sandon, B.C.

CHAS. J. JOLLIFFE is stationed at Port Robinson, in the Hamilton Conference.

D. M. PERLEY is baching it and subsisting on crackers and canned salmon at Phoenix, B.C., where he is preaching.

C. B. PARKER is putting in a year at commercial work before proceeding with his medical course.

J. W. MILLER is stationed at Salt Spring Island, between Vancouver and the mainland.

ROBT. PEARSON is pastor of the church at Banff, the membership of which is two. There will be more when Bob leaves.

W. G. McELHANNEY is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa, and in very good graces, so 'tis said, with the powers that be.

C. F. WARD has secured a Fellowship at Chicago University, where he is now pursuing his studies.

H. S. WARREN is at Queensville, in the Toronto Conference.

A. J. ELSON is the junior pastor on the Otterville Circuit, in the Hamilton Conference.

F. S. CARR is attending Normal at Regina, figuring prominently in the "Lit." and on the Rugby team of that institution.

S. W. EAKINS is engaged with the Dominion Securities Co., this city.

D. A. WALKER is in New York City, where he is utilizing his mathematical training as an actuary.

D. R. GREY is preaching at Nairn Centre, near Copper Cliff.

C. W. BISHOP, A. H. Booth, G. K. Bradshaw, D. R. Clare, W. A. Gifford, and E. W. Wallace are still with us and putting on the grandfatherly airs appropriate to members of the B.D. class.

Obituaries

IN the sketch of the "old boys" of Upper Canada Academy that appeared in ACTA last June, there was omitted the name of an early student who has just passed away in his 84th year. George R. Van Norman, K.C., was born at Canandaigua, N.Y., on March 12th, 1821. In that year his father came to Upper Canada, and became a pioneer iron-founder at Normandale, Norfolk Co. In 1840 Caroline Van Norman was a student at Upper Canada Academy, as Victoria was called before the Act granting her university powers, and in 1841 we find her brother George enrolled as a student. Immediately after leaving the Academy he began the study of law, completing his course in the office of Hon. R. B. Sullivan. After practising in Toronto and Simcoe he settled in Brantford, where, in 1859, he was appointed Crown Attorney. This office he held for over forty years. He was an active worker in Church affairs, having been the first Superintendent of the Brant Avenue Methodist Sunday School.

THE sympathy of all the students of Victoria is extended to E. W. Stapleford, '05, who has been called upon to suffer the loss of his father. Mr. Stapleford, who was a prominent contractor of St. Catharines, died very suddenly, and was discovered lying across the bench in his workshop by his family, who had become alarmed at his failure to return home at his usual hour. He was very active in church work, and had long been Superintendent of the Sunday School. The respect in which he was held by his fellow-citizens is shown in the fact that his funeral was one of the largest seen in St. Catharines for many years.

CHAS. H. GOODERHAM, who died at his residence in this city on Oct. 18th, was, until recently, a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria University. Mr. Gooderham was born in Toronto in 1844, but at the age of eighteen removed from the city to take charge of the milling interests of his firm at Alpha Mills and Meadowvale. Twenty years ago he returned to the city, where he has been identified with various financial institutions. Mr. Gooderham was a member of the Central Methodist Church.

THE sudden death on July 22nd of Rev. John Philp, B.A., '61, M.A., '73, D.D., '93, removed one of the foremost and best known ministers of Canadian Methodism. A manly and robust type of Christian character, a scholarly and cultured address, and a logical method of presenting the truth, combined to make him a powerful

preacher ; whilst his gentleness, attractive personality and social qualities endeared him to hosts of friends. His death, which was due to cerebral hemorrhage, occurred while he and his daughter were holidaying at Grimsby Park.

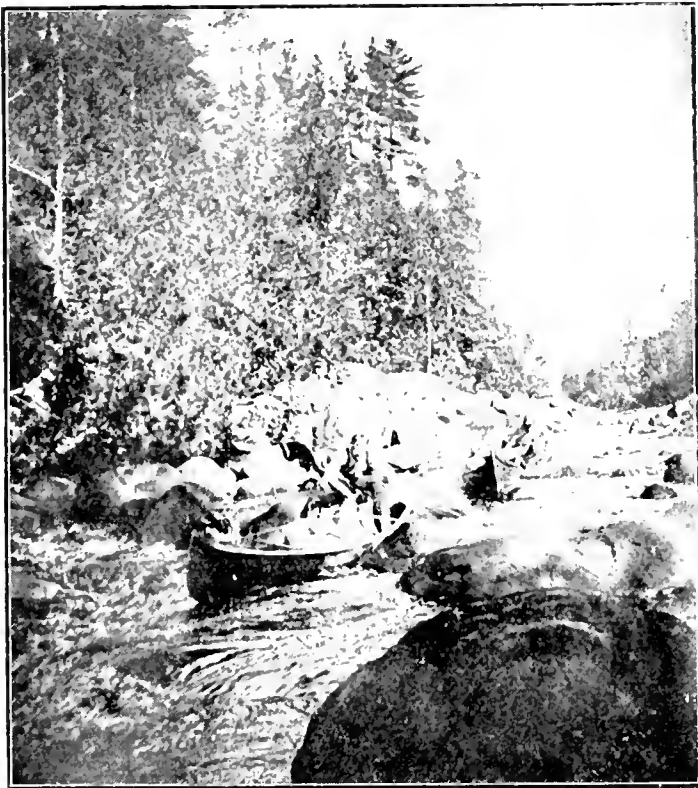
Exchanges.

WE are glad to greet once more the first numbers of our college exchanges. The large number of these is an indication of the important place which college journalism now takes in academic life. Every educational institution with any ambition to be known now publishes some sort of college paper, in most cases of no mean quality. To each and all of these college contemporaries we wish another year of unqualified success.

THE Exchange Editor of the *University of Ottawa Review* announces his intention of meting out judicial praise and blame to the publications that come within his ken. We hasten to anticipate him, and get in the first blow, though we have only friendly words to say of the *Review*. Ottawa University has risen like a phoenix from the ashes, and we are pleased to note that the authorities have made room in the building for an office for the college journal, whereof other college authorities might well take note. The articles dealing with the relations between France and the Vatican, and the growth of Catholicity in Japan, are of current interest, especially to *Review* readers. It may be unknown to some that Christianity was first preached in Japan in 1549 by St. Francis Xavier. If we may venture to criticize we would suggest that some of the material appearing in the *Review* is more appropriate to the lecture-room than to the pages of a literary magazine. We fancy, too, that to the students of most universities the copious use of Latin phrases indulged in by the editors would be disconcerting. The *Review* is, however, a well edited and well-printed journal.

WE are grown so accustomed to commend the industry and perseverance of the student who works his way through college and wins an education and a degree in spite of all obstacles, that we forget that there may be another, not so assuring, side to the question. An article in *The Harvard Monthly*, entitled, "Working One's Way through College," raises the question whether such a student ordinarily secures, in reality, the culture which is the aim of a university training. The large proportion of time he must devote to earning

money, the temptation to pursue methods of money-making which in strict ethics are scarcely defensible, the necessity of cramming for examinations owing to time restrictions, are cited as factors that militate against the self-supporting student's acquirement of real culture. The standards by which that culture is to be measured, as laid down by President Eliot in a recent address, may well become the criteria by which all students, whether self-supporting or not, may measure their real success. They are "sound health, the power of prolonged, concentrated attention, the habit of intense thinking, the critical discernment of excellence, the judicial faculty for the wise enjoyment of liberty, the passion for truth, and the development of a dominating idea." We fancy that, judged by these standards, the elect are few, and that whatever the disadvantages of the self-supporting students, quite as many, in proportion, of those who come up to the requirements are drawn from their number as from their moneyed fellow-students. For the man who works his way has certain counterbalancing advantages not possessed by others.



A ROCKY PASSAGE.



The Higher Life.

BY REV. A. H. REYNAR, M.A. LL.D.

SO much of the mystical and magical has been thrown around this subject that the very title may be to some readers the signal to turn the page and pass on. Many good people there are to whom zeal, with or without knowledge, is the principal thing, but the number is steadily increasing of those who want light as well as heat, and knowledge as well as zeal. The modern mind is dominated by the idea of law in the spiritual as in the natural world—it holds that God is not a god of confusion, but that a spiritual cosmos is the “far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.” According to an old conception the physical world came to its present order through a series of catastrophes. According to the modern conception, it has grown by the steady evolution of the forces in matter springing from the infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed. The same difference obtains as to the conception of spiritual life and growth. Let it not be supposed, however, that all mystery disappears with evolution, or that a knowledge of the law by which a power works explains the origin of the power.

In applying these principles to the higher life, we note that the origin of the life principle or energy is under the new conception as under the old ascribed to God alone, the only Infinite and Eternal. In the physical realm all things were made by the Divine Word; so, in the spiritual realm, “In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.”

There is in the physical life itself a higher and a lower, and living things range up from what seems but an animated sack or stomach to the most perfect and beautiful of human forms with its multiplicity and variety of functions. In the intellectual life also, there is a lower and a higher. It may be traced in the seemingly blind instincts and sensations of the lowest animals, up through the cunning of beasts

and savage men, to the sublimest reasonings and discoveries of the human mind. And, in like manner, there is a lower and a higher in the moral life. Its first motions may be seen in the simplest law that curbs the selfishness of brutish men, whilst its latest and sweetest fruit may be seen in the love that leads a man to live and die for his fellow-men. Again, of these three stages or planes of life, there is a lower and a higher, or rather a lowest and a highest.

In so far as a man's life is habitually and characteristically on one or another of these planes, it is a high life or a low life. All who live for the physical or animal are on the lowest plane, though their tastes may differ and be called gross or refined. One man may gorge on bacon and beans and wash his meal down with rum, and another may fare daintily on canvas-back and champagne, but they are both living the lowest life—the physical, animal life.

When the man passes from the animal to the intellectual exercises and pleasures, he rises in the scale of life. Animal life he must sustain, and animal enjoyments he may take by the way, but the aim and purpose of his life is higher, and he will submit to plain living for the sake of high thinking. Yet he may be selfish and criminal—a bad man, notwithstanding his knowledge and cleverness.

It is only when the man lives for love and truth and duty that he passes into the highest life. And, by whatever name a man may be named, when he passes into that life, he enters upon the Higher Life. "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

What, then, is the advantage of the Christian? Two chief advantages are his. In the first place, he has the sublime, the supreme example of the Highest Life in the person of Jesus Christ, who left us an example that we should follow in His steps. In the second place, there has come into the world through His person and work an inspiration—an uplifting power by which the souls of men rise from a sense of guilt and bondage to spiritual peace and to the glorious liberty of the Son of God. The experience of an innumerable company of the purest and loftiest souls is that by the grace of God through Jesus Christ, they have passed as from death into life, and they have found His Word a true Word: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

The University of Toronto Young Men's Christian Association.

BY J. L. M'PHERSON, M.A., SECRETARY U. OF T. Y.M.C.A.

FOR some years certain members of the faculty and students in the different colleges and faculties of the University, who have been interested in the work of the Y.M.C.A. have felt that if a closer union were effected between the Associations in these colleges and faculties it would be helpful to the work in all. The time did not seem ripe for consummating this union until last spring when representatives appointed by these Associations came together to confer in regard to a basis of union. Local autonomy was necessary in order that the work in any one college or faculty should receive proper attention. At the same time there were and are certain questions affecting the moral and religious life of the whole student body, that might be more easily cared for by a central organization for the whole University. This conference resulted in recommendations being made to the Associations in University College, Victoria College, the University Medical Faculty and the Dental College, which, being adopted and acted upon by these Associations severally, resulted in the University of Toronto Y.M.C.A. being organized. It was agreed that matters of purely local interest should be dealt with, as formerly, by the college organization, while questions affecting more than one college or faculty should come under the jurisdiction of the University of Toronto Association.

Already one of these matters of supreme importance has come to the front and is being handled by the committee of the University of Toronto Association in conjunction with the local committees. Mr. John R. Mott, of New York, the General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, has consented to give a series of addresses to our students this month. This is a time of vast importance in the history of the religious life of the whole institution. Mr. Mott is well known among students not only in America, but also throughout the world, and much success has attended campaigns which he has conducted in other student centres. This fact is so well known to us that there is a danger against which we must be careful to guard. We may think that Mr. Mott will accomplish everything desired and that there is nothing for us to do. The work, we believe, is of God and its success depends upon divine power. However, human agency must be brought into exercise, and the important agent in this undertaking is

not so much Mr. Mott, who will be here but for a short time, as the Christian man in the University, who, day after day, is associating with some other man into whose life it is most desirable that the richest blessing should enter. We should not be satisfied with forming an outward union merely, but we must unite in prayerful and unremitting personal cultivation of the field, so that when Mr. Mott comes to us toward the end of the month the harvest will be ready for the reapers. If we do faithful sowing and faithful cultivating now, we may with all confidence expect an abundant harvest.

The Call from the North.

BY G. S. FAIRCLOTH, B.A., B.D.

NO man need hesitate or fear to leave the settled conventionalities of his home and seek new fields in the North or in the West, in which to live and labor for his country and his God—for after he has spent some years in such a service he will find the result is full of satisfaction. The need is great, and Canada, with her fast-increasing population, cannot prosper as she ought unless the upbuilding influences are sufficient for the need. We have a magnificent country, and if the forces of our land are directed aright, we see the picture of a magnificent destiny. The eyes of all the world are upon Canada. Men everywhere are learning of the vastness of our wealth and resources. It is difficult to put a limit upon our possibilities. No wonder, then, that we are witnessing a mighty “trek” into our land, bringing men and women by thousands from beyond the seas and from across the 49th parallel.

The great question that confronts us is, What shall be the moral and religious character of these new citizens of Canada, so heterogeneous in their nature? The problem rests with us Canadians. If we fail it means that these great masses of men and women shall fall away from those influences which hold in check human passion, and make good citizens. In the great rush into the United States, it happened so that it became a common saying that there were no commandments beyond the Mississippi River; in Canada we do not want it to be said that there are no commandments beyond even our most distant mountains and rivers. Good men are crowding in upon us from the United States, but the hosts that come from across the seas are ignorant of the simple Gospel truths, ignorant often of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and devoid of any notion of the

merits of education. The man, then, who with love for God and for his native land, forsakes his peaceful home to face the difficulties of unsettled regions, becomes what the Ethological Association calls "one of the *makers of Canada*." 'Tis true, a nation is made up of all its people, nevertheless in every land there is a small number of influential, right-spirited, strong-hearted citizens, who control in very large measure their country's destiny, and make its history. Upon the proper distribution of such uplifting forces depends the moral supremacy of Canada.

No better training school for the development of rounded manhood exists in all the world than such a field of labor: contact with a host of varied peoples from different lands, rich and poor, cultured and illiterate, refined and base, will smooth all rough edges from the life of any careful, thoughtful man: and the knowledge of human nature, and of men, derived from such contact is of incalculable worth as a preparation for life's duties. The thought of being separated from one's friends and buried in the wilds among strange people is often like a black cloud upon the horizon to many men, and yet no man has greater privileges and opportunities in life than has that man, who with clear head and strong purpose enters into the new life of his country, and aims to mould and guide men's wills to what is noblest and best. It is his hand that lays foundations, to him men look for precept and example. The very foundations of empire are in his hands, the education of the young, the cultivation of the home, the moulding of opinion, and the exaltation of ideals, which shall beautify the nation. In no other place does a man get so near to his fellows, the very difficulties in the way creating ties that bind. The divergent natures and views of his cosmopolitan fellow-citizens of necessity will broaden his whole conception of mankind and of God, so that he cannot live there and be narrow; and thrown upon his own resources he develops naturally that manly independence and self-reliance which shall fit him for the heaviest responsibilities of life. And what is more glorious for any good man than to carry the Gospel message to a group of men who toil in separation among the hills or fields or in the forest's heart. None love to sing the hymns of early days more than these frontier settlers; no men appreciate more dearly the message of hope and peace. The Master often left the glitter and bustle of the city streets to bear the good news to some lone wayfarer or humble water-carrier.

In days gone by the tireless backwoods preacher, unmoved by any thought of gain or temporal reward, traversed the wilderness of Upper

Canada, often guided only by a blaze upon the trees or the sound of some solitary woodman's axe; in schoolhouses, frontier cabins, or underneath the shady trees, he proclaimed the message of mercy, bringing peace and joy to troubled hearts. We have reaped the benefits of the pioneer's self-sacrifice, and we honor him. In the records of Canada, the historian who analyzes the forces that have made us the most contented, moral, and prosperous people under the sun, must give full meed of praise to the pioneer who made his way into the unsettled places of our provinces to educate the people in that reverence for the Word of God, which is alike the foundation of good morals and the safeguard of human freedom.

The mission of the early pioneer in days gone by for our development is, then, our mission to the undeveloped regions of fair Canada beyond. Our Prime Minister said just recently, "This is the century of Canada." But where shall be the glory of our country if Canada be known only for her broad extent of many acres, or loved only for the possession of unbounded natural wealth and resources, or revered only for the number of her peoples? Rather let us be known from East to West for virtue and honor, and fidelity to the will of God. The call echoes across the hills and plains of North and West, let us hear it, and in loyalty to our native land and to our God go do for others what our fathers did for us.

"A Great Door and Effectual."

ONE does not require the vision of the seer in order to know that there are great movements—almost world movements—setting toward Christianity. The time is upon us when Christians must cease to wait in comfortable inaction for an answer to their age-long prayer, that the insurmountable obstacles in the way of the Truth may be removed. These have been removed. Greater doors and more effectual than before are opened to the Church and there are fewer adversaries. Sadly, enough, she hesitates to enter in. Why? Because the lives to bear her message are too few, and her revenues too scant. And why this double dearth? To face the facts is to know the truth—the dearth has its root in a defect of spirit; her "pillars" are built on rock but not of rock; her sons and daughters are found wanting.

What do we seek? Is it an opportunity to spend our lives in a great work with great rewards? The opportunity is ours. A

leading educator of the West closes a recent letter to the writer of this article with the words: "My soul cries out to the living God to send us men." The spirit of this cry is the spirit of many lands, and seems to be especially so of the fields entered by the Methodist Church of Canada.

We marvel that our youth hold back in face of an opportunity whose magnitude might well have rejoiced the prophets and apostles of any day. Is the Church no longer giving us such men as have love to see, and grace to seize, so great an opportunity? Are we waiting for a vision in the night to convince us of an opportunity, that is revealed by simple business sense to the materialists of the mart? Or have our pastors and Quarterly Boards no eye for our noble heritage, no heart for its needs, that they are not with prayerful persistency separating our youth unto the work of the ministry? Can it be that that "big unreality," legal tender, looms so largely in our vision field as to really justify the latent logic in the recent assertion—"The applicants for the Christian ministry are in direct proportion to the depression in the circles of commercial enterprise"?

These are serious questions for the Christian student. Are we wise in these things? There are signs that man is keyed to some purpose higher than matter, that he is conscious of a Being who made him. And the *abiding* joy of men is to find their place in creation; and finding it, to know themselves thereby embosomed in God and one with Him. When we feel this truth we will, now and forever, place over against self-love, as a motive, with this world as its field of operation, and the present as its opportunity, that which God commends—unselfish love as the motive, with the whole human race as its field of operation, and with all eternity its harvest-time.

One word more: "But if thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? And he that keepeth the soul doth he not know it? And shall he not render to every man according to his works?"





The "Bob."

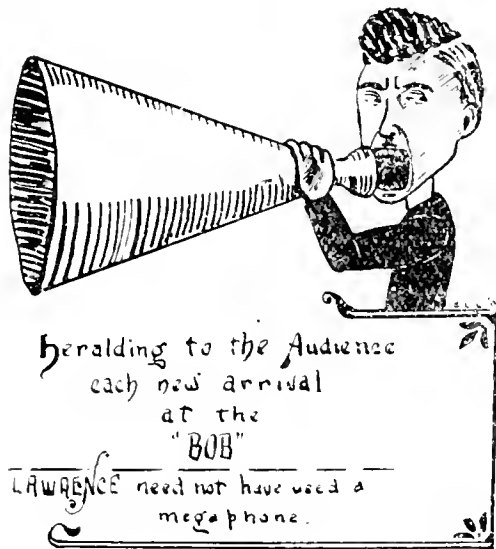


"BOB."

TO adequately describe a "Bob" is impossible. Being properly classed among the seven wonders, like the Falls of Niagara, it requires to be seen. The Thirty-Second Annual performance has passed into history, and will long live in the memory—of the Freshmen, at least.

Every "Bob" has its distinctive features; the caldron scene of '04's "Bob," the trial scene of '05, and par excellence the wax works of '06.

Perhaps the scene entitled "Freshman," being a modification of "ye morale playe, Everyman," is best characterized as the distinctive feature of the "Bob" of '07. The acting was excellent, the theme sustained, and the finale suggestive.



The registration scene was highly amusing, though the main action was shifted from the Freshmen. The other numbers were all good, especially the scene at Annesley Hall and the faculty burlesque. In the former the organist deserves honorable mention, and the rendering of the parody "Blest be," etc., was among the most ludicrous

incidents of the programme. The personating in the faculty scene was clever, especially that of the Chancellor, Dr. Bain, Dr. Badgley and Professor Lang. Of course Ned was incomparable. The class-meeting was not so good, lacking outstanding features. The "Bob" song was long, but well received. Robert's typewritten speech did not sound right. He is one of Nature's artists, and we prefer the natural style.

The Freshmen's songs were fair and helped to fill in the intermissions which were intolerably long. The staging of the "Bob" is, considering the unprofessional character of the performance, as a rule creditable. There is one very serious fault. The platform is too low by a foot at least. Only those who sit in the front rows can see without contracting stiff neck from craning over picture hats or Parisian coiffures.

Echoes :

" But to return to my idea."

" Little specs of powder, little flecks of paint,

Make a woman's freckles seem as if they aint."

" If their names are not recorded when the trump the dead shail jar ;
Then they will not be rewarded, which sometimes is better far."

Now that ACTA has appeared in new costume, it might be well to explain some of the trimmings, with a view to greater appreciation of details. The cut on the cover, of course, represents the primeval forest known as Queen's Park—the scene of ACTA VICTORIANA. Turning to the cut which heads the Scientific column, the interpretation is more difficult. Bringing higher criticism to bear upon the problem it becomes apparent that the Professor is none other than Dr John Burwash, who is known to be a close student of science; and, despite the riddle of the Sphinx, we can trace the disguised features of Mr. F. C. Bowman, the editor of this column,

The cut which introduces Personal and Exchanges is somewhat puzzling, but becomes transparent when we point out Professor Misener approaching the desk, from which rises the editor, Mr. J. S. Bennett, shouting "Copy! Copy!" The MSS. labelled "Poems," which protrudes from the waste basket is a superfluous sheet—the local editor's basket being already filled to repletion.

The idea which adorns Missionary and Religious Notices is of course patent.

Turning to Locals we find a work of art. On the extreme left is Mr. W. E. Galloway; next comes F. J. Rutherford. In the back-



H. F. WOODSWORTH, *President.*



W. B. ALBERTSON, *Secretary.*



J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Treasurer.*



DAVY WREN.

ground stands G. C. Raymer, as is obvious from his smile. On the right is a Freshette, for the identification of whom the local editors will offer their congratulations.

The figures in Athletics are somewhat uncertain, except that Mr. M. C. Lane, the editor, is up in the air.

DR. WALLACE (at prayers)—“—bless us in our study of literature, and philosophy, and theology, and—.”

Stan. Mills (fervently)—“B. and P. S.”

BOOTH (on being solicited to join Glee Club)—“Yes, they say at home I have a sweet voice—just like a cow’s.”

ROBERTSON (at ’phone)—“Why, I thought you were a cousin. Won’t you?”

HENDERSON (on seeing ’08 fair one of magnificent proportions)—“Is that one Freshette or two?”

OVERHEARD while promenading: Gus. Shaver (referring to relics)—“Have you learned the names of these curios?”

Miss Burgess—“Why no; I have met only one or two Freshmen to-night.”

AT prayers, on the morning after the joint C. A. reception, a smile overspread Ned Burwash’s face, reaching a climax at the second stanza of hymn 402, which begins, “I want a sober mind.”

SOUVENIR blotters may be had from Miss Barker in the library. Also, on application to the same source, the Freshman who lost the nursery appliance on the front lawn will receive it upon identification.

ROBERT (viewing the tennis courts)—“Fine outlook of young ladies!”

MISS D-F-T-N, ’07 (after the scrap at Annesley)—“There’s where she bit me.” Chorus—“But they were good and wet.”

AT the regular meeting of the Woman’s Literary Society on October 12th, Miss Switzer, ’05, was elected critic to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Patterson’s resignation.

FLYNN, ’08, C.T. (reciting Hebrew alphabet to Prof. Price)—“Aleph, Beth, Gimmel, Dammit”—(substituting a German preposition by mistake).

KNOX, ’08 (in debate)—“Some say that Chinese cooks are better than our girls. Let Canadian girls make our pies!” (Hear! hear!—ED.).

COULTER, ’08—“The Chinaman has no religion; he’s a Moham-medan.”

AT the restaurant—"There's a pretty girl; who is she?"

Price—"Oh, she rooms at our place—thinks I'm all right—going to sit on my knee all next Sunday afternoon."

Well and rightly did Dr. John say: "I shall try to give the B.D.'s all the discipline possible."

TURNBULL, 'o8—"What offices do those fellows hold who wear cloaks?"

AT a lecture—"Name, please?" "Green." "What's that?" "Green." "Oh yes, now I see you."

DR. REYNAR (reading in English class)—

"Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour.

As by discharge of their distillery" for artillery).

"THEISM has stood at that hour ever since the flood."

J. E. Hunter—"And it's still dry!"

RUMORS are afloat that there are some very practical chemists among the girls of 'o8. They evidently have discovered the marginal utility of carbon bisulphide. Ask the Sophettes about it.

'o8 POLICY (worked out at Annesley)—"'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain."

THE first meeting of the Union Literary Society was well attended and of very special interest. Certainly this society is *par excellence* the greatest social medium which the men students have. The speech from the throne, brought down by His Excellency Lord Robt. Beare, was good: but Robert's after-luncheon effort was pronounced, by those who have heard him oftenest, an oratorical triumph. There is not a man who listened to it who would not give a good deal for a verbatim copy.

ECHOES (Victoria Quartette)—"There was a young man in Havana, who stepped on an empty banana; the words that he said when he lit on his head are not fit for the Sunday-School Banner."

W. A. GIFFORD, N.M.C.B.G. (No moral compromise, by gum).

E. W. MORGAN, T.E.C. (The evangelical cherub).

LEADER of the Opposition (G. E. Trueman)—"This ship of state has barnacles on her keel, lobsters on the bridge, and dark (K)night has settled on the prow."

ROBERT—"Yes, sir, the Chancellor is one of the finest men on earth—him and Dr. Potts." "At the hend of the year it will pay you to work 'ard." "Yes, you've been preaching the gospel and—" "Stand by the Lit.; it will do more for you than you will ever do for it." "When you take a fancy to a young lady don't be afraid to tell her. Some of the happiest men I hever knew were engaged. It's a great thing to have your mind made up."



L. L. LAWRENCE.



E. J. JENKINS.



M. D. MADDEN.



E. S. BISHOP.

BRADSHAW, '04 (at the Woman's Lit. reception, to Miss Grange, '04, who was present from Hamilton)—“Are you coming back to Vic.?” She—“What could I take?” He—“Take B.D.” She (bowing her acknowledgments)—“No, thank you; I leave that for some other young lady.”

JUNIOR (to Miss W—k—r, '05, who has sat for photo)—“Well, Edna, did you smile or just look natural?”

MISS D—F—E, '07—“I'm looking for a man, yes, a particular man.” But it's the good old Bobbing time.

WE are glad to have Miss Peterson, B.A., '04, Back Again.

MISS GRAHAM, '08 (to Mahood, '06)—“You're in Philosophy? I feel like falling down on my knees before you.”

MISS W—L—E, '05—“You know, Jim, the warning rings for *gym*, and then the bell rings for *gym*, and then the bell rings after *gym*.”

Jimmie—“How funny.”

CRITIC'S REPORT (Woman's Lit.)—“The pedal still squeaks. I should suggest that some oil be procured for it. Probably there is a little left at Annesley from last year.”

Certain Juniors looked very uneasy.

THE annual reception of the Woman's Literary Society was held on Friday evening, October 21st. Miss Spence and Mrs. Rowell, our honorary president, received and proved themselves very charming hostesses to over two hundred guests. The programme was brief but entertaining. As we watched the gay throng there came to us a line from somewhere which seemed to fit—

“Beauty and youth,

And sprightly hope and short-enduring joy.”

The walking was good.

EVERY dog has his day, and Paddie his reception nights.

FRESHMAN—“Miss Williams, '06, is the biggest toad in the Bob puddle.”

IT is hereby announced to the readers of locals that certain renowned travellers and explorers of the third year have discovered the shortest, cheapest and most interesting route to Niagara. Take the boat at Toronto and the ordinary route to Lewiston. Peculiar charm will be added if a rough morning is chosen. At Lewiston become so absorbed in a cup of tea that you forget to disembark until the steamer is under way for Queenston again. At Queenston find a true descendant of Old Charon of Stygian fame, equally grim and silent but not unresponsive to jollying, who will row you over the river to catch a trolley, an hour late for Niagara. For particulars apply to



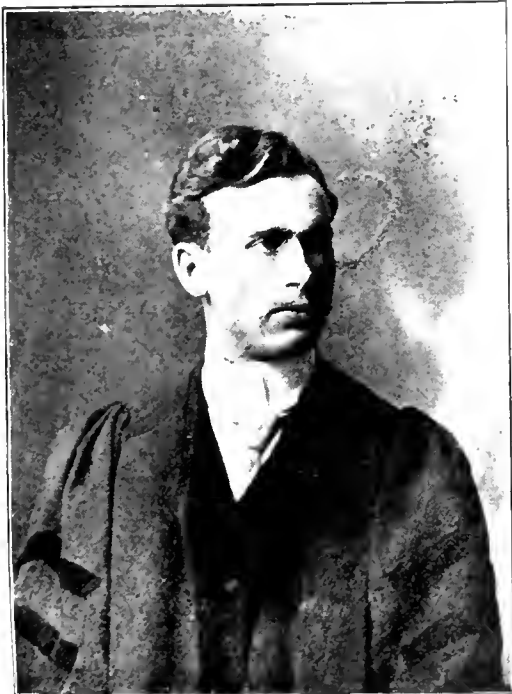
L. N. TRUMBLE.



C. B. KELLY.



H. W. BAKER.



W. T. BROWN.

Misses K. R—c— and Th—p—n, '06, who sometimes like to hear the song of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

LAMB (in trouble)—"There are only two girls on this promenade card whose faces I remember."

AT the first reception Miss Hurlburt, '08, had the names of ten '07 men on her card.

WILLIAM plays to the gallery. On Saturday morning, Oct. 15th, those who happened to be in the library were treated to a rare Babel of tongues. William was dumping ashes just beneath the window when he was visited by a former tenant of his house—a little man, decidedly Irish both in accent and appearance. They wasted no time in preliminaries, but went at it hammer and tongs. It was not long till the windows were open and books forgotten while the wordy strife rent the air. A considerable disparity in age alone prevented mortal combat, and William's assailant finally withdrew, leaving the contest a draw.

THE VICTORIA Whitby tennis tournament proved very interesting this year, as always. Our girls played hard and well, and who can do more? After several successes, defeat may be a little hard to bear, but it will stimulate to greater effort next year—but why anticipate?

ECHOES.

Miss Landen burst a paper bag at a critical moment, causing Dr. Hare to start visibly.

Overheard—"Yes, she has it down patsy" (*re* one of the Whitby players).

Freshman—"Where is this Whitby school?"

During the doubles, Charlie Bishop's ejaculations alternated between "Hard luck!" and "Good play!"

When the new arrivals from Whitby were duly kissed, all the men turned their heads except the Bob Committee.

Perhaps we can blame it on that organ-grinder.

SPENCLEY (at *Alma Mater* mass-meeting)—"Why have we not Punch downstairs; is it too costly?" Who can count the cost?

EDITORIAL RIGHTS VINDICATED.—The Local Editor (Masc.) desires to state that having been taken unawares by those unscrupulous trespassers upon the prerogatives of the press, George Ernest Trueman and Charles Douglas Henderson, he suffered violence at their hands at the tap. Thereupon ACTA Board, having undertaken the prosecution of the offenders, tapped the former with water and the latter with wood, to the moral edification of both. *Ita pereant omnes scelerati!*



VARSITY suffered a well merited rout at the hands and feet of Queen's rugby aggregation, on Oct. 29th. The score stood 20 to 10 and even at that was hardly an indication of the playing. The local University team has evidently not recovered from the loss of her two star men, Baldwin and Beatty, and unless her new material is promptly whipped into shape there is little hope of success. The half-line seems utterly demoralized, and Toronto's scrim. has never been her strong card. It is to be hoped that this "scrimmage game" will soon be a thing of the past. How any sane man, after watching both the old and new methods, can prefer to see a disordered fight to a scientific struggle, is a mystery. The ball is for the most part hidden under a writhing mass of human beings—occasionally this breaks up and fifteen individual "scraps" occur, or once in a great while a player is kicked or punched loose from the general mêlée and makes a short run; this constitutes the spectacular open play vaunted of by a few infatuated cranks.

Owing to a "sick foot" Adams, '06, was unable to play his usual winning part at the university athletic meet. Victoria was, however, well represented by Archibald, a '08 specialist, who gave a rather startling exhibition of his prowess by dividing first place honors in the pole-vault and by making a splendid throw with the hammer.

The Athletic Union is in a very flourishing condition; much is being accomplished and gigantic plans are being laid for the future. We had hoped for a report from the committee *re* the proposed gymnasium, but for some unknown reason it has been delayed.

The boys are rejoicing in the possession of new combination locks in the dressing-room. Besides being of material benefit we believe that they are providing much amusement for the seniors. Report

tells us that vast sums of money have been won and lost in trials of ability to manipulate the combination.

Generally speaking, the weather conditions of this last month have been very depressing, especially during the first two weeks, and no one has been more affected than our tennis enthusiasts. Notwithstanding this fact, the fall tournament has been carried on satisfactorily, and interest in the pleasant and somewhat picturesque pastime does not seem to lag. Owing to the infinite variety of interests during the fall term, and to the large number of contestants, the tournament must necessarily be rather long-drawn-out. This fact, however, has not seemed to worry our players, particularly while *engaged* in the mixed doubles, and as the game affords excellent exercise both physical and social, no room is left for complaint. We regret that results have not yet been handed in for publication; a full report is expected for the December number.

October 17th was a gala day in tennis circles. Surely the Fates must have convened and, and under the pressure of many earnest supplications, snapped with their shears the chain of boisterous winds and chilling rains; for a more perfect day could hardly lift the veil of night, infusing, as it did, the autumnal coloring with summer warmth. Under such favorable circumstances the courts proved a most attractive spot and a goodly number of spectators thronged the side-lines, evincing much interest throughout the various contests. The representation from Whitby, chaperoned by the genial Dr. Hare,—he of conversat fame,—seemed eminently fitted to fulfil all expectations. A hearty welcome was accorded them, not only by the fair ones at “The Hall,” but also, if one might judge from their promiscuous wearing of colors—probably inter-college etiquette,—and from their unusual breadth of smile, by the brethren themselves.

The tournament was well balanced; each event was closely contested, and the evidence of equality kept the interest of those looking on at a high point. The singles between Miss Graham and Miss Campazzi afforded the most excitement.

The much prized shield, though gallantly defended, will adorn the halls of the Whitby College until next spring, when we confidently expect “our girls” to recapture it just as a tonic for examinations.

Following is a list of results:

Miss Graham (Vic.) defeated Miss Campazzi (O.L.C.), 6-0, 6-8, 6-1.

Miss Ogden (O.L.C.) defeated Miss Paul (Vic.), 4-6, 6-2, 6-3.

Miss Cauldwell (O.L.C.) defeated Miss Maclaren (Vic.), 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.

Miss Harrison (Vic.) defeated Miss Smith (O.L.C.), 6-4, 6-4.

Misses Campazzi and Smith (O.L.C.) defeated Misses Graham and Harrison (Vic.), 6-4, 8-6.

Misses Ogden and Cauldwell (O.L.C.) defeated Misses Paul and Maclaren (Vic.), 6-3, 6-4.

There is a rumor rampant in the corridors these days to the effect that a new source of amusement has been conjured up in the fertile atmosphere permeating the "residence." By earnest solicitation we learn that the new game—new for Victoria, at least—is to thrive under the dignified cognomen of "Field-hockey." The co-eds. seem to be the only source of information regarding rules and explanations in general, but from the few hints dropped the game appears to be a revised version of *shinny*, that diversion immortalized by Ralph Connor, and in which our grandfathers were wont to indulge. Our only prayer is that the revision has been a radical one. The Athletic Union has generously donated one dollar and twenty-five cents in support of the scheme; this is to procure the "object of contention"—a ball. Would it not be wise for the Union to provide coats of mail, also—armor, understand—and an up-to-date vocabulary?

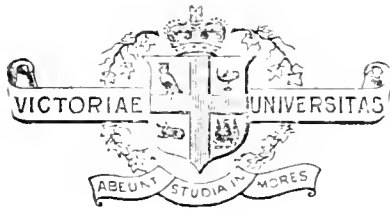
"LISTEN TO THE HUM."

Victoria, 12; St. Michaels, 1. Victoria, 18; Y.M.C.A., 1. A better day is dawning!

For the little practice the Rugby team has had, it is in rather fair shape and Vic's chances are rosier than ever before. The two practice-matches have been regular walkovers, and the boys intend to keep on walking. Archibald, '06, is not on hand this year, but his little brother is a regular whirlwind and is a much needed addition to the ranks. Davidson, '08, is developing into a fast wing man, his speed is supposed to have resulted from an infatuation for horse-racing. The line men have nerve and weight enough for O. R. F. U. company, and their protection is much appreciated by the back division. "Bill" Walden can tackle as well as he can sing; the beauty of his playing lies in the fact that when kicked in the head he never says anything worse than, "Oh, Martha!" "Boots" Campbell has been inconsiderate enough to injure his knee; his loss will be serious, as a first-class full-back is not easy to find. November 2nd will tell the tale.



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Christmas

E. S. McLeod

RING out, oh bells of Christmastide
Across the pure white snow;
Ring out to every listening ear
The tale of long ago.

Peal forth, ye bells of Christmastide!
The sweet and glad refrain
Of that new song which stirred the
heavens.
And woke Judea's plain.

Ring out, oh bells of Christmastide!
Till home on every breeze
The fragrance of your incense floats
O'er nigh and far-off seas.

Peal forth, ye bells of Christmastide
Till scenes of starless night
Shine radiant 'neath the glory-beams
Of clear, celestial light.

Ring out, oh bells of Christmastide!
Till woe and war shall cease;
And voices of a ransomed world
Peal forth the psalm of peace.



Schiller in Weimar

BY PROFESSOR G. H. NEEDLER, B.A., PH.D.

GOETHE had been four years at Weimar when, at the close of the year 1779, in company with the young Duke Karl August, he passed through Stuttgart. The visitors were present at the distribution of prizes in the Military Academy. Prominent among the prize-winners was Schiller, then a youth of twenty:



BUST OF SCHILLER.

and we may imagine the feelings that filled his breast as he saw Goethe in person for the first time—Goethe, who had not only as author kindled his enthusiasm, but whom he saw happy in the friendship of an enlightened prince, so gloriously different from the duke of his own native Wuerttemberg, under whose tyranny he had himself suffered.

The real beginning of Schiller's relations with Weimar date from five years later. In the interval he had fled from the Military Academy and beyond the borders of Wuerttemberg, had written three successful dramas, and was engaged in Mannheim upon a fourth, "Don Carlos," in which he was por-



SCHILLER.

traying, in the characters of the young prince and Marquis Posa, a friendship analogous to that existing between Karl August and Goethe, when the Weimar duke paid a visit to the court of the neighboring Darmstadt. Schiller sought an interview with Karl August, before whom and the court circle he

read the opening act of "Don Carlos." His income as a playwright had up to this time not been enough to keep the creditor from the door; while his worthy father was neither able nor, under the circumstances, willing to assist him. It was thus with unspeakable joy that his prospects for the future were at this point brightened, not by money, but by what was to him of even greater value, a proof of admiration from Karl August; for he



CHARLOTTE.

immediately received a note conferring upon Dr. Schiller "with much pleasure," and as a "token of my esteem" the title of Saxe-Weimar Councillor.

Less than four years after his meeting with Karl August in Darmstadt we find him setting out on a journey, which he had doubtless ever since had his heart upon—to Weimar. The pilgrim to Weimar to-day finds a quiet little city of 30,000 inhabitants. Though the economic progress of the past hundred years

has considerably enlarged it, yet the general change is not so great as in the case of most German towns of its size. It is still first of all a residence town, and its atmosphere is not blackened by many factories. The old central portion of it preserves in a large measure the original outlines and general aspect, while its limits have been extended chiefly by new streets built up with the stereotyped stucco-covered residence flats, while on



GOETHE.

the outskirts are to be seen a considerable number of detached homes for the more wealthy. When Schiller first entered Weimar on the 21st of July, 1787, and put up at the still flourishing *Erbprinz*, it was a town of some six thousand people. Herder spoke of it as "dreary Weimar, a miserable cross between village and Court Residence." It is situated near the southern edge of the undulating country that forms the gradual transition

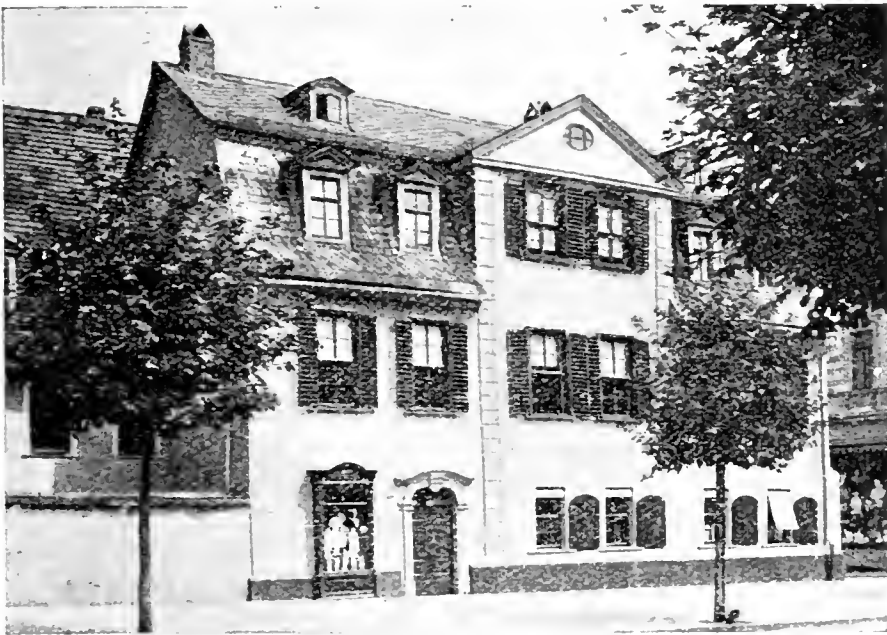
from the great northern Prussian and Saxon plain to the picturesque hill-country of Thuringia. The town itself lies in a valley some three miles wide and stretching with fairly regular outline indefinitely to east and west. The country round about, which is fairly fertile, is now pretty thoroughly denuded of its original wood. Still there is foliage enough in the summer landscape to contrast picturesquely with the varied patchwork



KARL AUGUST.

of fields cultivated with a careful minuteness unknown to our Western land, and make a green setting for the frequent red tile-roofed villages that dot the gently sloping hill-sides or nestle by the stream. The highest elevation in the neighborhood is the Ettersberg, four or five miles away, with its wooded crest skirting the horizon and beckoning the pedestrian Rambler to the domain of pine and linden and beechwood surrounding the ducal hunting-seat of Ettersburg beyond. Overlooking the town from

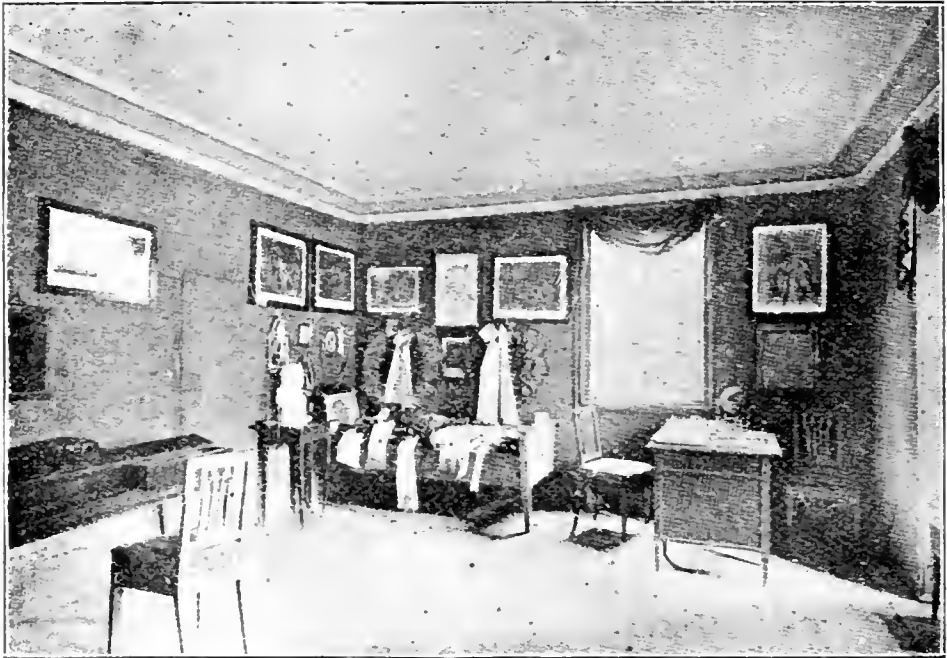
a wooded eminence a couple of miles to the south is the chateau of Belvedere, still a favorite residence of the ducal family, with a charmingly beautiful park, in the laying out of which Goethe had a prominent part, and in the still carefully preserved open-air theatre of which, with its side-scenes and enclosing walls of natural hedge, he frequently trod the grassy stage with other members of that gifted court circle in characters of his own creation. Rising in the mountains to the southwest, the little river Ilm has at Weimar become a fair-sized stream, though still fordable at any point and navigable only here and there by the row-boat. It makes its way in pleasing windings through the beautiful park.



SCHILLER'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

which is Weimar's chief external attraction, past the town and on to join the Saale. In a bend of the stream by the village of Tiefurt, two miles below Weimar, is the park and little chateau, originally a farm-house, the favorite summer residence of the Dowager Duchess Anna Amalia, niece of Frederick the Great and mother of Karl August. To this gifted little woman of undaunted heart Weimar owes the foundation of its greatness. Married at seventeen and left two years later a widow and the mother of two children, she resolutely set to work to meet the hopes of her people by bringing up her eldest-born to be a fit ruler for the little State whose affairs she, meanwhile, as regent, con-

ducted with consummate skill. Wieland was chosen as tutor for Karl August, and he became the first link in the chain that led to Weimar's literary renown. In the park at Tiefurt, which was created under her directions; in the little chateau there, still kept as when she lived in it and packed with endless souvenirs of her; and in the Wittumspalais, the residence in Weimar occupied by her after her son's accession to the duchy, and preserved with a like pious reverence for her memory, one hears, I think, more plainly than amid any of the rest of the Weimar surroundings the voice of the native genius of the

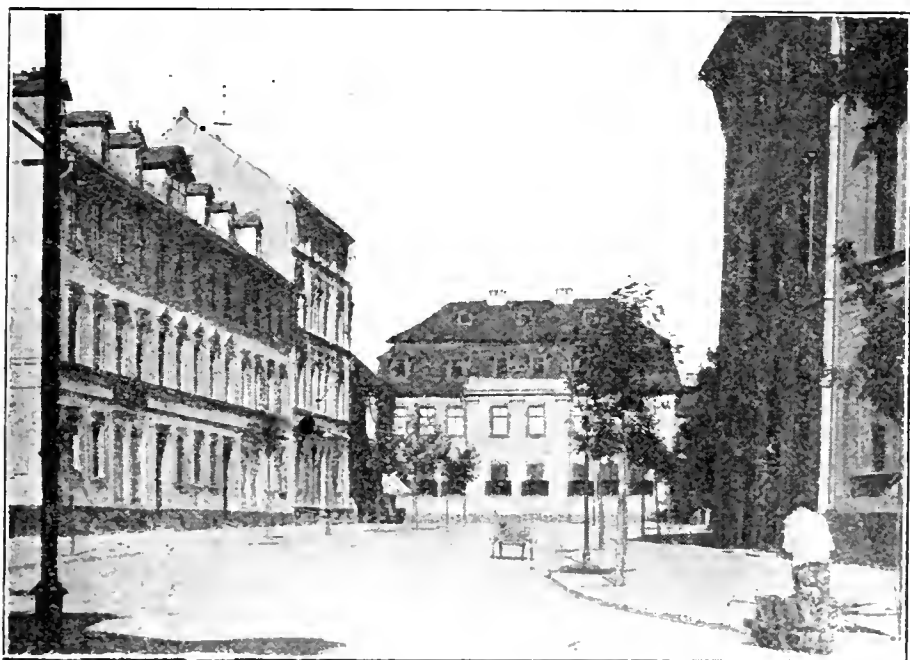


SCHILLER'S ARBEITS UND STERBEZIMMER.

place. In those days Weimar was still a walled town. Round about the main part of it still ran the line of the original wall fortified by round towers at short intervals. Along nearly its whole extent outside was the water-filled moat, and entrance to the inner town lay through guarded arched gates. As a sort of separate fort within the fortification stood the moat-encircled castle, which, however, as Schiller first saw it, was a desolate ruin from the fire of a few years before.

For nearly two years Schiller is in Weimar or its neighborhood when, as the result of his historical studies and largely through Goethe's mediation, he is appointed to lecture on history

at Jena, the university town of the Thuringian duchies. His appointment in Jena was at first purely honorary; later, Karl August gave him a yearly allowance of about \$150. Back in Jena once more after travels necessitated by ill-health, he founds a magazine, in which he invites Goethe's collaboration. The two greatest men of German literature, who had so long held aloof from each other, at length come to an understanding of each other's mind and character, and that close union is formed which was to bear such magnificent fruit for both. The years 1794 to 1799 show a gradual gravitation of Schiller toward Weimar.



WITTEMSPALAIS.

His marriage on February 22nd, 1790, to Charlotte von Lengefeld had been the beginning of years of purest domestic happiness. His tragedy of "Wallenstein," performed with great success in Weimar, placed him in the front rank of German dramatists. Hoping to devote himself more effectively to the theatre, and also feeling on his own part that he had something to give to Weimar, he turns once more to Duke Karl August for an increase of his allowance. Expenses also, as he calculates, will be greater in Weimar than in Jena. The duke responds by an additional \$150 a year, also a supply of wood for the winter. In December, 1799, Schiller moves with his wife and three chil-

dren to Weimar. At this time his total yearly income is hardly \$1,000, including his own allowance, Lotte's portion, and the five or six hundred that his publications bring him. In spite, however, of his occasional lamentations over the expenses of living, and his first impression that there is "not much *Geist* in circulation" at Weimar, he soon feels firmly anchored there. Things go so well that after three years he ventures to buy a house for himself. This is the "Schillerhaus" of present-day pilgrimage, situated on what was then the Esplanade, and is now Schillerstrasse, the leading street of Weimar. In this house he spent the last three years of his life. It is a plain structure, with the prevailing stucco facing. Up one flight of stairs dwelt the family; the upper story contained a little ante-room, a reception-room, Schiller's study, and a diminutive bedroom. In these apartments of a homely simplicity are still to be seen, along with many other silent witnesses of his daily life, his plain work-table and the still plainer bedstead of unpolished wood in which the great poet drew his last breath. Few, I imagine, have in later days looked upon them and joined them involuntarily with the noble thoughts that there first found utterance without thinking more nobly of humanity.

Goethe's house on the Goethe-Platz (then Frauenplan) is only some five minutes' walk distant, and the theatre where they so often met is still nearer. During the six years of Schiller's residence in Weimar the companionship between him and Goethe was the most important part of their existence. At the home now of one, now of the other, their new productions are read together and discussed. If either is confined to the house, as Schiller so frequently was by illness, or if a journey takes one of them out of town, there is a steady exchange of missives.

Schiller's relations to the court were never intimate. He practically did not enter at all the inner circle into which Goethe had been taken from the first. This intimacy, however, Schiller himself rather avoided than sought. He joins in the literary circle of Anna Amalia, but rather in the capacity of poet than as intimate friend after the manner of Goethe, Wieland, and Herder. At a tea in the palace he finds it wearisome to have to listen for three-quarters of an hour to the recital of French verses. Writing to Charlotte von Stein, he says he has been two years in Weimar without an invitation to court; and would

like, indeed, to be omitted altogether; adding, that he seeks no mark of distinction that is not personal. Schiller's wife was by birth of aristocratic rank, and had before her marriage been received with favor at the Weimar Court. For her sake, accordingly, the title of nobility conferred on him in 1802, through Karl August's mediation at the Imperial Court, is not unwelcome, as it restores her to social privileges which she had sacrificed on becoming his wife.

As we read in Schiller's letters the record of his daily life, we are struck most forcibly with his intense activity and the per-



GOETHE'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

sistence with which he kept before him the higher interests of the soul. "Work," he says, "is the chief thing; for it gives not only the means of living, but the whole value of life." When at work on a drama he is "in a sort of fever." "When I am busy I am well." Impatient over a slow convalescence that precludes creative work, he translates from other languages in order to keep in practice. Knowing the necessity of conserving his energy, he is impatient of the distractions of society. In the midst of his work on "Tell," the vivacious Mme. de Stael makes an extended visit in Weimar, and is the cause of much loss of

time. "The disturbance was quite intolerable." After she departs he feels as if he "had passed through a severe illness." On one occasion he takes a temporary lodging in the neighboring village of Oberweimar, in order to have quiet for his work: his disgust is great when on the first night there he can get no sleep owing to a crowd of villagers noisily serenading a newly-wedded couple across the way. With kindly considerateness, at another time, Karl August places at his disposal the quietude of the Ettersburg, where Schiller and his servant live in sequestered state during the last weeks of his work on the drama of "Mary Stuart."

At Christmas in 1804—exactly a century ago—Schiller was rejoicing over a case of Malaga wine, presented by his friend, Cotta, which, after having tried with ill success "all possible sorts, sweet and sour, white and red, German, French and Spanish," he finds to his taste and beneficial. Looking back on the long illness of the past year, feeling recovery all too slow, he says in the spring of 1805: "However, I will be quite satisfied if life and passable health hold out until fifty." Within a few days of this—on May 9th, 1805—his life had ended at four years short of this stoic wish.

As was then the custom with those not having a family burial-place in Weimar, Schiller's remains were laid to rest in a subterranean vault in the churchyard of St. Jacob. At long intervals, when this vault became full, it was emptied of its contents, which were then consigned pell-mell, it would appear, to a common grave. Thus it happened that, twenty-one years after his death, a like fate was to overtake Schiller's bones. At this juncture the burgomaster of Weimar, feeling that it would be a national dishonor if this indiscriminate, even though time-honored, treatment should be the lot of the nation's greatest dramatist, succeeded by persevering scientific methods, with which Goethe assisted, in establishing beyond doubt the identity of Schiller's bones. A couple of years later they were, at the wish of Karl August, placed in the newly-built *Fuerstengruft*, or Grand Ducal Family Vault. In the same dim chamber rests now also the body of Goethe, not far from that of Karl August himself—fit continuation in death of a life-long companionship of prince and poet-friends.

The Hillman's Lass

O VER the field where the grass is cool,
Follow the road who must!
 With a song for the beech an' the brown pool
 An' the noiseless tread in the dust;
 With a laugh for the lazy hours that go
 An' the folk who pass us by.
The trees they grow so broad, so low,
They shut me from the sky.

Here be strawberries wild and sweet,
Follow the road who may!
 An' here's a rest for a bairn's feet
 An' a kiss at the close o' day:
 An' here's a cloud from the shining sea
 Like a white moth in the night.
On the edge o' the barley-field, maybe,
The stars would show more bright.

Cut me a flute where the reeds are brown,
Follow the road who will!
 O, I'll dress you fair in a green gown
 An' a cloak that is finer still:
 Your sleeves shall be o' the fairies' lawn,
 Your shoon as red as the rose.
Do you think that the wind which wakes at dawn
Will bring us a breath o' the snows?

O, the world's wide an' the world is long,
Follow the road who may!
 An' here's a lilt o' the wild song
 The Romany pipers play:
 An' "Mine," it sings, "is the moon's shield,
 An' the cloak o' the cloud is mine,"—
Do you think that the lowland clover field
Is sweet as the upland pine!

Mayorie L. C. Pickethall

My Friend the Curate

BY J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

YOU would be charmed, I am sure, with my friend the curate. Our acquaintance goes back to our undergraduate days, when he chose to forfeit his more than excellent chance for the highest honors of his year by indulgence in his one dissipation, the reading of English literature, and especially of English verse. A certain unpractical strain has always distinguished him, a touch of unworldliness; and to-day he is laboring in the most contentedly unambitious way in a poverty-stricken parish of a great city, doing good and making good, but laying up for himself no treasure—upon earth. Literature and history chiefly appealed to him at college; for mathematics and the meagre natural science of those days he had no love and little aptitude. Naturally, therefore, he was delighted one day to come across, in a work by Cardinal Newman, a retort to the common taunt that the study of literature deals with mere words, science with things; nay, argued Newman, the truer opposition is between thoughts and things. And I remember, too, how he came one night to my room with a new “find” of his, Dr. John Brown’s sketch of Marjorie Fleming, the eight-year-old child whose conversation and writings so delighted Sir Walter Scott, and with what gusto he read me good bits here and there, and how he sympathized with Pet Marjorie’s tirade against the multiplication table: “the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itselfe cant endure.” His reading followed no beaten track; he browsed where chance and fancy led him, having no patience with the idea that certain monumental works must needs be read by any who would make the acquaintance of our English writers. The immortal “Alice” was in those days not widely known in Canada, and when one day we were given some stanzas of “The Walrus and the Carpenter” to turn into Greek (with all the purple patches of Platonic or Aristophanic idiom we could affix like peacock feathers to our jackdaw prose) he was the only one of the class in whose eyes shone the gleam of recognition.

It is now many years since he first conceived his curious passion for England. His wide reading of prose and verse had filled his mind with pictures of a land whose scenery and whose history alike drew him with irresistible force. Our psychophysicists of to-day might suggest, perhaps, that some impulse of heredity influenced him, at the insistent call of transmitted cell-life, which, having for generations developed under one set of influences, now in an alien environment turned again home. But as a matter of fact, while, like so many Canadians, he is of extremely variegated ancestry, there is, I believe, no genuinely English blood in his veins. No, it was the call of the spirit, not of cell tissues. In that chief glory of England, her poetry, which is not more instinct with moral elevation than with the sense of Nature's felicities, in histories which spread before him the pageant and the panorama of a thousand years, and in romances and novels which depicted for him the very life and habit of thought of so many epochs, localities and grades of society—in these he found something which charmed him alike by its beauty and its human interest.

It was the English country scenery and country life which most attracted him. True, he is far from irresponsive to the impressions gathered from books or pictures of the wonderful beauty and soaring sublimity of the English cathedrals, with their long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, their storied windows richly dight, the grandeur of the feudal castles and the stateliness of lordly halls and manor-houses, the picturesqueness of the old timbered houses of Coventry or of Chester, the romantic beauty of ruined monastery or ivy-mantled tower, the impressive vastness of mighty London, the appeal to the imagination made by Westminster Abbey. He has read and re-read the copy I sent him of Goldwin Smith's delightful essay, "A Trip to England"; but I am quite sure he has dwelt with the deepest pleasure, not on the masterly pages in which England is viewed with the historian's eye, but on those passages which tell of English country life and country scenery, such as: "The characteristic beauty of England, the beauty in which she has no rival, is the beauty of a land which combines the highest cultivation with sylvan greenness, of an ancient land and a land of lovely homes. The country is rolling and from every rising ground the eye ranges over a landscape of extraordinary richness and extraordinary finish.

Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape with human interest. There is many a more picturesque, there is no lovelier, land than Old England, and a great body of essentially English poetry attests at once the unique character and the potency of the charm. The sweetest season is spring, when the landscape is most intensely green, when the May is in bloom in all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, the woods of the wild hyacinth. Then you feel the joyous spirit that breathes through certain idyllic passages of Shakespeare."

Without sharing all my friend's enthusiasm, I can easily understand it, having heard him talk so feelingly of that of which his heart was full—betraying the source of his infatuation by the constant interweaving in his conversation of lines or phrases from the English poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. Not that he obtruded his enthusiasm upon even his intimate friends; but when once you did move him to speech, then, like the dying Falstaff, he "babbled o' green fields." With kindling eye he would talk of the Forest of Arden, of the copsewoods and the lanes, of the tangled hedgerows, little lines of sportive wood run wild, and all alive with birds; of the blithe matins of the lark, the cuckoo's wandering voice, the nightingale's eternal passion and eternal pain; of woody theatres of stateliest view, of immemorial elms, of churchyard yews, and monarch oaks, those green-robed senators of mighty woods; of the soft music of village bells or the far-off curfew sounding over some wide-watered shore; of the springtime when daisies pied and violets blue and lady-smocks all silver-white, and cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, do paint the meadows with delight, of fields of dancing daffodils, or of that delightful season when the broom along the copses runs in veins of gold; of waters rolling from their mountain springs with a soft inland murmur, or of the quiet beauty of lakes and river-vales, round which meek loveliness is spread, a softness still and holy. With what evident appreciation he would repeat Browning's "Oh! to be in England now that April's there," or the lines Shakespeare puts into old Gaunt's mouth, "This other Eden, demi-paradise, this precious stone set in the silver sea," and the rest of that famous passage; while he forgave Mrs. Browning much for her description of England in "Aurora

Leigh," as "The ground's most gentle dimplement (as if God's finger touched, but did not press, in making England), such an up and down of verdure, a ripple of land."

Yet during all these years he has never visited England. He has given himself to his parish, and the slender income thence derived would scarce with a decade's saving enable him to go abroad; and saving there could be none to a man with his warm heart in a neighborhood so needy. It has been no case, however, of chill penury freezing the genial current of the soul. The single-hearted devotion, the ready sympathy, the ardent enthusiasm of his early manhood, still abide with him. At times I have scolded him for so completely sacrificing himself to people who were often impostors and for the most part critical and ungrateful; or, again, I have offered to condole with him on his hard lot and his deprivations. But at such times he has always met me with a whimsical smile and a ready retort. In fact he can marshal a whole battalion of arguments in favor of not visiting the land of his affection: feathering his darts, as is his wont, with tags of verse from his beloved poets.

He will, for instance, remind me of the wonderful power of the fancy and the imagination to body forth, even out of airy nothing, that which gives to the heart its deepest satisfaction. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." In such pictures as Rossetti's "Sea Spell," or Watts's "Hope," he would say, the listening ear of the player stoops to echoes from some far-off realm of the spirit, and hears music far surpassing that caught by the senses alone. And, after all, when one finds beauty in the world about him, does he not half create it, and only half perceive it? Or, again, quoting Longfellow's lines on Chaucer, "As I read I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note of lark and linnet, and from every page rise odors of ploughed fields or flowery mead," he would ask why the poet's art should not have the same magic power as the song of the thrush at the corner of Wood Street to raise amid squalid city streets a vision of trees and mountains, of green pastures and flowing river. Where, again, could be found more stirring poems on the sea or on the joys of Bacchus than those of Barry Cornwall, who yet in all his life could never muster courage to cross the Channel, and who was the most temperate of valetudinarians? Or even more to the purpose, what writer has given a more perfect picture of the

scenery and atmosphere of Greece than Walter Pater, who yet never in the flesh visited that land? And, then, he will rally me on my inconsistency and lack of faith in that, lover of Plato as I am, I yet fail to see that the visions of the spirit are fairer and more satisfying far than any perceived by the sensual eye.

Or taking another line, he will point out the advantage he possesses over any actual visitor to England, in being free from all limitations of space and time. No unseasonable weather can hamper his movements or circumscribe his enjoyment. Does he wish to pass from Surrey to the Lakes, or from Kent to Devon, he can in a moment travel thither. The seasons change as he desires, nor has any Lapland witch such power over the moon as he. "The sunrise wakes the lark to sing, the moonrise wakes the nightingale," but he can listen to their song at any hour of the day, a great comfort, he adds, to such a slug-a-bed as he, and one who must be so careful about exposure to morning or evening dews. All periods, too, are present to the mind's eye; nothing he may long to see has passed away from the England of his vision: the inns and stage-coaches of the time of Dickens, the spreading sails of Nelson's line-of-battle ships, the mediæval castles thronged with knights returned from Chevy Chase, from Agincourt or the Crusades; pilgrims such as Chaucer saw wending their way to Canterbury, or Roman legionaries in their camps; the train bands of Old London, the Devon of Drake and Grenville, the mid-England of George Eliot, the Belford Regis of Miss Mitford, the Bow Bells of Dick Whittington's day, or the Fleet Street beloved of Dr. Johnson. Moreover, he has no need to exclaim how rare are the perfect days, or to lament "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang"; rather to the England of his fancy he might say, "While every fair from fair sometimes declines, yet thy eternal summer shall not fade"; unless, indeed, he choose to have it so, and in a moment, presto, turns the summer back into the joyous springtime. Browning complains, "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together"; but he has absolute power to make such combinations as he will, in defiance of space and time or the dull preciseness of unimaginative science. Your dry-as-dust commentator, for instance, will remark on the impossibility of finding in simultaneous bloom the flowers which Milton strews on the laureat hearse of Lycidas, and object that Shakespeare could not "know

a bank where the wild thyme blows, where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet muskroses and with eglantine." Such people, in his eyes, are but blind leaders of the blind, and in proof thereof he will quote me from Keats the poem on "The Realm of Fancy," which he avers makes with "L'Allegro" a better guide-book to England than a score of Baedekers or Murrays.

And at yet other times he will speak of the disenchantment that so often awaits eager expectation, of the violent contrasts between aspiration and realization, quoting Shakespeare's words, "All things that are, are with more pleasure chased than enjoyed." No doubt, he would confess, his England is largely that of the poets, upon which has been shed the light that never was on sea or land. If so, would not actual vision compel the cry, "Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" If waking means disillusionment, who would care to wake from dreams so sweet, dreams which give zest to life, and do not in the least interfere with doing noble things? He told me on one occasion that he dreaded Wordsworth's experience on visiting Yarrow: "And is this—Yarrow? This the stream of which my fancy cherished, so faithfully, a waking dream, an image that hath perished?" They are on safer ground, he held, who say with Wordsworth in his earlier poem, "We have a vision of our own; ah! why should we undo it? . . . Enough if in our hearts we know there's such a place as Yarrow."

Then he has often reminded me how a visitor cannot but be distracted by the exigencies of travel, and harassed by the annoyances of the road or of the inn, petty doubtless, but sufficient to banish the frame of mind in which one would fain see England. How could one properly enjoy the most charming scenery if he were worried about catching his train or losing his luggage, or if he were in discomfort because of cheerless lodgings or improper food or uncongenial travelling companions? The poet who writes immortal verse on some scene of beauty or of grandeur, does so only when in the proper mood, when everything has conspired to set the object described in its noblest or most alluring aspect, and simultaneously so to prepare the poet's mind that he may add the consecration and the gleam. But the traveller, willy nilly, must see that same bit of scenery just when it happens to come in his itinerary, perhaps under quite different

circumstances of sunshine or of moonlight or of weather, quite possibly at the wrong season of the year, and almost certainly in more or less bodily discomfort and without the needful preparation of the spirit.

One day I found him in his tiny back-garden, looking mournfully at the meagre results of his labor. "I am going to give up gardening altogether," he said. "The shock of disappointment is too great. When I look through the descriptions and the pictures of flowers and vegetables in the seedsman's catalogue, my soul is set on fire, and I wish my garden were a hundred times as large. But see what comes up. No wonder a garden is associated with the fall of man, the corruption of human nature and the *début* of the devil. Your Plato must be right when he argues that the seal of imperfection and distortion is set upon all attempts to realize thought in action, and that whatever is material fights against perfection. Now if I can only let the garden go, I am sure I can henceforth get undiluted satisfaction from the catalogues alone, with all their alluring pictures of symmetrical tomatoes and luxuriant clusters of early peas, and their inspiring descriptions of the rainbow coloring of irises, and the velvety perfection of pansy or of rose. There, my friend, I have another ground for resembling England to a garden: I must keep away from each in order perfectly to enjoy it, and must comfort myself as Keats did the ineffectual lover on the Grecian urn: 'Yet do not grieve; she cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss; forever shalt thou love and she be fair.'"

Yet in all these arguments of his against visiting England there has been no discoverable trace of sour grapes. If there has been disappointment, he gives no sign; and if on Sundays he speaks to his flock of compensation, of cheerful resignation, and of faithful attention to the duty next them, that teaching he certainly has first followed himself. Only once in all these years have I heard him express anything resembling discontent, or the wish that things might be otherwise, and then it was only the mock-disconsolate repetition of Gammer Gurton's doggerel lines—

"O that I was where I would be!

Then I would be where I am not;

But where I am I still must be,

And where I would be I cannot."

The Proper Materials of the Novelist

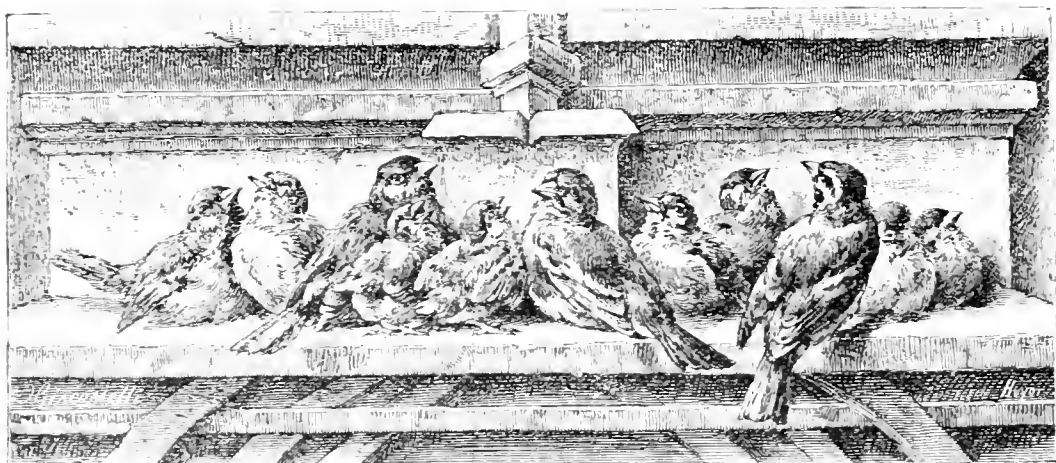


GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE materials of the novelist must be real: they must be gathered from the field of humanity by his actual observation. But they must pass through the crucible of the imagination: they must be idealized. The artist is not a photographer, but a painter. He must depict not persons but humanity, otherwise he forfeits the artist's name, and the power of doing the artist's work in our hearts. When we see a novelist

bring out a novel with one or two good characters, and then go on manufacturing his yearly volume, and giving us the same character or the same few characters over and over again, we may be sure that he is without the power of idealization. He has merely photographed what he has seen, and his stock is exhausted. Of course, this power of idealization is the great gift of genius. It is that which distinguishes Homer, Shakespeare and Walter Scott from ordinary men. But there is also a moral effort in rising above the easy work of mere description to the height of art. Need it be said that Scott is thoroughly ideal as well as thoroughly real? There are vague traditions that this man and the other was the original of some character in Scott. But who can point out the man of whom a character in Scott is a mere portrait? It would be as hard as to point out a case of servile delineation in Shakespeare.

Scott's characters are never monsters or caricatures. They are full of nature; but it is universal nature. Therefore they have their place in the universal heart, and will keep that place for ever. And mark that even in his historical novels he is still ideal. Historical romnace is a perilous thing. The fiction is apt to spoil the fact, and the fact the fiction: the history to be perverted and the romance to be shackled: daylight to kill dreamlight, and dreamlight to kill daylight. But Scott takes few liberties with historical facts and characters: he treats them with the costume and the manner of the period as the background of the picture. The personages with whom he deals freely are the Peverils and Nigels: and these are his lawful property, the offspring of his own imagination, and belong to the ideal.



The Slumber Angel

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

WHEN day is ended, and grey twilight flies
 On silent wings across the tired land,
 The slumber angel cometh from the skies,—
 The slumber angel of the peaceful eyes,
 And with the scarlet poppies in his hand.

His robes are dappled like the moonlit seas,
 His hair in waves of silver floats afar:
 He weareth lotus-bloom and sweet heartsease,
 With tassels of the rustling green fir trees.
 As down the dusk he steps from star to star.

Above the world he swings his curfew bell,
 And sleep falls soft on golden heads and white:
 The daisies curl their leaves beneath his spell,
 The prisoner who wearies in his cell
 Forgets awhile, and dreams throughout the night.

Even so, in peace, comes that great Lord of rest
 Who crowneth men with amaranthine flowers:
 Who telleth them the truths they have but guessed,
 Who giveth them the things they love the best.
 Beyond this restless, rocking world of ours,

The Stormberg Reverse

BY DECIMAL SEVEN.

LAST December I was filled with an indescribable desire to visit the old folks in the dear land across the sea. They are getting old now, and, with one exception, their children have taken their departure to various parts of the world. Mary, the youngest girl, is with them, and is the joy of their autumnal days and the sunshine of the old manor house.

The sight of a big display of Christmas cards, as I passed to my business in New York, attracted my attention. One in particular: it contained a picture of an old farm-house which seemed to me to be an exact representation of home. The robin sitting on the hedge bordering the long front garden walk, and the broad glebe facing the house, with the horse-pond in the corner, fixed my resolve to see the old sweet spot again as soon as possible. On reaching my office I at once telephoned the White Star Co., asking for accommodation on the *Majestic*, which sailed that week. They offered me the only first cabin berth that was vacant, which, though in a double room, I promptly accepted.

Having made the necessary business arrangements which a month's absence involved, and purchased presents for the old folks and Mary, I went aboard the liner, which was now under a full head of steam, and only needed her supplementary mails to allow departure. Early in the afternoon we passed down the river, and dropped our pilot just before the bugle sounded for dinner in the evening.

I was agreeably surprised to find that the gentleman with whom I was sharing a stateroom was sitting next to me at the table, and after exchanging cards we became very friendly: both of us had travelled considerably, therefore conversation was easy and interesting. Until quite a late hour we sat in the comfortable library relating our experiences, and then taking a few turns round the promenade deck, we retired for the night. The next few days passed very pleasantly. The weather was bright and invigorating, and walking on the long spacious decks afforded excellent exercise. Nothing is more exhilarating than

walking down the weather side deck of a liner when a fresh morning wind is playing with the long Atlantic waves, and cutting up the spray which the sun seems to dust with gold, and to feel the occasional lift of the mighty vessel as Father Neptune disputes the passage with modern science.

My companion grew less communicative as we drew near Queenstown, but on the night before we reached that port, after the usual concert was over, he suggested a game of chess in the smoke-room, to which I readily assented. "We shall soon be at home enjoying the Christmas festivities," I exclaimed, as I settled myself for the game. "Don't remind me of that, Mr. Seven," he replied, and putting his head in his hands, he said: "If you will please excuse me, I would rather talk than play, my thoughts are too far off for chess, I fear." "If it is not too personal or painful a subject to introduce, I think you have suffered a severe loss, have you not, friend?" I ventured, as I returned the chess-men to the box. "If it will relieve your mind at all, let me hear about it." "Why do you ask that," he returned, looking up, "have I been talking in my sleep?" "No; but your general manner of late has suggested that you are carrying too big a load, old man," I said. "Mr. Seven," he said, lowering his voice, "you are right, thanks for your sympathy; we shall not be overheard in this corner." He steadied himself by the tables as he changed his seat, for the vessel was heaving considerably under a shore swell off the Irish coast, and leaning back in a lounge chair, he began his sad story:

"When the South African War opened I had been in that country several years, travelling up and down the colony, but generally making my headquarters at Cape Town. I was at this time engaged to a beautiful English girl, Annie Foster, who was living with an uncle on a farm near Stormberg. The old man was an Englishman by birth, but had lived so long among the Boers that he was quite one with them in his sympathies, and always declared that if war broke out he would fight against the British. I had promised Annie that if a resort was made to arms I would take her to Cape Town out of the way. Accordingly, in September of 1899, when there was a suspicious movement of troops up country, I at once sought permission from her burly old guardian to find her safe quarters in the English capital. In fact, I suggested that we should marry at once, but he

would not hear of it, and after indulging in language none too complimentary, told me that in twelve months' time she would be free to do as she wished, until which time he was her legal guardian, and when the property left by her mother came into her possession his responsibility would end. In answer to my vain attempt to point out the danger to which he was exposing his charge, he boastfully replied: 'Young man, the English troops will never get this way, mark my words!'

"With a heavy heart I returned to Cape Town and found that the local volunteer regiment to which I belonged had orders to be in readiness to proceed up country at short notice. At the end of October we were drafted into the regulars, and hurried to the front. Our regiment bore a large part of the fierce fighting with which the war opened, and in the middle of December we camped near Molteno, expecting to meet the Boers in considerable force at Stormberg. You can quite imagine my feelings, Mr. Seven, when I heard that the place where one so dear to me was living was likely to be the next object of our attack.

"We left Putter's Kraal about 2,500 strong, and were following guides who knew the exact location of the enemy. Our Major-General intended to effect a night surprise, and shortly before dusk we descended a deep ravine flanked on either side by steep and rocky banks. I knew now that we were but a short distance from Annie's home, McGregor's Farm, as it was called.

"It had been a very hot day, and the cool evening air was very refreshing. We halted in this long narrow passage, but were suddenly disturbed by the advance guards, who came galloping down the other end of the gully with the information that the guides had bolted forward with all possible speed. We were at once ordered out of our dangerous position, but before that order could be obeyed machine guns commenced a shower of bullets from both ends of the gully, in which we had been cleverly trapped by the treacherous guides?" He here passed his hand over his forehead and paused.

"I don't really know just what happened, to tell you the truth; it was an awful mix-up. The horses became unmanageable, and the rear road became blocked with ammunition waggons, many of the mules being killed. But we made a

desperate dash, some forward, and some up the right bank; the left was utterly impossible. Just as I was scaling the ridge my horse went down, and with a bullet in the shoulder, and one above the ankle—the results of which remain to this day—I rolled to the bottom, and lay helpless behind a huge boulder, where I very soon lost consciousness.

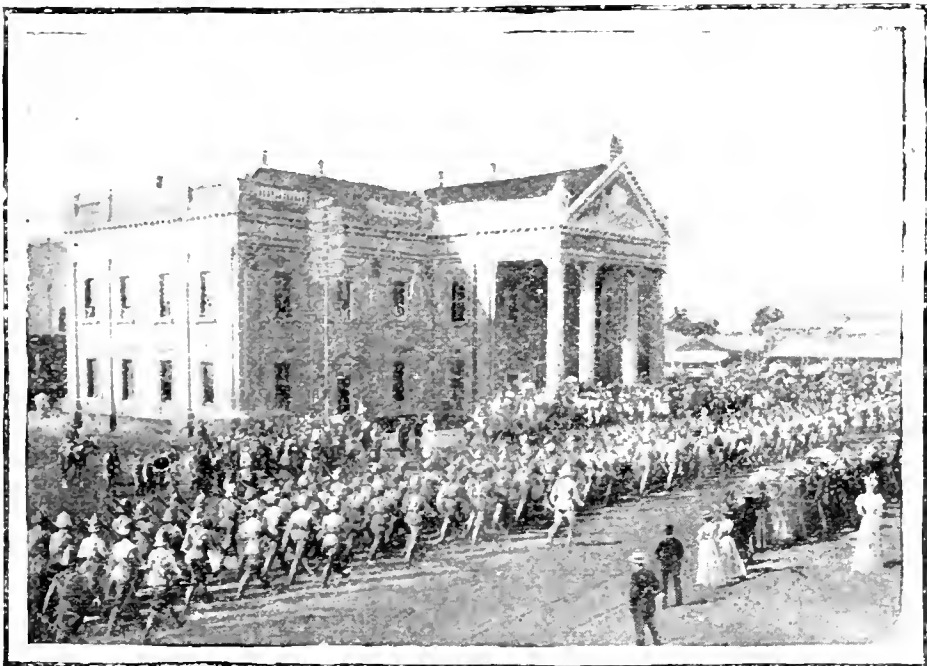
“When I awoke I was terribly cold, and felt dying of thirst. The day was breaking, and the noise of someone approaching caused me involuntarily to attempt to sit up and seek aid, but I fell back with a cry of pain. The steps quickened and in a moment, to my utter bewilderment, Annie Foster was bending over me with eager questions as to my condition. ‘Oh, Jack!’ she said, with her brown eyes full of tears, ‘I feared you were dead; the British troops reached the farm last night with 700 missing. An officer told me you were not among the wounded, so he concluded that you had been taken prisoner; the stretcher-bearers evidently did not see you behind these boulders. I couldn’t rest, Jack, without riding down to the gully to look for you. I’ll go back as fast as I can for help.’ As she bent over to kiss me I asked her to fetch me some water, if any was near at hand. Snatching up my helmet that was lying near, she ran down the road. At that moment I saw a head half raised above the opposite bank, then the barrel of a rifle was exposed, and the rising sun glinted it with light: it was pointed down the ravine.

“I cannot tell you what I felt, Mr. Seven, at that awful moment. I shouted as loud as I could, but as I did so there was a crack, followed by a puff of white smoke. ‘Curse the cowards,’ I moaned—‘shoot a defenceless woman!’—and for an hour I endured a mental torture that cannot be described; she might be lying mortally wounded and I unable to help her. Imagine my joy when I heard her voice, although very weak, calling to me, ‘I’m coming with the water, Jack, but I can’t walk!’ A few minutes after she crawled up to me with about a spoonful of water in the helmet. When I looked at her dear face I knew the worst. ‘I’m dying, dear Jack,’ she whispered, as she lay across my left arm, and her frame trembled in pain. ‘Someone has made a horrible mistake,’ I said, as I wiped the moisture from her brow; ‘keep a brave heart, Annie, help will soon come.’ She turned her face up to me, and before our lips could meet her precious life ebbed away.”

It was some minutes before he was able to resume the narrative.

"There is but little more to tell," he continued; "a company of scouts found us, and we were taken to the farm. It seems that an outpost stationed near the gully thought that some of the enemy were pillaging the dead, and seeing the girl running with the helmet in her hand, fired at her with fatal effect. How she managed to reach the water and return with it, mortally wounded, God alone knows. A few days before Christmas, four years ago, she was buried in the little Dutch Church cemetery with military honors, and I attended, borne upon a stretcher. Every year about this time, Mr. Seven, I live over again the Stormberg Reverse, and see that noble little face, with the sweet brown eyes, struck with the haze of death, bidding me a silent farewell."

The throbbing of the screws ceased, the pilot was evidently coming aboard, and my companion rose to go. I grasped his hand, my heart too full for speech, and we parted without a word. A few hours later he left the ship at Queenstown, and as he limped across the gangway I felt an intense longing for the day when the principles of Peace and Good-will toward men, practically applied, will make the horrors of war an impossibility.



ON THE MARCH TO THE FRONT.

Reminiscences of Old College Professors and Old Times

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE DEAN, M.A., LL.D.

WHEN I went to Victoria in June, 1846, Rev. Alexander McNabb, M.A., was "Acting Principal." The Academic year in those days was divided into two sessions : the summer session of sixteen weeks, beginning on the second or third Thursday in June, followed by a vacation of three weeks, and the winter session, begin-



REV. ALEXANDER McNABB.

ning in the last week in October and continuing for twenty-six weeks, with a few holidays at Christmas. The winter session wound up by an oral examination of all the classes, held in the College Chapel in the presence of all comers for three days, beginning on Monday morning at 9 o'clock. A lecture by some magnate from abroad was usually given on Tuesday evening, and the function was completed with great *éclat* by the exhibition on Wednesday evening. This consisted of orations of from five to fifteen minutes' length by eight to a dozen students,

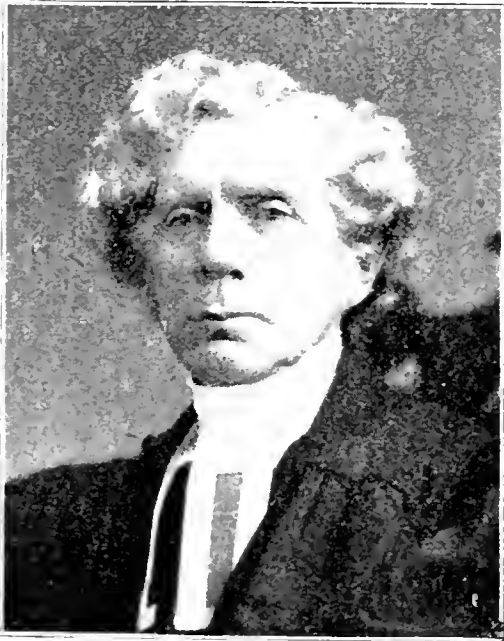
winding up with the conferring of prizes and degrees (when there were any to confer), usually followed by a brilliant illumination of the College building. An announcement of the date and particulars of the examination was made in the two or three preceding issues of the *Guardian*. In the Wednesday's issue next before the examination for 46, a note appeared over the name of the Acting Principal, saying that, owing to the frequent interruptions of the 'classes from sickness during the session, it had been determined not to hold an examination. The paper reached Cobourg on Thursday night. There was no daily paper in Canada in those days; the telegraph between Toronto and Montreal was not put up until 1847, so there was no means of reaching the public with a contradiction. The effect upon the attendance, and the demoralization in College circles generally, are more easily imagined than described.

The letter bore the Cobourg post-mark, and was an excellent imitation of the remarkable handwriting of the Acting Principal; but it goes without saying that it was a forgery. Whether it was intended merely as a practical joke, or was a scheme of some students of more enterprise than industry to let themselves down easy on examination day was never explained, for the perpetrator was never discovered.

Rev. Mathew Richey, M.A., was the first Principal of Upper Canada Academy. Able man as he was, he seems not to have had a vocation for that sort of thing, and resigned a year or two before the College charter came into force. Rev. Jesse B. Hurlburt, M.A., of

Yale, and Professor of Latin and Greek in the Academy, took Dr. Richey's place and continued at the head of the institution until it merged in Victoria College, when Dr. Ryerson became Principal.

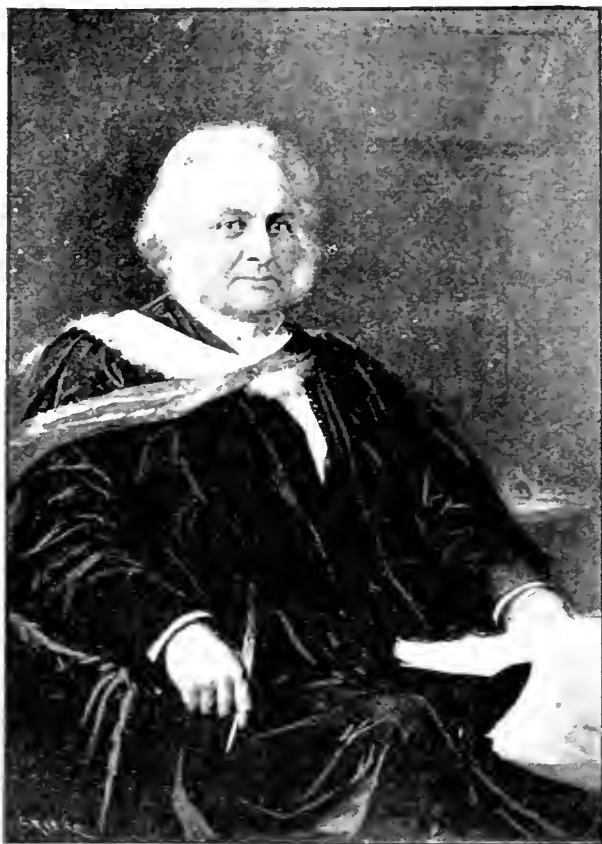
Mr. Hurlburt, who continued as Professor of Classics until the spring of 1847, was a younger brother of a remarkable family of Methodist preachers, no less than five of them being in orders. His brother, Rev. Sylvester Hurlburt, was for a year, 1847-48, Steward of the College Residence. A good many years before that he was a missionary among the Ojibways.



REV. MATHEW RICHEY, M.A.

Stationed in the same village was a young missionary of the Church of England who afterwards became a Canon in his Church, and was all his life remarkable for his evangelistic views. Mr. Hurlburt and he were excellent friends, and were each possessed of logical ability and powers of argument above the average of their brethren. Entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt at tea one winter evening, the future Canon and he fell into argument upon apostolic succession and kindred themes, each standing to his guns unflinchingly, but without much show of personal feeling. When the evening was now far spent the host passed the Bible to his guest, and said, "Though I can't ask you to read and pray with us as a fellow-minister, I can as a

fellow-Christian." "If I cannot pray with you as a minister of the Gospel, I cannot pray with you at all," was the reply, and exhorting his wife to get on her wraps he departed. I have never been quite able to determine which of these missionaries had, up to that time, succeeded in escaping more effectually that "meekness" which the great missionary Apostle so much coveted; but I have reason to believe that it caught up to them both later on.



EGERTON RYERSON, D.D.

Mr. VanNorman, M.A., also from Yale, as I remember, was Professor of Natural Sciences in the Academy; he, too, remained through Dr. Ryerson's *régime*.

Mr. Jesse Hurlburt and Mr. VanNorman each established a ladies' school in Cobourg, and shared in the exodus of the girls from the Academy. Mr. VanNorman left the College when Dr. Ryerson did in 1844, and founded the Burlington Ladies' Academy in Hamilton, which institution flourished under him until he went to New York to take charge of a famous ladies' institute there, over

which he presided with distinguished success during the rest of his active life. Prof. Hurlburt retired in the spring of 1847, and for some years had a ladies' school in Toronto.

Wm. Kingston, M.A., who was Professor of Mathematics in the Academy for some years, occupied that chair in the College until the fall of 1847, when he resigned, owing to friction in the Faculty, and established the *Provincialist*, a weekly Liberal newspaper, which he removed to Hamilton the following year. He was succeeded by Prof. Paddock, a graduate of Union College, who remained from the fall of 1847 to the fall of 1849, when he returned to the States. Prof. Paddock was a son of Rev. Dr. Paddock, who was a man of

mark in the American Church half a century ago. I have pleasant recollections of this professor, but have been unable to learn anything of his subsequent career.

At that time, and for a good while after, there were few grammar schools in the Province, and their work, with some exceptions, was done in a perfunctory way. The College was much resorted to by boys and young men who would now be studying at collegiate institutes. The studies taken up were largely elective, and, as



SAMUEL S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

I remember, there were then less than half a dozen who were going in regular course for graduation. Up to that time only one B.A. degree had been taken, and it was the first that had been conferred by any institution in the Province.

Mr. Cameron, who afterwards took B.A., studied medicine and practised for a time in Port Hope, and afterwards in Rochester, was English Master.

Mr. Wm. Ormiston was tutor in classics, and was reading hard for his degree; he was a man of abounding health, great physical and mental

strength, and a wonderful talker, but without the faintest idea that there was any limit to his powers of endurance until he had overtaxed them and made himself a life-long invalid. He was haunted for many years by the terrible spectre, insomnia. He graduated in May, 1848, and was for a year Professor of Mental Philosophy, etc.

John Beatty, M.D., was for some years Professor of Natural Sciences, and rendered good service as measured by the scientific standards of the day.

Dr. McNabb, who had meanwhile become principal, resigned at the same time that Prof. Paddock left.

Prof. Wilson, B.A., T.C.D., who had taken the chair vacated by Prof. Hurlburt in the spring of 1847, became Acting Principal. Those who remember Prof. Wilson fifteen or twenty years later—and in that time he had grown no less active or executive—will readily understand that he was designed by nature to adorn the classic shades of Parnassus, rather than to shine as the guide and governor of a body of tempestuous youths. However, things did not go badly; as larger democracies have done before and since, the boys resolved themselves into a committee of safety. They were at heart very loyal to “Old Trinity”;* besides disciplining other unruly ones, they formally expelled one boy and sent him home.

There was no summer session in 1850. Prof. Wilson accepted the mastership of a private classical school, and it seemed for a time that the doors of the dear old house would never more open.

That was just the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the greatest so far of all the centuries. Let us pause for a moment at that point and look before and after. What disaster would such an event have meant to the hundreds who have since passed through those halls, some of whom have passed beyond, and some are still in active life! What to the thousands who are to follow after! What would it have meant to the Church!

Happily it was not to be. That matter-of-fact age witnessed a drama of actual life which had come to be regarded as a fable. They saw the Phoenix rise into new life from its ashes.

Dr. Nelles who, as an undergraduate, had left Victoria when Dr. Ryerson resigned to become Chief Superintendent of Education, and had taken his degree at Wesleyan University, leaving a career as a preacher, which was then regarded as phenomenal, consented to lead the forlorn hope. Wesley Wright, who had graduated in 1848, came with him for classics, and Prof. Kingston, whose department had in his former incumbency been one of the sheet anchors of the institution, had had his fill of the newspaper business, and took up his old work with his old vigor and thoroughness.

Dr. Beatty resumed his work in the Natural Sciences. After two years' service, Prof. Wright was called to a position in the American West, and Prof. Wilson came to his own again. All the world knows the modern history of Victoria, but no one can fully appreciate what the rare genius, the pathetic patience, the unselfish devotion of Dr. Nelles and his coadjutors meant to her, unless he knows by heart her mediæval history.

* Prof. John Wilson, formerly of Trinity College, Dublin.

The Ballad of the True Lover

BY VERNON NOTT.

I.

A MAIDEN framed in a casement wide—
Her beauty match'd the morn.
“When he comes again I shall be his bride—
But now he fares to the war,” she cried,
“And leaves me here forlorn.”
She heard the trumpets' flaunted pride :
And watch'd the knights in couples ride
With tarnish'd banners torn.

The maiden leant o'er the casement ledge
Above the motley street ;
And her white glove flung for a true-love pledge.
That dropp'd at her true-love's feet.

She mark'd him wave his courtly hand.
She heard his voice of cheer—
Then plume and lance and warrior band
Blur'd in a crystal tear.

II.

He whistled a little lilting tune,
For his heart was blithe and gay :
Full many a catch would he lightly croon—
For he craved of Fortune no dearer boon
Than to ride to the wars away :
By forest land and o'er naked dune,
Thro' foul and fair, 'neath sun and moon,
He rode and trill'd his lay :

*Ho ! Youth and strength and love are good,
And fond are maiden eyes :
All these are mine—yet now I would
Win me a braver prize !*

*My sword is keen, and stout my steed,
 Worthy of warrior foe :
 Oh ! Fame shall crown my every deed,
 And Death my every blow !*

III.

The maiden watch'd from the casement wide,
 Her face grown pearly white :
 " Will he come this morn ? " she wistfully sigh'd
 " Will he come to make me then his bride—
 Will he come thro' dark of night ?
 Oh, none so gallant as he ! " she cried ;
 " God guard him that no harm betide !—
 Will he come with morning's light ? "
 Beneath her window, happy and loud,
 The careless throng goes by—
 She heeds it not, nor sun nor cloud
 That tease the April sky :
 From dawn till shadows gather dim,
 She will but watch and pray :
 Her eyes have sight for only him—
 Who comes, perchance, to-day.

IV.

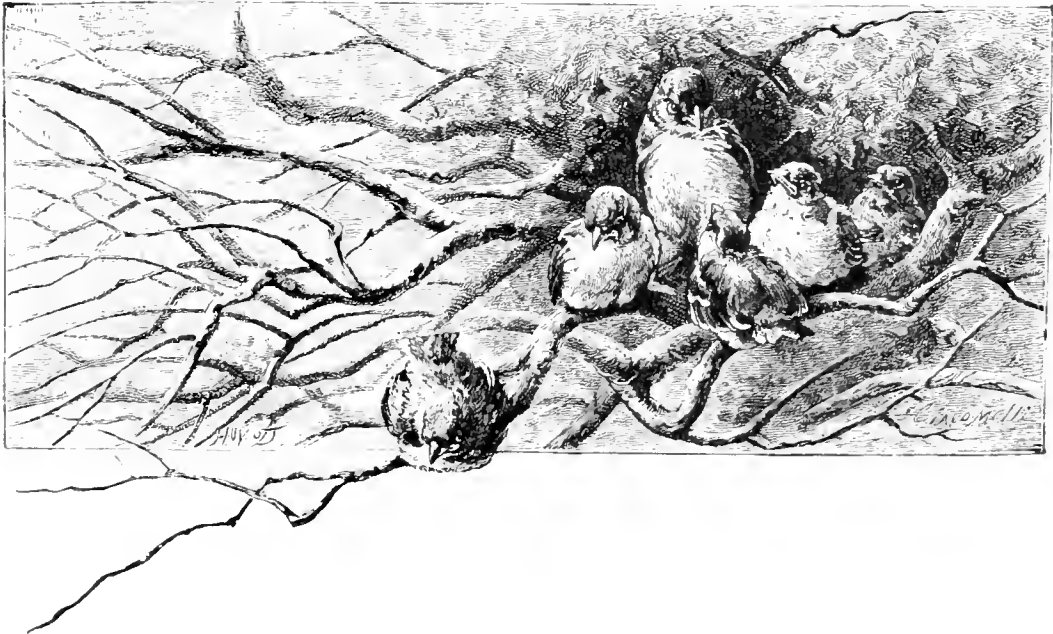
A quiver spreads thro' the quicken'd air—
 A word of victory cried !
 Forth flames the calling trumpet's blare :
 The people run, and the burghers there
 With pillion'd good-wives ride—
 For a trooper has won to the market-square
 And proudly doles his tidings fair
 The market cross beside.
 " O mother ! an horseman knocks without—
 He hath borne great news of fame !
 For my galliard knight do the people shout ?
 For him rings the glad acclaim ? . . .
 " Oh, tell me ! tell me, mother dear,
 What said he of him I love ? "
 " God touch thee, child ! I bring thee here
 A blood-bespatter'd glove."

v.

The summer days are long and bright,
The winter days are bleak—
What differs a cloud from the warm sunlight,
Or the haunted day from the haunted night,
When youth must pine and peak?
The casement wide is blinded tight
That she may watch close hid from sight,
And his name may softly speak.

Beneath her window wends the throng
That knows no more her face :
She heeds not jest, nor laugh, nor song—
O Mary, yield her grace !

For eyes with searching soon grow dim—
Can stricken hearts be gay?—
And ever she waits and looks for him
That rode to the wars away.



William Morris, Poet, Artist, and Socialist

BY PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR, PH.D.

A GREAT worker, rather than a great thinker, Morris has succeeded more practically and therefore more profoundly than his master, Ruskin, in modifying the artistic conscience of his age. His poetry, rare though its merits are, is read only by the curious few. His socialism, although not of the vulgar type, enjoyed the transient popularity that the merest demagoguism can



PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, PH.D.

command, and is now forgotten. His views on art, if pressed to their somewhat extravagant limits, would involve the cancellation of almost everything that has been produced in the last four centuries in order that a regenerated society might lead back the "Golden Age"; but his theories, shorn of their bizarre excess, have in their practical application effected a revolution in the taste of a nation. He reached maturity at a time when ugliness was rampant in the houses of the rich and in the houses of the poor: but before he died he had taught his countrymen a new code of beauty, or one which appeared to

be new because it had been so long forgotten.

Of most poets it may be said that their verse incorporates merely an imaginative ideal of beauty. There is something essentially transcendent about their visions. To Morris this power was not denied of rising into a world of dreams, and the spirit of pure reverie is not the least beautiful phase of his many-sided genius: but it is not the characteristic phase. While other poets have surpassed him in the radiance of their visions, to no poet of his century was it given to see so clearly the beauty of the natural world, and that beauty wrought by human hands which he no less intimately loved. So that, if we would realize the nature of Morris's influence upon his time, we must



WOMAN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

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seek it in his exquisite appreciation of beauty and in his no less scornful impatience of the needless profusion of ugliness which has followed in the wake of civilization. To extend the sway of beauty and to press back the encroachments of ugliness were the tasks in which were concentrated the energies of his genius.

In the formative period of his life Morris was subjected to no extraordinary influences, but the circumstances of his career happily permitted the natural unfolding of his intellectual powers. His school years were passed at Marlborough during the ineffective head-mastership of Dr. Wilkinson. For Morris the slack discipline of the school was not an unmixed evil, for it enabled him to roam about the surrounding country at will, absorbing in most unboylike fashion its natural and architectural beauties. The pre-Celtic, Celtic and Roman remains of the neighborhood interested him profoundly, and he used to say that he left Marlborough "a good archæologist, and knowing most of what there was to be known about English Gothic."

From Marlborough, after a year's private tuition, Morris went up to Exeter College, Oxford, intending at that time to proceed to holy orders. About the gray towers of Oxford something still clung of the enchantment of the Middle Ages, and in a passage of deep feeling Morris has told us of the charm which the place exercised upon his mind. Scholastically speaking he might, with as much profit, have been buried with a few books in Central Africa. It was the past which breathed in the present that alone was eloquent to him. In this state of confused disappointment and delight he found a kindred spirit in Burne-Jones, who had come up from Birmingham with smouldering artistic ambitions that were ready to catch the flame. Like Morris, Burne-Jones was destined for the Church, but with him, as with his friend, the passion for art was not slow to assert itself as the paramount aim of life. A journey which they made together in Northern France sealed their mutual decision. No country, not even Iceland, which he came to love so passionately in after years, could move Morris so profoundly as this land where the quiet beauty of nature was enriched by the harmonizing beauty of art, and here, beneath the shadows of those gray old churches, the two friends resolved to shape their lives as their instincts prompted them. Shortly after their return Burne-Jones devoted himself ardently to the study of painting, and Morris, more diffident of his technical ability, articulated himself to Street, the well-known Oxford architect.

Already his facility in verse had proclaimed itself. Canon Dixon tells the story of how he went to visit Burne-Jones in his rooms

at Exeter. He was greeted on the threshold by the latter in a state of unsuppressed excitement. "Why, he's a great poet!" cried Burne-Jones. "Who is?" "Why, Topsy"—the name by which Morris went among his friends. They then listened to some lines that Morris had thrown off during the day. Genuine admiration resulted from the reading, but the poet took the praise with becoming modesty, saying simply, "Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write." Scarcely a day passed, while the poetic mood was on him, without its tale of verses which, for all their facility, showed no signs of careless haste, and bore few evidences of immaturity. The discovery of his poetic ability Morris made in 1854, when he was in his twenty-first year. In the following year he was instrumental in founding the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, launched, like all the enterprises of youth, for immortality, and as short-lived as they. To its funds Morris liberally contributed, and for its pages he wrote a series of imaginative prose romances, which no less than his poetry gave evidence of rich creative power.

Immediately upon taking his degree in 1856, Morris, as I have said, devoted himself to the technical study of architecture. But he had not been long engaged in Street's office when he made the acquaintance of the poet-painter Rossetti, upon whose advice, which he received in the true spirit of discipleship, he determined to devote himself exclusively to painting.

Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., has revived many amusing memories of this young group which hailed Rossetti as leader. It was at this time that the decorative panels of the Oxford Union were entrusted to Rossetti and the artists of his choice. The story of the fiasco is fairly well known, but Mr. Prinsep has for the first time given us the fun of the enterprise. It was during a casual call upon Rossetti that Val Prinsep was informed by that masterful man that he expected him to do one of the panels in the Union. The young man protested vainly that he could not paint, nor even draw. He was told in answer: "That makes no difference; there's one of my friends going to join us who has never painted anything, but you'll see he'll do a stunning thing." This friend, it is needless to say, was Morris. After a hurried effort in London to gain the first principles of drawing, Val Prinsep returned to Oxford to find all his associates hard at work. With his help we can picture the scene, and revive its confused atmosphere of paint, mediævalism, and banter. Enter, with some ladies, a grave Oxford Don, the head of a college, to see how the work progressed. Morris was at this time painting the roof, and with his faculty, as

Rossetti expressed it, "of creating and annexing dirt," we may arrive at an idea of the figure he presented in his daubed smock-frock and tempera-splashed spectacles. To him the Don in suave tones.—"My good man, can you tell me the subjects of these pictures?" "Morte d'Arthur," roared Morris, and vanished by a ladder into the chaos of scaffolding. The next day Rossetti received an irate letter complaining of the excessive rudeness of his workmen.

The sight of Morris standing with legs apart, gazing up at his roof—his clothes and face yellow and black and green with paint—inspired Burne-Jones to a highly comic caricature, under which was written, "O Tempera! O Morris!"

Morris endured endless chaff from Rossetti on the subject of his painting, or rather on his method of treating his subject, which was Tristram and Isolde kissing among the flowers, while Sir Palomides jealously looks on. "The drawing of the faces and hands," Val Prinsep writes, "was what you would expect from a man who had never paid any attention to drawing. The figures, had you seen them, would have been fourteen feet high; but, happily, he covered up all but the upper part with sun-flowers. What was seen was comic enough."

"Top," said Rossetti, after gazing at his picture some time, "you must do that woman's head again."

"Why, Gabriel?" answered poor Morris in an aggrieved tone.

"It's not human; you must get some nature. Now," added Rossetti, in his most persuasive tones, "like a good chap, you get your sketch-book and go down and make a sketch of Stunner Lipscombe, and you'll get it alright."

Stunner Lipscombe (all pretty girls were "stunners") was a charming maiden at the neighboring inn, jealously watched over by her mother. Morris's reception was accordingly most uncordial, and he returned, Val Prinsep says, "sadly crestfallen," to find tacked up over his bedroom door a placard, on which was written:

.. Poor Topsy has gone to make a sketch of Miss Lipscombe,

But he can't draw the head, and don't know where the hips come."

In London, during these years, Morris and Burne-Jones occupied Rossetti's old rooms in Red Lion Square. The problem of furnishing these lodgings at once presented itself, and to this simple circumstance, and to the necessity a few years later of furnishing his own house after his marriage, we owe Morris's future career as designer, decorator and manufacturer. The exacting taste of the two friends could not tolerate the ugliness which then prevailed in all that

pertained to domestic art ; so Morris supplied designs for even the simplest articles of furniture—the chairs, tables and sofas—“tables and chairs,” as Rossetti, with amiable chaff described them, “intensely mediæval, like incubi and succubi”—tables “as firm and as heavy as a rock,” and chairs “such as Barbarossa might have sat in.” There was a settle, too, of enormous proportions. “There were many scenes with the carpenter,” Burne-Jones writes. “Especially I remember the night when the settle came home. We were out when it reached the house : but when we came in all the passages and the staircase were choked with vast blocks of timber, and there was a scene. I think the measurements had perhaps been given a little wrongly, and that it was bigger altogether than he had ever meant ; but set up it was finally, and our studio was one-third less in size. Rossetti came. This was always a terrifying moment to the very last. He laughed, but approved.”

Having gained all the advantage that he could derive from the study and practice of painting, Morris gave his whole energy now to poetry and to various handicrafts, more especially to stained glass designing and embroidery. The first tangible result in poetry was the publication, in 1858, of “The Defence of Guenevere,” which met with but a cold reception. His efforts in the lesser arts resulted in the formation, in 1861, of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., which became, fourteen years later, what it always had been in all but name, the firm of Morris & Company.

Morris had, meanwhile, married Miss Jane Burden, and had moved into a new house at Upton—the famous Red House—to the designing and decorating of which he gave the most loving attention. The growth of his London business made it necessary for him to abandon the Red House in 1865. He had spent there five of the happiest years of his life, and there his two daughters were born.

It is not possible to follow in detail the stages of Morris’s subsequent progress. As poet, craftsman, and socialist he displayed a truly astonishing versatility, and we may safely say that in the range of his intellectual activities he is surpassed by none of his contemporaries. Yet, various as his interests might appear to be, a thorough survey of his career would reveal a fundamental unity of purpose and ideas binding together acts and impulses apparently the most divergent. Leaving his poetry aside, I shall turn, in conclusion, to the political and artistic aspects of his work and show, if possible, the logical sequence of ideas which led Morris inevitably through art to socialism. From the most aristocratic to the most democratic of

the forms of thought, the transition would appear to be abrupt to the verge of absurdity. A glance at Morris's opinions will prove that this is not the case.

His initial protest is against the constitution of modern society which has driven art from its true refuge in the minds and hearts of the people, and has made the natural birthright of the many the exclusive privilege of the few. "The cause of art is the cause of the people," and firm in that conviction, Morris would have rejoiced to see society shaken to its foundations, and modern art swept utterly away, if at that price we might revive the shaping sense of beauty by which the hands of the common people reared the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages, and secure therewith the spirit of justice which the Middle Ages never knew. Morris's love of the Middle Ages was not a blind infatuation. Its cruelty, rapine, and vice he never denied, but in the midst of it all he saw the individual workman free to follow his native impulse of beauty. In this modern age of commerce and competitive greed beauty, to the workman, is a word that has no meaning. He is twice a slave—a slave of the labor-market and a slave of the machine at which he grinds out the soulless monotony of his work.

Morris was once asked what possible bearing socialism could have upon art. He replied: "I specially wished to point out in my lecture that the question of popular art was a social question, involving the happiness or misery of the greater part of the community. The absence of popular art from modern times is more disquieting and grievous to bear for this reason than for any other, that it betokens that fatal division of men into the cultivated and the degraded classes which competitive commerce has bred and fosters. Popular art has no chance of a healthy life, or, indeed, of a life at all, till we are on the way to fill up this terrible gulf between riches and poverty. Doubtless, many things will go to filling it up, and if art must be one of these things, let it go. What business have we with art at all unless we all can share it? I am not afraid but that art will rise from the dead, whatever else lies there."

Keen as was Morris's hatred of oppression, his socialism, with all its unbeautiful accessories rested rather on his love of beauty than upon his unquestioned desire that justice might prevail.

No single interest ever sufficed to absorb the whole of Morris's energies, and his vigilant supervision of the artistic side of his business scarcely relaxed during the years when socialism made such inroads upon his time. It was his poetry that suffered, for even Morris could not achieve the impossible feat of preaching a revolutionary propa-

ganda upon dismal street corners, attending to the artistic detail of a rapidly increasing business, while at the same time preserving the freshness of mind which the exercise of the poetic faculty demands. It is a sufficient tribute to the native strength of his intellect that, when finally released from the onerous and thankless task of spreading "the gospel of discontent," his joyous appreciation of the beautiful things of life was able to find an original and brilliant medium of expression. The prose romances of his last years are, without doubt, his most unique if not his finest contribution to letters. Exquisite in their freshness, buoyant in their joyous vigor, and of striking originality in conception and execution, they hold a place apart in his own writings and in his country's literature.

Eight years have passed since Morris died, a sufficient time, therefore, to permit us to view his work in just proportion. His immediate influence was unquestionably most profound in the sphere of the lesser arts, upon which his genius conferred a quite novel distinction. So long as he was following his instinct of beauty he made no discrimination between the lesser and the greater, and a day's work spent at his loom, or in executing some original carpet or wall-paper design, was probably no less satisfactory to himself than a day which saw some noble poem begun or brought to its conclusion. But his carpets and chintzes will fade, and though the impulse which he gave to honest craftsmanship can never wholly vanish, his title to remembrance must rest most securely upon his literary achievement. Has the poetry of William Morris modified in any sensible degree the course of English poetry, and has it so impressed itself upon the minds of thoughtful readers that we can predict for it a living immortality, and not that spurious immortality merely which the philologists and curious antiquarians of the future will confer? The question may have sufficient interest to merit a careful answer.

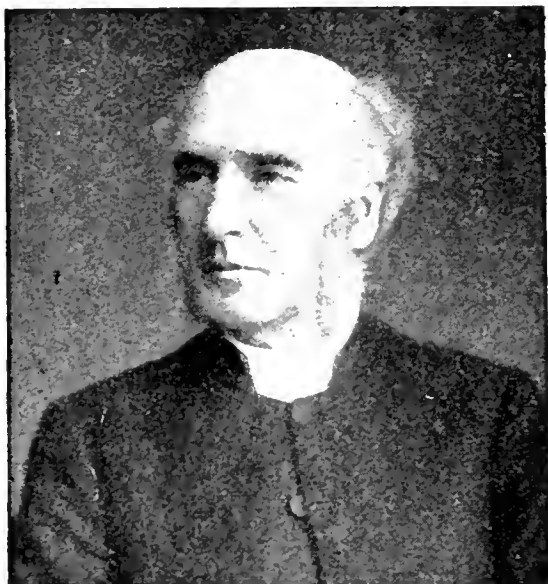


Brother Anthony

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

SCENE: *A Monastery Garden, May, 1632.*

HOW fair a dawn, all things so sweet and calm ;
The gentle dews refresh the flowering earth ;
Each glistening leaf as if with diamonds hung,
And pearls bedeck the grass. From out the elm
The blackbird bravely sings—S. Chrysostom,
As Brother Simon calls the golden-bill ;
The rapturous lark soars high to greet the sun.
But on my fevered heart there falls no balm ;



REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

The garden of my soul, where happy birds
Sang in the fulness of their joy, and bloomed
The flowers bright, finds only winter now :
And bleak winds moan about the leafless trees,
And chill rains beat to earth the rotting stalks.
Hope, Faith, and God, alike are gone, all gone—
If it be so, as this Galileo saith,
“ *The earth is round and moves about the sun :
The sun,*” he saith, “*is still, the axle fixed
Of nature’s wheel, centre of all the worlds.*”
Galileo is an honest soul, God knows—

No end has he to serve but only truth,
 By that which he declares, daring to risk
 Position, liberty, and even life itself. He knows.
 And yet the ages have believed it not.
 Have they not meditated, watched and prayed—
 Great souls with vision purged and purified?
 Had God no messenger until arose
 Galileo! Long years the Church has prayed,
 Seeking His grace who guideth into truth,
 And weary eyes have watched the sun and stars,
 And heard the many voices that proclaim
 God's hidden ways, —did they believe a lie?
 The Church's Holy Fathers, were they wrong?
 Yet speaks Galileo as one who knows.
 Shrinks all my soul from breathing any word
 That dares to question God's most holy Book,
 As men beneath an avalanche pass dumb
 For fear a sound should bring destruction down.
 If but a jot or tittle of the Word
 Do pass away then is all lost. And yet
 If what Galileo maintains be true!—
 "*The sun itself moves not.*" The Scripture tells
 At Joshua's command the sun stood still.
 Doth Scripture lie? The blessed Lord Himself,
 Spake He not of the sun that rose and set!
 So cracks and cleaves the ground beneath my feet.
 The sun that fills and floods the world with light
 My darkness and confusion hath become!
 Oh God, as here about the old grey walls
 The ivy clings and twines its arms, and finds
 A strength by which it rises from the earth
 And mounts toward heaven, then gladly flings
 Its grateful crown of greenery round the height,
 So by Thy word my all uncertain soul
 Hath mounted toward Thy heaven, and brought
 Its love, its all, wherewith to crown my Lord.
 Alas, the wall is fallen. Beneath it crushed
 The clinging ivy lies; its stronghold once
 Is now the prison house, the cruel grave.

.
 There sounds the bell that summons me to prayer.

The Theory of Thinking

BY ALBERT H. ABBOTT, B.A., PH.D.

THOUGH everyone speaks about "thought" or "thinking," very few have taken the trouble to ask themselves exactly what it is that is designated by these terms. The purpose of the few remarks which I shall make on the subject is simply to indicate as well as I can the direction in which present-day psychology is apparently solving the problem—at least, facts are being discovered which make it possible to make certain statements regarding the process of thinking which point *toward* a solution of the problem, even if they do not contain it.

The problem of thought for the modern world arose in a definite form when Descartes said that thinking was the very essence or characteristic attribute of the soul or mind. Descartes, however, went farther than this, and taught that thinking was the occurrence of ideas, clearly and distinctly perceived, and, going still farther, even suggested that this was the stamp or mark of the Creator set upon man, and that by virtue of this faculty of clear and distinct perception it could with right be said that man was created in the image of God. When, however, he held that the animals were nothing but machines—mere *automata*—he prepared the way for a keen criticism of his theory that thought, "the Natural Light," in man was at bottom supernatural; for, is it not evident that, if the animals can do all they do, and be as intelligent as they are *as mere machines*, the same principle can be used to account for at least a good deal in man's psychical processes? Even Locke held that animals must be allowed to be conscious, thinking creatures, while he held that man and man's thought were in a peculiar sense spiritual.

Out of Locke's work grew the so-called "Association" school of British psychologists, and all of these men, from Hartley to Bain, teach alike that no "soul" which directs and guides the thoughts and volitions of men is discoverable. All occurrence of ideas is regarded by them as regulated by law, even by purely physical law; hence one often finds the representatives of this school classed with the materialists. In some

human mind ”* which they advocated, but from the purely metaphysical aspect many of these philosophers still believed in the soul—they had only taken away its occupation, so to say.

The problem of thinking has had, then, just about the same history as its twin sister, the problem of freedom, but with one rather essential difference: the so-called laws of thought, logic and the *necessary* conclusions of science seem to point directly to a more than mechanical principle in thought, but neither they nor the alleged absolute laws of morals could be applied *directly* to the solution of the problem of the freedom of the will.

Out of speculations regarding the occurrences in nature, and in later times regarding thought and volition, there developed the two views which are commonly called “mechanism” and “teleology.” These terms thus refer most broadly to metaphysical standpoints from which the problem of the actual happenings or events in the universe is attacked and solutions proposed, but for the purpose of our present discussion we may regard the problem in its narrower aspect and thus confine the theories expressed in the terms “mechanism” and “teleology” to the problem of the nature of the happenings in consciousness or, briefly, in thinking.

If we were to formulate this problem of thought in a very general way we might say that the question is, *Do the events of consciousness—ideas—occur according to merely mechanical laws or does man strive toward some goal or ideal in his thinking?*

The problem thus formulated is discussed in the metaphysics and ethics of T. H. Green, and a teleological solution is in the main strongly advocated by him. But in an essentially speculative solution, such as Green proposed, one may very well find grave difficulties, and hence it may be of interest to know what experimental research has brought to light in the direction of a solution for the problem of thinking.

In the first place, the *standpoint* of experimental psychology is very significant; there is but one question here, viz., *What are the facts?* If they occur in consciousness they can be discovered, maybe not this year or the next, but if we are conscious of that stream of ideas, which is often called “thinking,” we have the main facts, and the problem which has to be solved is simply:

* Cf. Hartley, “Observations on Man,” Vol. I., for the terminology.

Under what conditions do ideas arise and combine (both simultaneously and successively) with each other? There is no reason, so far as the general principle is concerned, why the facts thus sought cannot be discovered; the only difficulty lies in the discovery of a suitable method.

Two experimental investigations along the line here proposed have come directly under my notice, and as the results of these have a possible significance far beyond the particular questions investigated, it seems in place to give them a wider publicity than the purely scientific journals offer.

The first series of experiments was conducted by Professor Kuelpe, of Wuerzburg, for the purpose of discovering something about the selection, or abstraction from certain factors, which is found in the actual facts of sense-perception. The results were made public at the Congress for Experimental Psychology, in Giessen, in April, 1904. For the purpose of the investigation a series of lantern-slides was prepared, on which, at equal distances from the centre, certain nonsense-syllables were written, such as "lix," "duj," "boq," "maf." It is hardly necessary to say that every point in connection with such a series of syllables was considered with the greatest care, so that duplication, too great uniformity, etc., should be avoided. Each word was written in a special color, *e.g.*, red, green, blue, black, etc., and the colors so arranged that no two syllables on any slide should be of the same color. These were then exposed to the observer on a screen by means of a projection lantern and photographic shutter, for a definite time, *e.g.*, one-eighth of a second. It is evident that several questions could then be asked the observer: (1) What colors did you see? (2) What general arrangement (square, rhomboid, triangle, etc.) did the colored syllables have—in other words, what figure did they suggest? (3) How many elements (letters) were there? (4) What letters did you see? Now, it is evident that it would be, in general, easy to answer some of these questions, and more difficult to answer others, and hence that, were the experiments tried without giving the observer any suggestion as to what he should expect or try to perceive, it would be expected that, in general, questions 1 and 2 would be answered, while questions 3 and 4 could not be. This expectation the results fully justified. But this was not the special aspect investigated. Professor Kuelpe wanted rather to discover how much this normal condition could be changed or influenced by

definite suggestions, and so the same series was shown to the observer on different occasions. The first time he was asked to concentrate his attention on the determination of the colors—that is, he was given that particular task, or “Aufgabe”; the next time on the determination of the general figure formed; the third time he was asked to tell the exact number of elements (letters); the fourth time he had to distinguish as many of the letters as possible, and a fifth time he was shown the series without being given any special task at all. On each occasion answers to the whole four questions were asked, and hence the results ought to show the influence which the task, or “Aufgabe” set, had on the perception of the observer. That is, each time a particular slide was used he was asked to abstract from certain factors as equally present and possible as the one singled out for emphasis.

The result of the investigation showed definitely: (1) That the perception was strongly influenced by the task set, e.g., when the determination of color was the task, this could be done with considerable accuracy, but for the three other questions the answers were very indefinite or could not be given at all; and the same result was obtained when the task was the distinguishing of the letters—this could then be done to a certain extent, but often even the color of the letters could not be given. (2) Some of the tasks set were found to be easier than the others, though even in this considerable individual differences were discovered, which were characteristic for the general trend of the mental habits of the person concerned. For example, one found it easier to determine the colors and the letters seen, while another found the more abstract tasks, as one might call them, of determining the figure and the number of the letters easier—in this latter case it was often possible to give the exact number of letters seen without being able to tell a single letter. (3) When no task was set only the questions which the person found easiest could be answered. (4) In most cases the observers found it more agreeable, even if it demanded more effort, to work when a task was set. To work absolutely without a task was found to be well-nigh impossible—at least, more difficult than might be supposed would be the case.

Before discussing these results in relation to the theory of thinking it will be well to outline the second investigation. These experiments were carried out by Dr. H. J. Watt, of Aberdeen, Scotland, under Professor Kuelpe's direction, at Wuerzburg, and

the results are published in the "Archiv fuer die gesamte Psychologie," Vol. IV. The problem here investigated was that of the association of ideas. It is clear that if a word, *e.g.*, "horse," be shown to a person another word may be in some way called up, or, to speak exactly, reproduced in consciousness—this word may then be spoken or called out and the time between the showing (or seeing) of the first word (the stimulus) and the calling out of the associated or reproduced word can be, by appropriate means, measured. There is also a possibility of carrying out such an investigation with or without definite tasks or "Aufgaben," *e.g.*, the observer may be asked simply to call out the first word that occurs to him, and this was the method followed by Muensterberg and others, or he may be asked (1) to give a word of broader or more general significance than the one used as stimulus, *e.g.*, for "horse" such a word as "animal" would suit; (2) to give a word of narrower or less general significance, *e.g.*, for "horse," "carriage horse," "Clydesdale," would suit; (3) to give the name of a whole of which the stimulus-word is the name of a part—*e.g.*, for "leg," "horse," "man," etc., would be suitable; (4) to give the name of a part when the stimulus-word designates the whole—*e.g.*, for "house," "roof," would be correct; (5) to give a word of co-ordinate significance to the stimulus—*e.g.*, for "cat," "dog,"; (6) to give the name of a co-ordinated part to that designated by the stimulus, *e.g.*, for "hand," "foot," "head," etc., would be correct. Dr. Watt carried out the investigation of association with these six tasks or "Aufgaben." The time required for the reaction, or the lapse of time between the showing of the stimulus and the calling out of the reproduced word was measured and all other details regarding his experience during the interval which the observer could give were noted. The investigation gave a great many interesting results, but one aspect only of these can be noticed here: (1) The influence of the task set on the character of the association was decidedly evident in the fact that but very few wrong answers were given during thousands of experiments; (2) the task was found to considerably shorten the reaction time, *i.e.*, a word could be called out *sooner* after seeing the stimulus-word when a definite task was set than it could be without any such limitation of the possible scope of reproduction; (3) so far as the observers could determine, the task operated

in a perfectly "mechanical" way to determine the nature of the reproduction, *i.e.*, it happened but seldom that the observer had to choose between several words which were reproduced, the first being almost always a correct or suitable fulfilment of the task set.

Now just a word should be said as to the significance or meaning of the results reached in these two investigations, and others of a similar nature, and which show similar results, by Dr. Ach. of Marburg, Prof. Schumann, of Berlin, and others, are here of necessity omitted.

The first general conclusion which I should draw from these results is that the theory that thinking is the result of purely physical, mechanical laws can not be substantiated from this research. It seems well-nigh impossible, no matter how fanciful a brain or nerve physiology one may construct, to find a consistent or satisfactory mode of expressing the facts above stated. How a general mental preparation of the nature which these tasks demanded is at all possible is not yet clear from any point of view, but it is doubly difficult to conceive of such in terms of physiological processes.

The second conclusion which these results seem to me to warrant is: if the teleological view of the thought process really demand that some definite end be represented in consciousness, these investigations show it to be a false theory, for in no case was the observer conscious of anything which could possibly be called a definite end. In Prof. Kuelpe's experiments the only preparation which could be discovered was *at times* a tension of certain muscles of the head and chest, *i.e.*, certain muscular sensations, the stoppage of the movements of breathing, and sometimes the repetition (generally acoustically) of the word, *e.g.*, "color," "figure," "number," "letters"—according as the task set was one or other of these. Dr. Watt's experiments gave the same kind of result on this point. When the stimulus-word was not known even approximately, how could an observer prepare in any definite way to reproduce or call up the word designating, let us say, a part or a whole of the object designated by the word shown! Teleology in this sense is an impossible theory. If, on the other hand, the teleological view be so interpreted that it emphasize only the fact that what is in consciousness, whether as idea or a more indefinite condition of consciousness for which Prof. Marbe has suggested the name "*Bewusstseinslage*," in-

fluences the succeeding reproductions by other than merely mechanical means, these investigations seem to offer some support to the theory. Nevertheless, in possibly an entirely different sense than that usually understood, the "task" seems to operate purely *mechanically*. In one word, these investigations make it more and more difficult to make any sharp line of demarcation between that which occurs "mechanically" and that which occurs "teleologically," or under the influence of an end or task proposed. The whole question of mechanism and teleology, if it is to have a place any longer in the discussions of thinking and volition, must be more critically analyzed and the terms more accurately defined than has generally been the case. And perhaps, even more important than all this, it will now be necessary to show that the facts of consciousness support the position taken by either side. The problem of mechanism and teleology as applied to the facts of nature has become exceedingly nebulous through the discussions of Driesch* and others. If the standpoint proposed by these writers be adopted and consciousness (in, *e.g.*, animals) be taken to be the source of teleological actions, and *vice versa*, the occurrence of actions suited to ends to imply at once a consciousness or an adaptive being, an entirely new aspect will be given to the question. It will then be necessary, as Kuelpe† has shown, to re-examine many widely accepted views regarding the causal relation, the condition of there being *values*—which the strict causal relation can never explain, the question of purposiveness in general, and many others.

This brief discussion shows, then, that a purely mechanical view of thinking is not satisfactory, and that a teleological theory of thought is the only possible one if the old lines be followed. If the old lines be not followed and the old strife between mechanism and teleology be regarded as settled in favor of the latter, the spirit of truth and honesty must, however, at once protest that it is not the old teleology which has conquered. It is rather an entirely new body of fact which has been drawn into the discussion and which solves the old problem only to hold within itself, as has been suggested, a new view of both mechanism and teleology. This, however, is rather stimulating than depressing, and is in reality nothing but still another illustration of the old saying that every advance brings with it a corresponding duty.

* "Die Seele als Naturfactor" (1903).

† "Einleitung in die Philosophie," p. 216ff. (1903).

Floradora Willoughby***A Tale of Physical Culture***

BY J. W. BENGOUGH

I.



MISS Floradora Willoughby was very short
and fat,
With a figure which, quite truthfully,
might be described as squat;
And though her face was pretty, it was marred
by discontent,
For her thoughts were always dwelling on her—
well—"embodiment."

II.



When she saw tall girls around, her it made her
almost wild,
Nor to her dumpy figure could she be reconciled:
"Oh!" cried she, "I'd grudge no sacrifice if I
could only be
Tall, and slight, and supple, and slim and
willowy!"

III.

And then she wailed and sorrowed, and in her
plight so sad,
She took to special dieting, on food as well as
fad;
But 'twas in vain, apparently, the problem thus
to solve,
He "too, too solid flesh" refused to "thaw,
melt or dissolve."

IV.



Not even all her grieving o'er her figure made
her thinner,
Nor did she lose an ounce of weight by going
minus dinner:
So she at length was on the verge of sheer and
blank despair,
When by a happy chance she read an article
somewhere.

v.

It told of Physical Culture and the marvels it can do
For cases such as hers ; oh joy ! she read it through
and through ;
And digested all it said of calisthenics and Delsarte,
Until from end to end she knew the whole thing off by
heart.



vi.

As they sometimes say in dramas—you'll please to
understand
An interval elapses here : I cannot take in hand
To tell the weary story of Miss Willoughby's long course
Of dumb-bell's, weights, and swinging clubs and other
forms of Force.



vii.

Let it suffice to say, in brief, her faith and enterprise,
Her persevering efforts, and her strenuous exercise
Were splendidly rewarded ; her triumph was complete.
She was tall, and thin, and wiry, and most active on
her feet.



viii.

Alas ! few earthly blessings are pure without alloy ;
Miss Floradora Willoughby was now brimful of joy ;
But the calisthenic habit and the system of Delsarte
Had become a second nature, from which she couldn't
part.



ix.

And when, at length, she married a meek, bald-headed
man,
'Tis safe to say that trusting person's testing time
began ;
For, though a worthy character, he was not overfine,
And high æsthetic culture was scarcely in his line.



X.

Yet, while they sat at breakfast and chatted *tête-à-tête*.

She'd pass the butter to him in a scientific way ;
That is—she'd take the platter, and, with fine command of nerve,

Deliver 't when she had described a graceful, sweeping curve.



XI.

When she walked into the drawing-room it was indeed a sight

That filled all casual visitors with rapture and delight,
Such poetry of motion, such a sylph-like, fairy air—
They'd never seen such picturesque cake-walking anywhere !



XII.

And then her fetching attitudes ! She'd do a *pose plastique*,

Artistic, though unconscious, whenever she would speak ;

With " Susan, bring the dinner in ! " she, with an outstretched hand,

Would be a Grecian statue that personified command.



XIII.

With " Post this letter, Samuel,"—in a speech quite commonplace—

She'd do the pose that meant beseech with most pathetic grace ;

Or when, perchance, the door-bell rang, she'd sternly wave her comb

(If she were doing up her hair), and say, " I'm not at home ! "

XIV.

But oh! the way she'd say it, and the gesture she
would make,
It knocked poor Susan every time, and made her
fairly quake,
Till at length the creature had to leave her well-paid
situation,
A hopeless case of heart disease mixed up with nerve
prostration.



XV.

When Mrs. Floradora walked out upon the street
With her unassuming husband, 'twas esteemed a public
treat,
As a lesson in deportment, free — "pro bono
publico,"
And the general popu'ation turned out to see the
show.



XVI.

But not to lengthen out the tale, I only need to tell
How a strange—and p'r'aps instructive—"denoué-
ment" befell;
The lady, by excess of curves, quite wore her system
out,
And then, for want of exercise, once more grew mon-
strous stout!!



XVII.

And contemplating with despair her doubly cruel fate,
In rage and piqued abandonment, she ate, and ate,
and ate,
Till, 'mongst fat woman freaks, she was a prodigy so
rare,
That her husband "showed" her in a tent at every
County Fair,



The Hon. James Cox Aikins, LL.D.

BY REV. NATHANAEL BURWASH, M.A., S.T.D., LL.D.



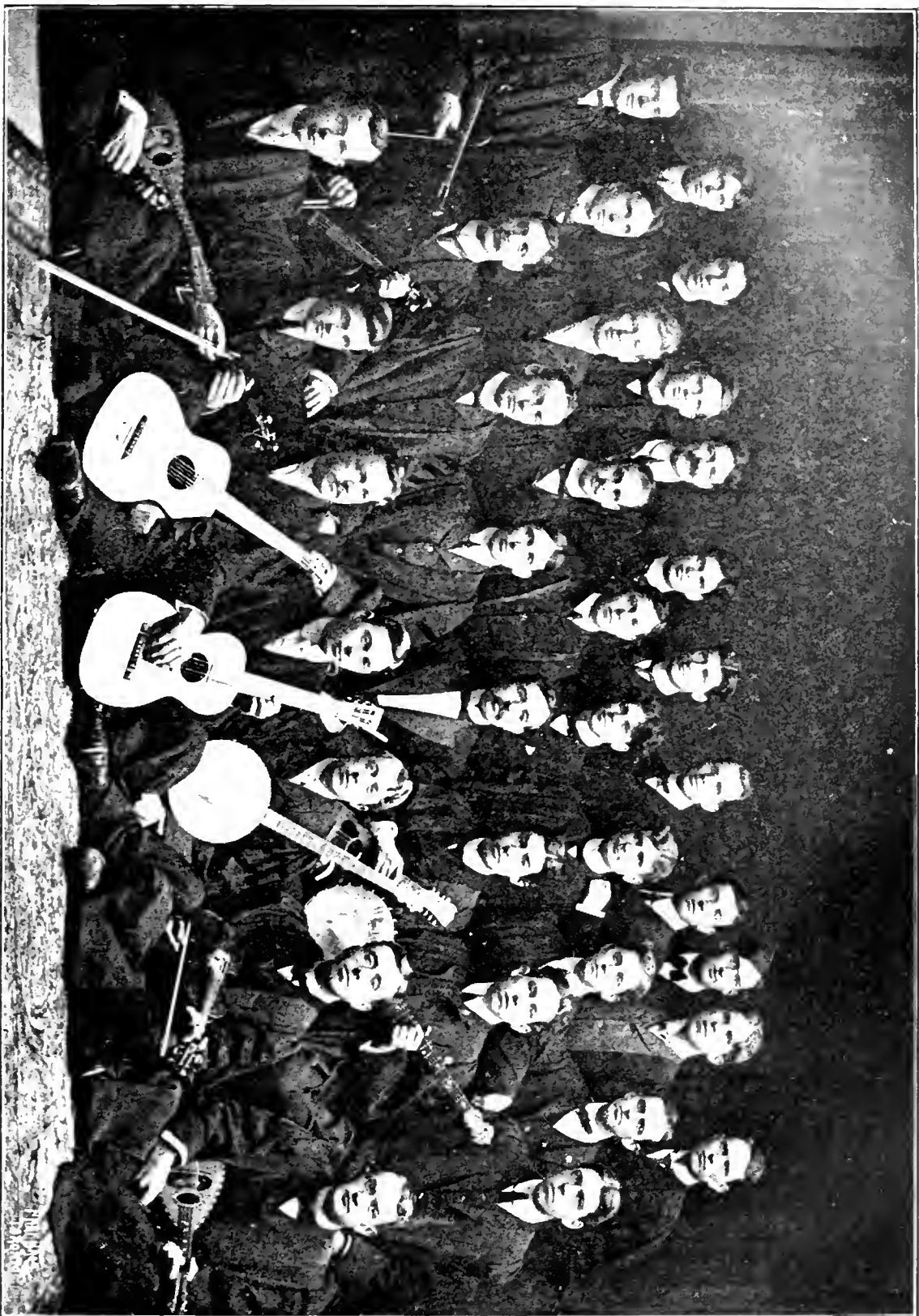
URING last vacation our country lost one of its most useful and honored citizens, and our College one of her oldest and most eminent sons by the decease of the late Senator Aikins. Mr. Aikins was descended from that North of Ireland people which has taken so prominent a part in the building of Canada. His father emigrated from Monaghan in the year 1816 and after a brief sojourn in the city of Philadelphia settled



CHANCELLOR BURWASH.

in the Township of Toronto, about thirteen miles west of the town of York in the year 1820.

Mr. Aikins, sen., had been educated in the Presbyterian faith, but in that early day the itinerant Methodist preachers were the only evangelists of the country, and as they visited his neighbor-



VICTORIA GLEE, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

Woolworth,	Cruise,	Jackson,	Moore,	Trons,	Price,	Parrell,	Trueman,	Hewitt,	Sanders,	Henderson,	Bishop,
Kelly,	Reid,	Tybble,	Kemp,	Baker,	Malwood,	Seitz,	Macartney,	Johnston,	Harris,		
Sibley,	Madden,	Bus,	Mon,	Cannolly,	Pres,	W. J. McNally,	Leader,	R. M. Chase,	Leader M. & G. Club,	Pres M. & G. Club,	Lane,
Jolliffe,	Smith,		Green,		Green,	Zarbrigg,		Mark,		Chenoweth,	Tier Pres,

hood he opened both his heart and home to them, and his house became a centre of religious life and influence. Here, in 1823 was born his eldest son, James Cox Aikins. He grew up in the midst of the simple strenuous life of the farm, shared in all the toil and hardship of those early days, was blessed with the moral discipline and fervent religious influence of his Presbyterian-Methodist Christian home, and himself became at a very early age a decided Christian, rejoicing in the clear consciousness of spiritual life. After this spiritual birth God gave him nearly seventy years of life, during which his religious spirit was not suffered to decline, and his simple, unassuming, Christian profession was consistently maintained.

At the same time other foundations for future usefulness were being laid. The people from whom he came were an intellectual people who valued education, and from reformation times had built their schools on the same lines as their Presbyterian brethren across the Irish Channel. The schools of Upper Canada, in the thirties of the last century, were still very rudimentary, but of these he availed himself to the fullest extent. When he was yet but thirteen years of age, Methodism opened to her sons and daughters the doors of the Upper Canada Academy. Here a liberal curriculum of more advanced studies was offered, the services of able and thoroughly qualified teachers, most of them university men, others trained in the classical schools of the Old Land, were secured, and the most modern and effective methods of instruction were introduced. The new institution at this time divided with Upper Canada College the honor of furnishing the best education then available in the Province. Here, in 1840, Mr. Aikins joined the scores of young Canadians who then filled its classes, and pursued a most successful course of studies for the next five years.

At the end of Mr. Aikins' first year in college the Upper Canada Academy had emerged from its lower stage of academic work, as it had been endowed by Act of Parliament with university powers, and at its head was placed Dr. Egerton Ryerson, already famous for his labors on behalf of civil and religious liberty, and soon to be equally widely known in the work of education. To the young college and its new president were gathering the strongest young liberal spirits of the country; and Mr. Aikins found himself in company with, as fellow-students,

such men as Nelles, Ormiston, Springer, Hodgins, MacDougall, Brouse, Biggar, and Dennis, who have all borne a prominent part in the subsequent history of our country, and many of whom were afterwards his associates in the halls of legislature. As a student he was fully their peer, carrying off from year to year some of the highest honors of his class.

But while college life had inspired many of his fellow students with ambition for professional or public life, his love of the quiet country home remained unchanged, and on coming of age he returned to the farm in the County of Peel which was to become the beautiful homestead of after days, and which was to be his home for the next twenty-five years. Thither he brought, in 1845, his young bride, Miss Mary Elizabeth Jane Somerset, a lady whose beauty of person and of Christian character, and whose refinement and intelligence fitted her to be the companion of an educated man, and to grace the high stations to which in after years they were to be called.

The next ten years were given to the quiet life and the duties of home, neighborhood, and church, to which he gave his energies as class-leader, Sabbath School superintendent, and trustee. But even then premonition of his future duties were not wanting in municipal honors, and a nomination for parliamentary honors, which he at first declined. In 1854 he was elected in the Reform interest as representative of the County of Peel in the Legislative Assembly, and for the next seven years devoted his attention to the important questions then before the country, such as the settlement of the clergy reserves, the establishment of the municipal system, and the improvement of education. In 1861 he was defeated on a local issue by the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, but the following year was elected to the Legislative Council for the Home District, including the Counties of Peel and Halton, from which he was called at Confederation to the Senate of the Dominion of Canada.

The political life of a member of Parliament, whether in the Upper or Lower House, from 1862 onward was a stormy one, and when the "double majority" failed and a deadlock of parties was imminent, the leaders of both parties consented to unite their forces to carry into effect the great national measure of Confederation, as promising relief from their present political difficulties, as well as a nobler destiny for their country in the future. In the ministry which was thus formed the Hon.

George Brown, the leader of the party with which Mr. Aikins had thus far acted, the Hon. Wm. MacDougall, his former fellow-student, and the Hon. Oliver Mowat, were members on the Reform side for Upper Canada, with the Hon. John A. Macdonald, James Cockburn, and Alexander Campbell, Conservatives. This coalition government ended with the completion of Confederation, and the entrance of the old provinces into the new Dominion. It was the desire of Sir John A. Macdonald that the union of parties should be continued, but Mr. Brown and Mr. Mowat declined and the Upper Canada Reformers were represented in the first Dominion Cabinet by Messrs. Howland, Fergusson-Blair, and MacDougall. During the autumn several changes took place and on the 9th of December Mr. Aikins was called to the Cabinet as Secretary of State. In the same month Mr. Fergusson-Blair died and henceforward Messrs. Aikins, MacDougall, and Howland continued to act in Parliament with Sir John A. Macdonald. He held office for the next five years, until the fall of the Macdonald government, in 1873, on the Pacific Railway charter. During this time among the important measures carried into effect in his department were the organization of the Dominion Lands Bureau in the North-West, and the passing of the Public Lands Act in 1872. In the preparation of this Act he was largely assisted by his friend and former fellow-student, Colonel J. Stoughton Dennis, then Surveyor-General. When the Macdonald administration returned to power in 1878, Mr. Aikins was again included in the Cabinet, and continued in office until 1882, when he resigned his place in the Senate and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. At the close of his term in 1887, he returned to Ontario, and in 1896, was once more appointed to the Senate, in which he continued to discharge his duties to the end of his life.

Throughout his whole life, he not only maintained his character as a consistent Christian man, but also found time and opportunity for Christian work, and took a prominent part in all the interests of the Methodist Church. For many years he was lay treasurer of the Missionary Society of our Church; and his influence, experience, and ability in public affairs were always at its command for service. He closed a long and useful life in the quiet of his own home and in the peace of the Christian faith on the 6th of August, 1904, in the eighty-second year of his age.



The Eternal Path

TIME whips us on along the eternal way,
 And as we strain towards the unknown goal,
 We hail with joy or grief the new-born day :
 We bless or curse the seasons as they roll.

But this our Earth is doomed as well as we ;
 She holds her course unwearied round the sun,
 She spins along the path, unwitting she,
 If ever her long journey will be run.

And he, our central force, our life, our light,
 Sun of our suburb of the universe :
 He plunges on into the infinite,
 Unknowing what far fields he must traverse.

And other suns, a million suns beside,
 With frightful, unimaginable force,
 Are whirling through aerial deserts wide
 To unknown goals on the eternal course.

Secret the way, far-off, unknown the goal,
 And yet the Father holds us in His care :
 He guides His worlds, He lifts the weary soul :
 He knows the way, He hears thy feeblest prayer.

W. J. Allison

The Barricade

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON ("SERANUS").



HERBERT LORING was a young barrister of promise and an intimate friend of the family. He possessed a spontaneity and fertility of humor, and a vein of inconsequence and generosity which, while delightful to share in, contributed chiefly to his suddenly renouncing his home and profession and taking to mining. In other words, the Klondike fever caught him—held him fast.

For six months he was absent—none knew whether he had been successful or not—when, as suddenly as he had gone, he returned. That return was dramatic. It was New Year's Eve and the hour seven, with the gas lighted and a plentiful table laid for five. The meal being "high tea," both white and brown bread were on the trencher, and a good-natured quarrel reigning between two boys as to the relative merits of the loaves. From sport they proceeded, as youth will, to earnest. The loaves were snatched, held on high, grabbed, thrown down, caught again. Next they changed hands, and in the midst of calls to order, rapping, laughter, shouting, the brown loaf crumbled in two, and the white being a twist, resolved itself into a long yellow shining braid lying across the table.

"Children, children, this is going too far! Leave the bread alone at once!—do you hear? It is a sin to waste it so."

Like an echo came from behind my chair the words, "It is indeed a sin to waste it so!"

I started and looked around. Herbert Loring stood at the door, the very ghost, as we say, of his former self. His dress had suffered, his features were sharpened; his eyes sunken. His gay, confident manner had vanished and, more like a suppliant than a friend, he held up one hand as if in protest or invocation. For a moment this strange impression affected us, then we crowded around him, and he grew more natural. Apologizing for the broken bread, I was sending for a fresh loaf when he put his hand earnestly on mine and begged me to do nothing of the kind.

"I heard you say that it was a sin to waste the bread, and I repeated your words. Did you hear me?"

I told him I had.

"But you could not understand why I—I—Herbert Loring, repeated them. And I do not wonder. There was a time I, too, might have wasted good food; but not now—not now!"

This transpontine speech amazed us, but we forbore to question him just then. When the meal was over we asked as to his success. For answer he drew a canvas bag from a small hand valise and put it on the table. It appeared to be full, and we were naturally delighted.

"You reappear after a respectable interval," I said, "like the regulation miner of fiction, in shabby clothes, but with dust and nuggets in the regulation bag. Your friends will envy you."

Herbert smiled rather sadly. "I hope not, though I have not done so badly. I have no nuggets, as you call them, but I have cleared \$1,000 in dust and two bars valued at \$500 apiece."

"Are you going back?"

"Never! I would pave roads sooner."

"But think of what you have done already! If you went again knowing the ground better—"

Herbert struck his hand fiercely on the table.

"Never, I tell you! Heavens! You sit here and—and—waste the bread, the daily bread of peace and work and plenty together, and yonder there are men starving—starving—do you know, can you tell what that means?"

We were silent.

"I left here," Herbert resumed, "late in June, as you know. We got up without any accidents. The trail was an old and frequented one; we had summer on our side, and our provisions were well chosen and plentiful. The air was so invigorating that all our portaging and walking failed to fatigue us, and we were among the first to try our luck near Dawson City. In fact, our success was extraordinarily simple. We just took pans and shovels, dug and washed, and washed and dug, and cleared any amount of stuff. But the scenery was monotonous, and the life rough and drear. Sturgis, a surveyor, whom I had taken a fancy to, and an American named Dyce, were my only companions, and by the middle of November we had enough of it; so we started for home. Sturgis wished very much to try the other side of Plymouth Pass than the one we had come by, as at a place called Fort Melton, we had heard there was a small settlement working a richer and newer claim, and Dyce and I, eager for adventure, arranged that we would accompany him. We were warned against proceeding by a trail so little known so late in the year, but with bags full of money, two canoes, fair weather, and plenty of provisions, we started without a misgiving.

"At our first Portage, the Portage de la Mauvaise Musique—and a bad music it turned out for us—a dreadful thing happened. We lost

Dyce. I was on ahead with tools and provisions. Sturgis followed with one canoe, while Dyce was some distance behind with the other. The river ran here in a wild rapid, too furious to freeze—a most dangerous channel, even for the skilful Indians of the district; but Dyce, lake-bred (he belonged to Ohio), could never be brought to understand the peril of seething waters. As we paused a moment, the devil seemed to enter into him. He ran to the shore, launched the canoe, and was off and away towards the centre of that turbulent stream before we knew what he was doing—with a smile upon his face—poor old Dyce! Sturgis and I dropped canoe and burdens, shouted and swore. He only shook his head and pointed to the opposite bank.

“ ‘He'll not reach it!’ cried Sturgis. ‘And, by God, there he goes now! It's all up with him!’ ”

“The canoe was caught on the tip of icy, sparkling waters, hoisted high on a crest of silver as a ball on a spout, was overturned, and sent spinning into the rapid. We heard a cry, caught a glimpse of something being torn and tossed on the half-submerged rocks, and that was the last of Dyce. You can understand how this incident affected us, as, in addition to the loss of companion and canoe, we lost our chart, which Dyce had upon him. It was impossible to reach him, and the already too cold nights precluded all ideas of waiting till the body floated out into the stream.

“We proceeded next day by water, and soon found that the loss of the chart was indeed very serious. Between the Portage du Rocher and the Portage du Chien we were to make land at a spot opposite a large blazed tree hanging over the water; but whether we went too far or whether some storm had uprooted the landmark I do not know; we never saw it. On the second afternoon the current was rapidly increasing and Sturgis moodily reviewing our position, when under our bow a long cascade of rapids revealed itself, and in a moment we were drawn into the deadly threads of glittering surge. Sturgis threw out the heavier packages. We knelt close, and felt the canoe oscillate, quiver, strive, scratch—then fly straight as an arrow over and through the seething crests to smooth water. We got safely to shore, but the canoe was good for nothing!”

“Did you turn back?”

“Turn back? You never knew Sturgis, it is plain. No; we went on without a chart, with food for only a fortnight, calculating, however, that we would reach Fort Melton in about three days, keeping due south by the stars at night, and in the day-time watching the crests of

the Rockies on our left. On the third evening Sturgis stumbled against a stout rope, twined many times around a still stouter tree, knotted and tied in a profusion of twists and convolutions that would have baffled us long had we thought of undoing them. Sturgis, always intensely alive, alert and curious, was for following the rope; I preferred to let it alone."

" 'Don't you see,' he said, 'it's not loose, lying along the ground, but taut, strained, and evidently leading somewhere. I *must* follow it.'

"For a quarter of an hour we followed the rope where it led, over branches, around boulders, and between trees, when Sturgis suddenly grasped my arm.

" 'Li-ten !' he said. 'I hear voices.'

"In a moment I heard them too—a strange sound in the wilderness—that of hymn singing, and not by one or two voices, but by a multitude. The sounds came nearer and nearer, till without any warning—it was dark by this time, and painfully cold—we toppled over a treacherous sandy bank into a vale or plain below, still following the rope. Above us rose some kind of white, uneven wall or barricade through whose interstices we saw by the glare of several rude camp-fires a hundred or more pilgrims of the Klondike.

"Our feelings were those of extreme bewilderment and consternation. An hour before we had deemed ourselves the only human beings in that remote and inclement region: now we were face to face with a hundred of our species, among whom we might even find old friends and acquaintances. But we hesitated to enter the strange enclosure. Sturgis particularly—and this was unusual—hung back.

" 'I don't understand it in the least,' he said, peering through the apertures formed by the angles in the barricade at motley groups around the camp-fires. 'I never saw anything like it. What are these people doing here?'

"I had no explanation to offer. As yet we were too far off to note the expression or attire of those who sat clasping their knees and raising a doleful song by the ruddy and orange fires.

" 'And what in heaven's name is this wall built of? It looks uncommonly like—bones.'

"Groping about in the half light, the cold moon on one side, and bonfires on the other, we at last discovered that the barricade was constructed out of the bleached skeletons of many horses, presumably fallen by the way, in shape an irregular oval. The people inside it were grouped near the centre; and now, as we looked more closely, we could perceive that many of them

were lying on the ground covered with cloaks and coats, while those who were chanting scraps of hymns and psalms were horribly emaciated. One or two, stronger than the rest, rose from time to time and plied the fires, but in a listless and peculiar manner.

“‘It’s a case of giving up,’ muttered Sturgis, ‘caused, I suppose, in the first instance by famine. Look at their poor hands and fingers! Herbert, what are we to do?’

“It happened that, just as he asked me that question, a portion of the barricade on which we were standing fell in, and we were immediately revealed to the people round the fires, being precipitated almost into their midst.

“In an instant and with one accord the demeanor of the pilgrims altered. Those who were awake lost their languor and took on fresh and awful strength. Those who had been sleeping awoke, dazed and frenzied, although many of the forms stiffly outlined beneath coverings never moved at all. These were they who, alas! had already succumbed to cold and hunger. Sturgis and I were surrounded, beaten to the ground and stripped of our packs and bundles. We saw only one woman, but of all that demented throng I thought her eye the sanest, although it held, too, a torturing fear. The rest were men and boys of all ages, and mostly of the arti-an class, with a sprinkling of a rougher element. Sturgis and I fought for our lives. We had food for a fortnight at least, and in that time we might accomplish our return. What were they after? The attack was puzzling at first, and we both felt for our gold. But it was not gold they sought. Finding it, they threw it aside and would have stamped upon it.

“‘Gold! gold!’ they cried; ‘what have we to do with gold? We had gold; we have it yet, but we want what gold cannot give us—at least here—we want food.’

“Then it broke upon us that it must be for our provisions that these poor demented people had assaulted us, and, indeed, on rising from the ground where we had struggled for breath and liberty, we found our bags in possession of the strongest of the rabble. The disorder was so great that in ten minutes or less nothing remained, and half the food had been wasted by being spilled or otherwise destroyed. Much of it was not in a condition to be eaten, requiring preparation and cooking, and when this was the case it was flung away in mad derision.

“Oaths resounded on all sides, and in the glare of the bonfires the seekers after gold and fortune resembled some savage tribe engaged

in fearful and unnatural rites. Consumed with wonder and pity, we were thinking of our future movements and how we should maintain life for the next few days, when the woman I had noticed touched me timidly on the arm. I turned and met her eyes, melting with conflicting emotions.

“‘Can we do anything for you?’ I said. ‘I am afraid these cowards have left scarcely any food. See! they have taken everything.’

“‘Don’t call them that, sir,’ she replied, ‘or at least not till they have proved themselves so.’

“‘What do you mean?’ I asked, for there was a hurried change in her manner.

“‘Besides, I am not so badly off as the others,’ she answered, irrelevantly as I thought. ‘See! I am not at all reduced, not thin and worn like the men are.’

“It was true. She had managed to preserve more of the appearance of health than any of the singular camp, and was by nature a pretty and plump woman of about twenty-five.

“Sturgis was the first to perceive her meaning.

“‘My God! you don’t fear that they will—ah, I can’t name the thought!’

“Like a flash I saw her meaning, too, and recoiled. ‘Oh, not that; not that!’ I cried. ‘Anything but that. They might sink low, become desperate; but these are Englishmen—Americans—civilized—even religious men. They are not savages—brutes—cannibals.’

“‘Why do you not try to escape?’ said Sturgis. ‘Once at Fort Melton you will be safe.’

The woman smiled grimly.

“‘This is Fort Melton,’ she said, and for the first time I felt genuine fear—‘least, what there is left of it. My—my husband, Jack Macy, was the first to come here. That’s why I stand it so well. I know the climate, and I can go without food better than most people. But Jack’s dead. This cold spell finished him; he had a weak chest, and so I’m alone. And, sir, I’ve done my best to make a cheerful camp. I’ve brought in food for them, and I’ve shown them where to look for it; and the wall there was my idea, to keep off wolves and wildcats, and I’ve even tried to lead the nightly singing round the fire, but I can’t keep it up much longer.’

“She coughed to hide a dry, choking sob.

“‘I should think not!’ exclaimed Sturgis. ‘Why don’t your people make some effort to move on down, if possible, nearer civilization?’

“‘They’re too far gone, sir. They can do nothing till they get food.

Everything's been against us. In September last the bush fires spread and destroyed twenty-five shacks—all there were. We've had scurvy since then, and many, many deaths, yet you can't move them. When things are a little better then it is all 'rose' with them, and they think of the gold. But I'm afraid, sir, at last—and for myself."

"Sturgis and I were silent a moment, contemplating the men.

"'I might speak to them, I think,' said he. 'It can do no harm to tell them how we are situated ourselves, and as we are the fresher we might propose to start at once for Cariboo, the nearest station, and send back help.'

"'Be careful, sir!' said the woman.

"'Are they armed?'

"'No guns or powder to speak of; it's all used up. But they have a few knives, sir.'

"'That's all right,' said Sturgis, heartily. 'Look after Mrs. Macy, Herbert, while I interview these chaps.'

"'You had best call me Ellen,' said she, trembling and panting a little, 'there's a real Mrs. Macy somewhere in the town, and she might be uneasy if she heard about me.'

"You may be certain that neither Sturgis nor myself cared a button about the social standing of this heroine of the Klondyke. A braver, better woman, never breathed.

"Sturgis stepped into the circle of unknown men, and Ellen Macy and I withdrew where it was easier for her to tell me more of her story. We had been talking only a few minutes when a commotion arose around my comrade, and I judged it my duty to go forward.

"I rushed across the ground, stumbling over three or four prostrate bodies as I ran, just in time to see a long arm raised holding a knife, and the next moment to see that knife plunged into Sturgis. Yes; they killed him—murdered him—then and there. I have suffered enough, God knows! Then the men closed round me, and I saw, and never shall forget, their wizened, sharpened countenances; their long claw-like fingers; their voracious expressions; their glittering, yet dull, eyes.

"'What are you going to do next?' I cried. 'You'll gain nothing by killing me. I've no more food left.'

"I might as well have talked to the rocks and the ground. Across the red glare I caught Ellen Macy's eye, and it widened with new terror.

"There seemed to be some conferring among the crowd. A few burst into hysterical tears, others called wildly for food, swore, and

babbled in half delirious accents, and before I could elude their concerted action, they caught me up and tossed me over the ugly barricade.

"But, although bruised and stunned, I still retained sufficient consciousness to think of Ellen Macy—of the probable terrors of her position. I could only hope that aid might still come, if not by me, then through someone or something else. During my conscious intervals that night, I heard groans and shrieks, mingled with oaths and snatches of hymns, but I could detect nothing definite. So I deserted her, if it can be called desertion, and crawling from boulder to boulder, from crag to crag, faint, bleeding and in pain, I at length reached, on the third day, a straggling camp or settlement, known as Paradise Alley. In warm weather this was a beautiful spot by the shores of the Pelly River, but now it was looked on as the last outpost of civilization, numbering about twenty Indians and a dozen rough miners.

"I knocked at the door of the chief shack, and when it was opened fell on the floor without a word. That was the beginning of a low fever, through which I was nursed by the miners for six weeks. When I could speak coherently, I told them of the barricade, of the lonely woman, of my fears for her, of the end of my friend Sturgis.

"For some time they would not believe me. Then, in spite of the severe weather, seven of the men started north. They found the spot, and many, many corpses, but no trace of the woman Ellen Macy."

Herbert stopped for a moment, drawing his hand over his eyes then went on again.

"You see the wreck I am. You can imagine, perhaps, the effect all this has had on my mind and my sympathies. I have lost two companions; I have starved; I have seen murder done and dreamt far worse, and you ask me if I'm going back. Never!"

We had one question to ask: "What do you suppose became of Ellen Macy?"

"I do not know," said our friend, but with a tremor in his voice and a great awe upon his face. Outside the bells were jangling merrily in the crisp winter air, but around the table our faces grew grave. "I have not told this story before, but when I entered and saw you all so merry, and also—forgive me—so heedless and extravagant, everything came up again in my mind.

"Bread or gold, which do you choose?"

And Herbert, with a tinge of his old manner, held up in one hand his canvas bag, and in the other a loaf which had just been placed upon the table.

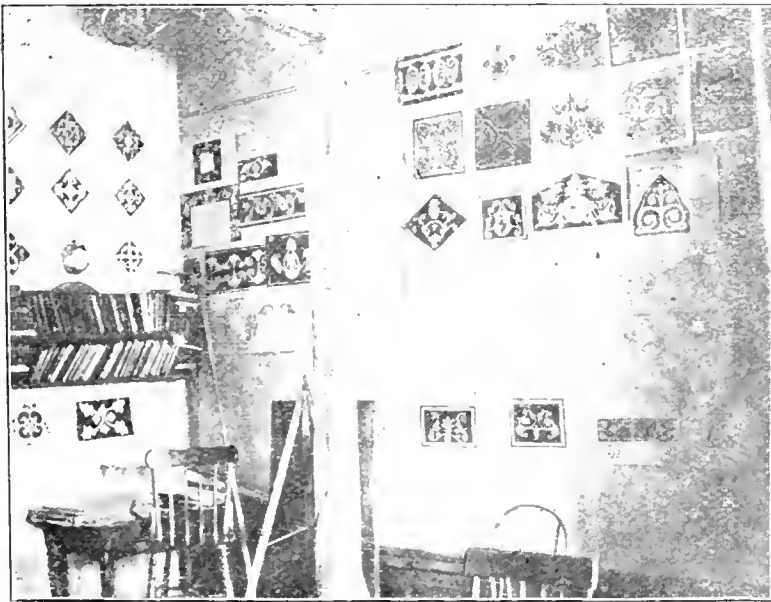
Manual Training

BY CEPHAS GUILLET, B.A., PH.D.



ANY thorough course in manual training must involve a study both of nature and of human history. It cannot ignore the past and it must draw new inspiration from nature, the perennial source of beauty. The goal never to be lost sight of is the marriage of beauty and utility.

In my own school, in which I had an opportunity of applying, unhampered by outside interference, the best methods I could discover or devise, I at first adopted a modification of the sloyd system. I taught my boys to use the knife and the tools of the carpenter in making various simple objects connected with their interests: as a marble-stick and other playthings, a pen-holder, a moth-drier, a bird-house, a



set of shelves for specimens, and the like, most of this work fitting in well with their work in nature study.* Realizing, however, that this, while good as far as it went, was very elementary work of limited educational value, I supplemented it with work involving higher faculties and appealing to more permanent interests. This was in large part the method of J. Liberty Tadd, as outlined in his "New Methods in Education."

* For an account of the work of my school in the study of their environment, see *The Pedagogical Seminary* for March, 1924, "A Glimpse at a Nature School."

I shall briefly describe a year's work of my school in this higher manual training. First we worked with the traditional units of design, as they have been created by the finest artistic minds—the scroll and anthemion, the shell, the leaf and bud and rosette. We learned to draw these with facility with both hands and then studied how to arrange them in beautiful patterns.

The illustration on page 193 shows the designs invented during the Fall term by nine boys from eight to fourteen years of age, except three of the designs which are by myself. They are variously executed in crayon, common ink, India ink and water colors. The boys invented from three to six patterns each, mainly head pieces, centre pieces and borders.



The boys were also taught to model both conventional and natural forms in clay. Clay has been used by man from time immemorial as a means of expression, and nothing is so suitable for the expression of the child's artistic conceptions as this wonderfully plastic material. The illustration on page 194 shows clay models made by nine boys in the winter term.

Frequently the boys were taken to the Zoological Museum and trained to draw some of the animals from memory. One was first allowed to scrutinize the animal selected until he thought he had a good mental image of it. He then went into another room and drew it. This proved to be an excellent means of training the powers of observation and memory. The same animal form was sometimes

also modelled as well as drawn from memory at the school the next day or several days later. It thus became fixed in the mind.

In March we sometimes took advantage of the thaws to model outdoors in snow from memory the animal forms we had learned to draw and model in clay. On page 195 are several groups of boys modelling in snow on Cartier Square. I one day took them to Parliament Hill and had them model in snow a large lion's head on each side of the great steps leading up to the Parliament Buildings.

As soon as a boy can model a good scroll he is taught to carve it in quartered oak (see illustration page 196). He is then encouraged to carve an original design for some article of furniture. As a means of at once arousing and giving a beautiful direction to energy, carving



in the tough oak is a splendid exercise, both physical and intellectual. It gives grip and grasp.

In the illustration on page 197 are the designs of carving for furniture, many of them (nearly all the more elaborate) original, carved in oak and other hard woods during five months by nine boys. There are panels for a coffer, a mirror-frame, the top of a plant stand, the ends of table book-racks, and several picture and photo frames. Some of the work there was not time to finish, but the pupils are both able and willing to finish it without further oversight. Such work gives boys confidence in themselves, the true confidence that comes from knowing that one can do things worth doing. All too much time is spent by our youth in mere sport.

In the spring, in connection with the work in nature study, the boys are taught to draw and paint our native plants. I have found that this work reveals to them beauty they had never observed before. "Why I never knew the wild ginger was such a beautiful flower!" was the exclamation of one of the boys after studying it in this way; and the others echoed his opinion. In the illustration on page 198 they are painting plants on the Gatineau River at the beautiful Chelsea Rapids.

Several of the plants are conventionalized and used in designs. The boys spent the last day of school at Rockliffe, by the Ottawa River (where they may be seen in the illustration on page 199), painting designs from the beautiful wild ginger and the graceful little twin-flower vine.



The manual training I have tried to picture develops something more than mechanical accuracy. It develops taste and inventiveness, qualities that are of the highest importance to society and which are yet hardly thought of in our ordinary systems of education; for these inculcate both the conservative and the critical attitude of mind, but rarely the constructive. What would not our manufacturers give for young men who had been trained in this way for a number of years to turn out work of high quality and finish? If we are to compete with the nations of the world as a manufacturing country, our educational systems will have to be revised.

Again, in all the exercises I have described of drawing, modelling and carving (and, indeed, of writing also), the pupils are trained to use both

hands with equal facility. Consider the advantage that a race trained to be two-handed and symmetrically developed in brain and body would have in all the arts both of peace and war.

But these more or less utilitarian results are not the only ones. The boys' eyes are opened to beauty of form and color wherever it is to be found in nature and art, as their parents have testified. Their minds are enriched, their experience broadened, their higher interests aroused, their capacity for happiness enhanced. The child can be truly educated not through books alone, nor even through nature study by mere observation and talk, but through the incorporation of the environment by the participation of the whole organism of the child in its apprehension and appreciation.



The utilitarian test, however, is not to be despised. For, in the last analysis the products of a people, whether the immediate work of artists or of artisans, or indeed of any class of workers, are the resultant, not alone of the skill and frugality, but also of the wisdom, the culture and the character of that people. And in this lies our truest ground for optimism in the struggle of races. On these terms the honest man will only welcome the competition of other races, whether they be white or yellow.

A great deal is being said these days about the importance of manual training, but in general all too narrow an idea prevails of what manual training is or might be, and often the nature and needs of the child, body and mind, are quite overlooked. The strong point of the sloyd system is its appeal to the simple interests of the child, in that it has

him make a finished object in which he takes a real interest. Its weak points are its narrow interpretation of the child's interests, and its insistence upon a logical system based on a study of tools, rather than upon a psychological system based upon a study of the child. I may illustrate the latter point by pointing to the first object that the child is taught to make. It is a tiny wedge about three inches long and about an inch wide, and one-quarter of an inch thick at the thick end. This tiny object is to be made by a knife in the child's clumsy hands. It recalls the mistakes of the kindergartners. Now it is a well-known fact of child growth, as of racial growth, that the large muscles of trunk and limbs develop first, the finer muscles of the hand last. The child, therefore, should at first be set to make large objects roughly with such tools as the saw and the hammer.



The sloyd system's narrow interpretation of the child's interests, to which reference is made above, is seen in its exclusion of the instinct for beauty, for ornamentation, an instinct possessed by the child in common with primitive man and his present representative, the savage. This instinct Mr. Tadd's system exploits in a very beautiful, but possibly too highly developed way.

The Japanese exercise their decorative skill upon the common objects of daily use. The Persians used to do the same; and to this day the Persian artisans make their own designs. Every true manual training teacher will strive to encourage and guide his pupils in likewise ornamenting with ever increasing art the things they like to make.

The excellence of Mr. Tadd's system lies in its insistence upon freehand drawing and designing as the base and centre of the work.

The ability to design is the key to all the minor arts, to clay-mode ling wood-carving, the work of the goldsmith and silversmith, embroidery, *repoussé* work, and many other beautiful arts to which our Canadian youth are unfortunately strangers. Here is a field well worth the attention of our manual training teachers and our technical schools.

It is not another system we want ; it is *men*. There is too much of "system" in all our educational effort, and too little of man, of the live, enthusiastic, courageous, original teacher. For all true educational work, whether manual training, or nature study, or history, or any other culture material employed to inform and develop the *body-soul* of the growing child, we need not departmental regulations or curricula, but men—men of insight and enthusiasm, men of



culture and special training. Here we touch the weak spot in our public system of education—the dearth of men thoroughly trained for their work. For all other skilled work based on science a long and severe special training is essential. Of the physician, dentist, lawyer, minister, engineer, years of direct preparation for their work is required, while we in Canada require of the teachers only a few months' crude training. What we need is a College of Educators, or, rather, several such, in affiliation with our universities. Until we have these and require our teachers to attend them, grading them and paying them according to the number of successful years there spent, teaching will not be a profession and the public will, in the main, continue to be badly served by those who should be the most important and valued servants of the state.

*The Wreck of the "Little Lion"**

BY AGNES C. LAUT.

EACH fisher hamlet on the north shore of Newfoundland and that part of the north known as "The Labrador" has its village bard to-day as two hundred years ago, who goes from house to house



AGNES C. LAUT ON HER OWN ESTATE.

on winter nights chanting in rude minstrelsy the adventures of the fishermen's perilous life. This episode was told to me off Labrador in 1898 and done into verse to the sing-song of the endless croon which

*Written off St. Battle Harbor, Labrador, October, 1898.

that wild northern sea always chants. This sing-song, four part measure, by the way, is the almost uniform measure of the hamlet minstrel's verse, with the exception that nearly all songs begin with the words, "Come all ye Newfoundlanders"; hence the name, "Come all ye's," by which fisher folk songs are known.

The crimson sun shone red as wine
Mid golden glory of the west;
The milk-white spray's swift wavering line
Tossed up in sheets from watery crest.

The angry sea was gilded bright
In one long endless amber trail;
The billows rose in thund'rous might
And broke their strength with mournful wail.

Newfoundland's cold gray rampart shore
Of lofty rock was lined in ice—
A coat of steel the island wore,
The glittering mail of winter's vise.

The coastal ship skimmed past the edge
Of ice-fields vast and grim and hoar;
She forced her prow, a narrow wedge,
Through crystal gaps of splintering floor.

At times she rode the billows' swell,
Or reeled away from curling tide,
Or felt the breakers as they fell
To freeze upon her shivering side.

"'Tis twenty years, come Christmas Eve,"
The old mate mused and gazed to sea,
"The *Little Lion* was booked to leave
Saint John's Harbor for Trinity.

"That night the sky was studded bright
With countless stars and full round moon—
Beneath, the land lay glistning white—
'Twas clear as day at cloudless noon.

"The cheer of Christmas Eve flowed free,
Friends lingered round the *Lion's* pier:
But out, at last, she rode to sea—
Ho-ho! The crew they scoffed at fear.

"No ripple ruffled the harbor breast—
 The shadowy narrows lay quiet and still,
 A sea asleep in glassy rest,
 With pencil lines of snow-clad hill.

"The lights a-bubbled in foamy glass,
 But a beacon glinted from yonder place"—
 The old mate waved toward a jagged mass
 Of sharp-toothed reefs as white as lace,

Whose breakers tossed their seething spray
 With cry, or moan, or long, low wail;
 Whose white wolf-packs ran down their prey
 Where weird ghost-arms flung back the gale.

"That night," the mate resumed his tale,
 "Yon treacherous ridge lay calm as death:
 The light-house beacon did not fail—
 But wine-fumes tainted the sailor's breath.

.

"The hours dragged leaden at Trinity,
 Men watched pale dawn turn deep-dyed red—
 Tired eyes strained hard for ship at sea—
 The welcomes home remained unsaid.

"At Christmas noon poor women came
 And thronged the wharf and scanned the sea:
 At eve, the *Little Lion's* name
 Was breathed in prayers at Trinity.

"Untouched the ready banquet fare,
 The coast was searched for sign of wreck:
 Unfilled the hamlet cotter's chair—
 The watchers spied nor spar nor speck.

"Though twenty years have passed away,
 The fisher-folk with gruesome awe
 See wraiths amid the jagged reef's spray,
 And tell in whispers what they saw.

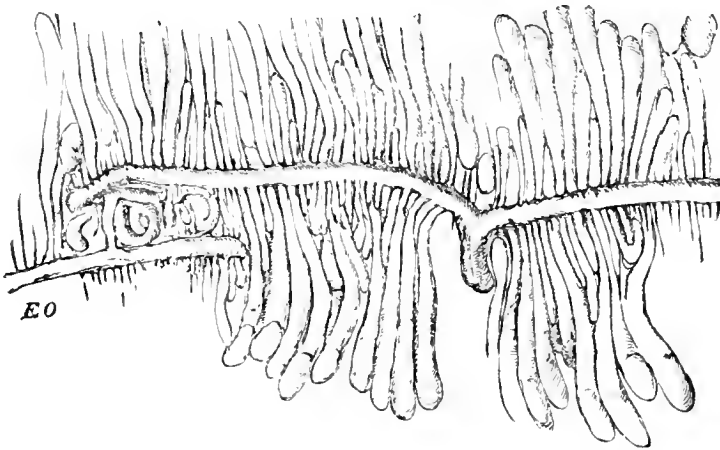
"When winds wail doleful there in storm,
 And waves moan low beneath yon cross,
 You can almost fancy some ghostly form
 Bemoaning in sobs the *Lion's* loss."

Ambrosia Beetles

BY REV. CHAS. J. S. BETHUNE,

Editor of *The Canadian Entomologist*.

THE lives of God's creatures, even the most obscure and humble, are full of interest to anyone who takes pleasure in observing the world of nature about him. Patient watching of any particular species of animal life will usually reveal habits and instincts that seem to us marvellous, because they are so unexpected and so different from what we had learned about others. This is especially true in the case of insects, whether living in solitude or in communities, though we find most to interest us, no doubt, among the social kinds, which have



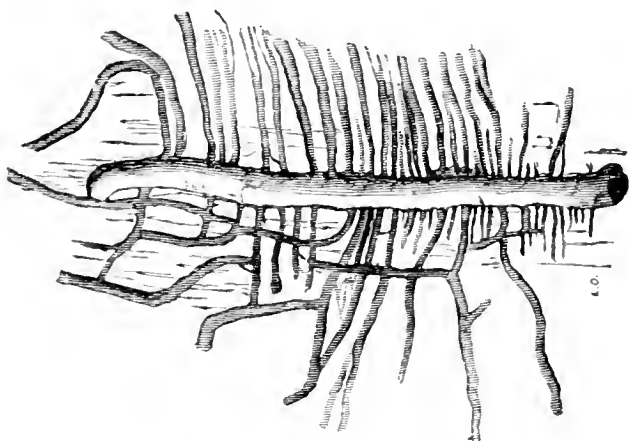
GALLERY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING BEETLES.

a highly organized mode of life, and where the work of the individual is subservient to the welfare of the community.

Many insects live in societies during their larval, or caterpillar, stage, but without any apparent organization, merely feeding and taking shelter together, like a flock of sheep or herd of cattle; these usually separate when about to enter the chrysalis state, and fly about independently when they have arrived at their perfect condition; they can hardly be included among social insects, though they perform some actions which are for the common weal. As a rule the species that form organized societies belong to the great order *Hymenoptera*, which includes the ants, bees and wasps; it is therefore somewhat of

a surprise to find anything of the kind among the members of any other order. The Termites, or white ants, however, belong to the *Neuroptera*. I propose now to give some account of a curious family of beetles (order *Coleoptera*), whose life-history was revealed to us a few years ago by the late Mr. H. G. Hubbard, an able and most painstaking entomologist.

When the bark is removed from the trunk or larger limbs of a dead tree, the surface of the wood is often found to be marked with singular patterns, such as those shown in the accompanying figures. These are the work of the Wood-engraving beetles, tiny species of the family *Scolytidae*, who often do an immense deal of damage to forest trees by causing the bark to dry up and separate from the wood, stopping the flow of sap and gradually killing the tree. Some kinds



GALLERY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING BEETLES.

also injure the timber by sinking their burrows into it and opening the way for fungous diseases and rot. To this family belong the Ambrosia beetles, who may be included in the latter class, as they do not engrave the surface of the wood, but bore deeply into it.

In Canada there are four genera of Ambrosia beetles recorded in our lists, and to these belong fourteen species; but no doubt many more remain undiscovered, as owing to their habits and their minuteness they are seldom collected. Our species vary in size from two to five mm.—one-sixteenth to less than one-quarter of an inch in length. They are elongate, cylindrical, compact creatures, with very short legs, in color of a dull brown; in many of them the end of the body is sloping and armed with thorn-like teeth. This armature is apparently intended to protect the insects when in their burrows from any attack in the rear.

The members of the different genera vary somewhat in their habits as well as in their structure and appearance. We may, however, take the genus *Xyleborus* as typical of the family. A solitary female starts the colony by boring through the bark of the tree she has selected into the solid wood, leaving a small round opening usually termed a "shot-hole," from its resemblance to the perforation made by a small shot. The boring goes deeply into the wood for some distance and then branches are formed in different directions which serve as brood galleries, and in each are deposited five or six tiny eggs. The young hatch out in a week, and at once begin to feed upon the ambrosia provided by the action of the mother-beetle.



A SCOLYTID
BEETLE.
(Greatly magnified.)

The Ambrosia (so called by a German naturalist many years ago) is a minute fungus which is grown and cultivated in special galleries. The mother-beetle starts the growth on a carefully prepared bed of fine chips, which is afterwards manured by the excreta of the larvæ. The beginning of the growth is entirely controlled by the insect, but it requires a certain amount of sap in the wood, and this in a state of fermentation. Consequently the conditions are somewhat precarious owing to the drying up of the wood, and the life of a colony of these beetles in a particular tree is often restricted to a single generation.

There are two kinds of ambrosia—one, the stylate, grows erect and has at the tip swollen cells (conidia); the other, the moniliform, forms tangled chains of cells like the beads of a broken necklace. The fungus is succulent and tender and glistens like pearls or drops of dew; it is produced in great abundance and causes the walls of the galleries to look as if covered with hoar frost. The young larvæ eat the tips only, but the older ones and the adults devour the whole growth, which soon springs up again like asparagus. It requires to be constantly cropped in order to remain succulent and edible. If allowed to ripen the cells burst and discharge their granules and the plant disappears, to be succeeded by a dense growth that soon would choke up the galleries and cause the suffocation of the inmates. There is thus a danger to the colony, for if its numbers do not increase with sufficient rapidity it may be overwhelmed in the superabundance of its food supply. If the galleries are disturbed and opened to the light the beetles fall to eating the ambrosia as rapidly as possible in order to save as much as they can of their precious possession, just as bees when alarmed fill themselves with honey. Indeed, this food-fungus is just as important to the ambrosia beetle

as honey to the hive, and is the object of its greatest care and solicitude. Its work in arranging for its production, when we consider the size of the creature, is enormous, and the difficulties and dangers attending upon its growth require constant toil and supervision. One can imagine that the mother beetle must have a very anxious life!

In some species the larvæ move about and procure their own food; in this case it is the erect, stylate fungus which is grown for them. In others the larvæ are kept in small chambers, excavated at right angles to the main galleries; these are fed by the mother, who packs the entrance with the bead-like growth of the moniliform fungus. The supply is renewed from time to time, and the refuse in the cells is carefully cleaned out and employed for enriching the fungus beds. In populous colonies the dead inmates are laid away in deep recesses and carefully covered in with a mass of chips. After about a month from their hatching, the larvæ change to the pupa state and shortly after to perfect beetles: the colony will then contain about a score of adults, all females but one or two. By this time the drying of the wood, and the consequent failure of the food supply, causes the young females to migrate and start fresh burrows and colonies. The males are left behind, and being wingless are unable to join in the migration to another and fresher tree; when left alone they are usually too few in number to keep down the rapid growth of the ambrosia and so perish from suffocation. Sometimes, however, they assemble from the different colonies in a tree and form bachelor communities in a selected gallery, as many as fifty and sixty having been occasionally found, and thus by their united efforts they are able to prolong their existence by devouring the rapid growing ambrosia. Their fate is a melancholy one, as they are either overpowered at length by the over supply of food, or perish of starvation from the failure of the crop, which must sooner or later take place.

The *Xyleborus* affects many trees—the maple, ash, oak, etc.—and in the West Indies injures the sugar cane. Healthy, living trees are seldom attacked by these beetles, as they do not provide the necessary conditions of fermentation for the growth of ambrosia, but those that are already dying from other causes are selected. They do not, therefore, kill trees, but they do much injury to timber. The growth of the fungus causes a deep black stain to penetrate the wood for some distance around the galleries, and the borings when numerous weaken the timber to such an extent as to render it useless for structural purposes. Staves for barrels and casks, and shingles for

roofing, are often badly perforated and spoiled. In the Southern States, where the climate is moist and warm, casks of wine have been attacked and serious leakages caused by these minute beetles.

In the Eastern States the genus *Corthylus* is very injurious, as some of the species kill shrubs and young trees by running their galleries entirely round the stem beneath the bark and causing death by girdling. They attack healthy plants and destroy young maples, sassafras, dogwood, etc., and smaller growths such as the huckleberry.

Some species of the genus *Xyloterus* are abundant in this country, and attack coniferous trees from the Atlantic to the Pacific; others the aspen or poplar. These are more sociable in their habits, several pairs of the beetles forming a colony with a single entrance, but each family occupies its own "flat," as we may term it, which consists of one or two branch galleries. Each female attends to her own brood, which are reared in cells at right angles to the main passage way, and feeds them with ambrosia grown near by. The entrance to each cell is kept constantly supplied with a mass of this food.

From the foregoing outline it will be seen that the lives of even the most minute and obscure insects are well worth studying. Each one has its own duties to fulfil and its place in the great economy of nature. While these ambrosia beetles are sinking their burrows, growing the food-fungus and feeding their young, they are helping on the work of disintegrating dead and dying trees and hastening their removal and decay. But for the unconscious labors of these and other tiny creatures the forests would become blocked with fallen timber, and the growth of young trees and other plants would become impossible. The borings of the beetles admit the rain and moisture into the heart of the wood; fungous diseases then find a suitable condition for their spread; rot sets in, and by degrees the fallen tree crumbles into dust. An obstruction is thus removed and the useless material is converted into a fertilizing substance for the living members of the forest.

Surely we may say, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all."



Saint Ignace and the Vision

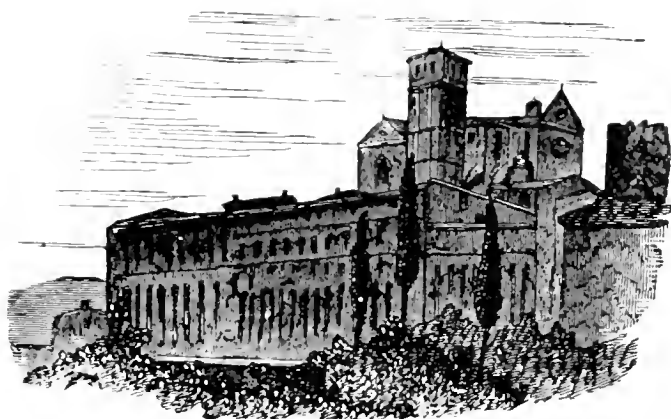
BY H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

THERE dwelt a monk in cloistered solitude,
His reverent gaze fixed on the sacred rood,
His attitude devout, his soul aflame
With noble impulse and a god-like aim.
A great ambition—to be purged from dross
And changed into the likeness of the Cross—
Had led him from the world's gay haunts away
Where he could read and meditate and pray :
His highest hope the blessed Christ to see
And touch the hem of His Divinity.
Morning and evening, passing, found him there,
The midnight hours were spent in secret prayer,
His days in penance, fasting : low he bowed
Before the crucifix, for he had vowed,
His prayer unanswered, none should see the face
Or listen to the words of Saint Ignace.
Bright butterflies peered through the grated pane,
The birds sang sweetly down the linden lane,
And children touched the monastery bell,
Then started at its melancholy knell.
But Saint Ignace oblivious was to earth,
He counted all its joys of little worth.
For higher things the heart within him pined,
No mortal dreams disturbed his holy mind.
And as he wept and his misdeeds confessed,
A benediction breathed within his breast :
From the unseen some spirit seemed to say,
“Thy prayer is heard, thy wish fulfilled to-day.”
His gaunt eyes glowed with new, unnatural fire,
High heaven had deigned to grant the monk's desire.
He rose, prepared the Eucharist with care
Lest glorious guest should greet him unaware ;
Then hurried for the Pontiff's robes of state
And thus attired sat down to watch and wait.
There came a gentle tap upon the door,
A child's voice broke the stillness heretofore,

And pleaded to be fed and taken in.
Her feet were cold, her clothing scant and thin,
But Saint Ignace was busy with his beads,
He had no time for others or their needs.
The heavenly vision would appear to him
With early matins or the vespers dim,
But as the dreary hours dragged by, the place
Grew more deserted, light forsook his face,
The tapers lower burned, he was dismayed—
Why was the vision thus so long delayed?

L'ENVOI.

Unhappy monk, thou mayest pray for aye,
The answer to thy prayer was sent that day,
It lingered long, then sobbed and turned away.



Across New Brunswick in a Canoe

BY DR. G. U. HAY, ST. JOHN.

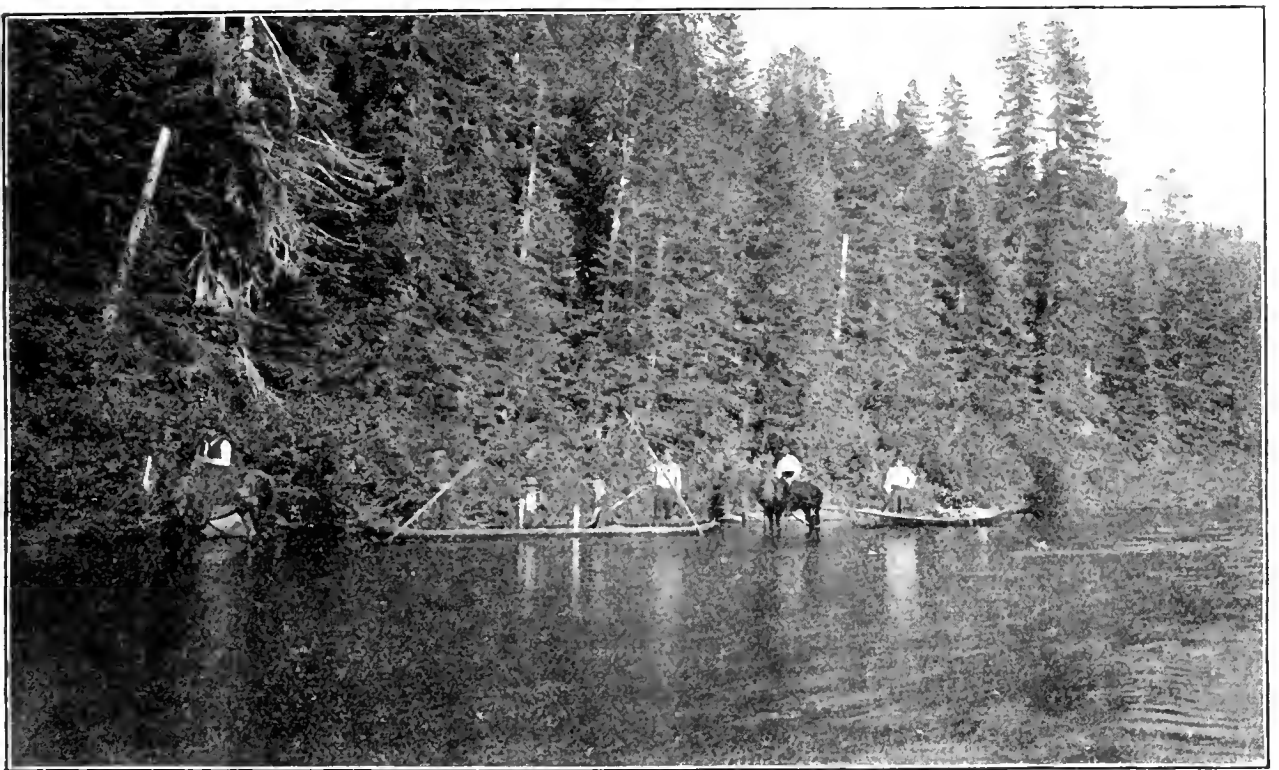


LET us make our next trip the best of all!" was the burden of my friend G.'s letters all the winter from his home in Massachusetts.

Thus, when the forests of New Brunswick were clad with snow and its rivers and lakes locked in ice, did we delight to recall the memories of bygone canoe trips and plan new ones, with the prospect of making our way without guides through the wilderness, paddling on the quiet waters of woodland lake, or dashing down long series of rapids.

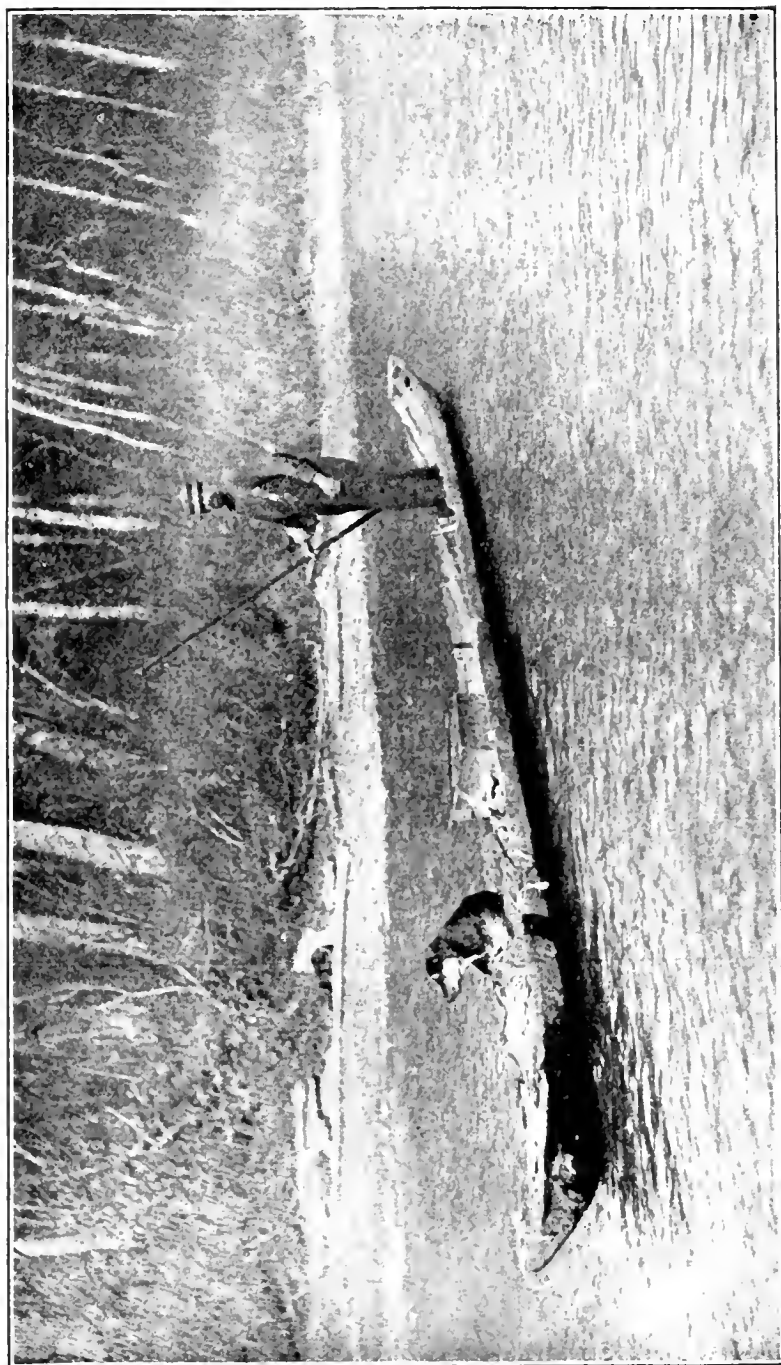
The glint of our camp-fires had shot athwart the noble stretches of the St. John, from the highlands of Maine to the Bay of Fundy. We had listened to the music of purling rivulets on the Madawaska, with their promise of cooling draughts and their wooing to delicious slumber. The Restigouche, with its evergreen borders, its hundreds of sinuous curves, and the impetuous current gliding swiftly over the pebbly bed, had been our delight for a whole fortnight. We had raced down the Tobique Rapids when swollen by a summer freshet. The wondering eyes of moose and deer had followed us as we toiled, weary, but delighted, to the remote sources of the branches of that sportsman's river—the Gulquac, the Mamozekel, the Serpentine. We had heard the loon's weird cry awakening the echoes of the forest near the sources of the Miramichi. In imagination we had pictured the exhilaration of riding on the "bore's" back as its crested tidal wave is borne along the Petitcodiac River from the Bay of Fundy.

But for this particular season that I speak of, my friend G. wanted a "bang-up" trip as he expressed it, and we decided to enter the Nipisiguit River on the eastern side of New Brunswick, make our way to its source, cross a portage, and come down the Tobique to its mouth, where it unites with the St. John. This would lead us through a wilderness over a hundred miles in extent, up a river eighty miles long, true to its Indian meaning of "rough waters," and falling a thousand feet from its source to its mouth.



HORSES PULLING THE "DUG-OUT" AND SUPPLIES.

On Monday, the 8th of August, we started from Bathurst with a canoe, camping outfit, some scientific instruments, and a four weeks' supply of provisions. We were driven as far as Grand Falls, twenty-one miles along the roughest part of the river. The names of "Rough Water," "Chain of Rocks," "Round Rocks," "Pabineau Falls," are suggestive of some of the perils of navigation in a frail canoe on the lower Nipisiguit. The Pabineau Falls, about twelve miles from Bathurst, is a wild and beautiful spot, the river tumbling over a granite ledge into a deep pool beneath—a chosen spot for the anglers of salmon.



THE "DUG-OUT" AND THE GUIDE.

At the Grand Falls the river, after a drop of seventy-five feet, pours swiftly through a narrow gorge, three-fourths of a mile in length, with opposing walls of rock, the space between which, in times of freshet, becomes a seething tumultuous rapid, obliterating the falls for the time being.

Two rough-looking guides, who proved to be as rough as they looked, were on hand to convey us from Grand Falls to Indian Falls, thirty miles farther up the river. We began the ascent in a large "dug-out," a familiar craft on northern waters. In this we were placed with our baggage; our birch canoe was towed alongside; a horse furnished the motive power, with one guide on his back, and the other in the "dug-out" to fend us and our valuable possessions off the rocks and shoals. For an hour or two the chief interest lay in watching the horse floundering over the rough bed of the stream, or, where it was too deep, picking his way among boulders along shore. Then we concluded that sitting in cramped quarters in a dirty dug-out, and being hauled up a picturesque stream was a very uninteresting proceeding. We longed for more action. It soon came.

A few miles up stream was a bit of dangerous water, where the river was confined within the "narrows," a gorge formed of nearly precipitous walls of rock. The current foamed among boulders. The horse and dug-out mode of travel was exchanged for another more congenial, perhaps, for us—certainly so for the horse. Our lighter baggage was portaged across a woodland path to a point farther up river; the remainder was entrusted to the guides who undertook to pole the half-loaded dug-out through the rapids. Loud shouts, mingled with a large share of profanity, rising above the roar of the waters, quickly brought us to the edge of the cliff to see two very excited men endeavoring to right the upturned dug-out, which lay firmly wedged between two huge boulders, defying every effort to dislodge it. The heavier portion of its cargo had gone to the bottom, while the lighter articles danced merrily on the turbid stream amid tantalizing breakers. Fortunately our birch canoe had not been carried across the portage, and with it we rescued ham, butter, pork, fishing tackle, etc. But there were some things dear to our hearts that the greedy waters would not yield up, and these were baked beans and the aluminum outfit containing cooking utensils and dishes.



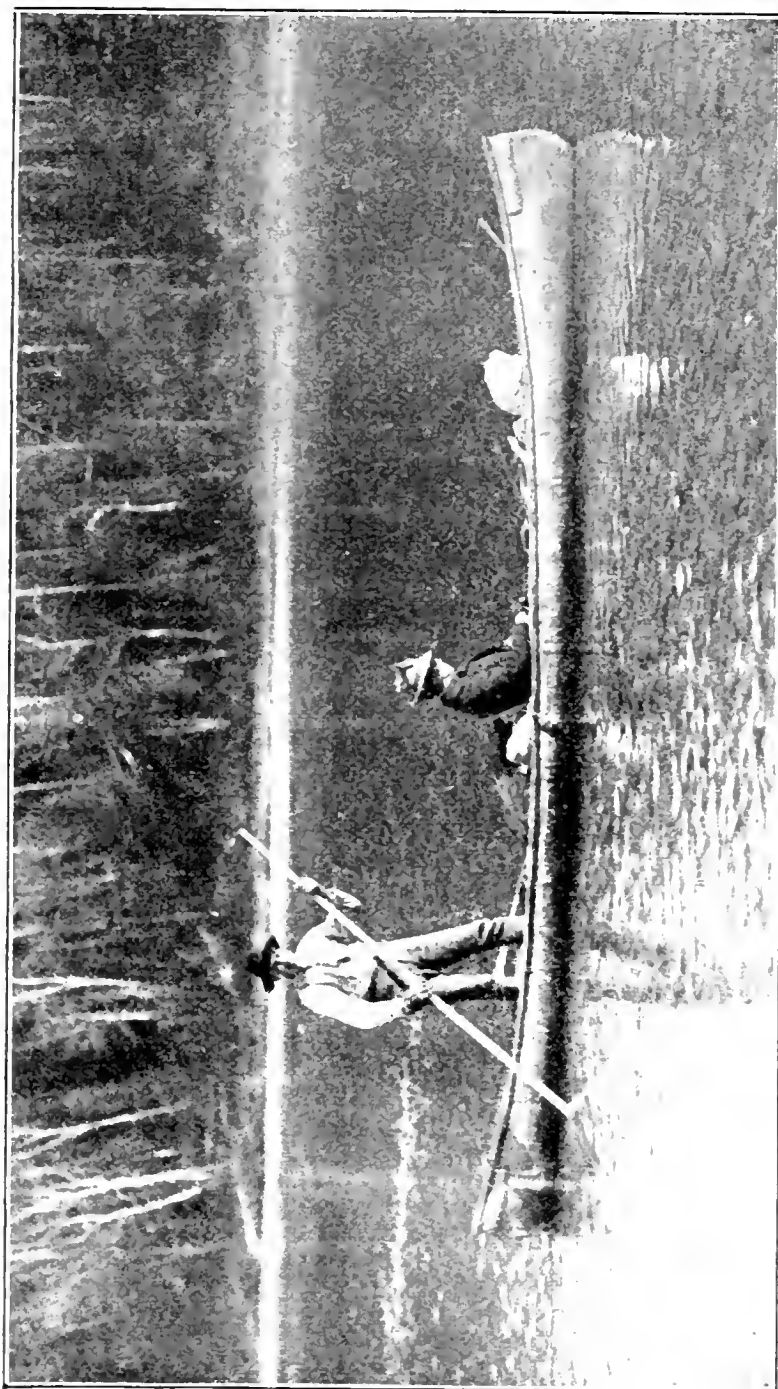
ROUGH WATERS OF THE NIPISIGUIT RIVER.

Guides are an encumbrance, if not of the right kind, and we decided to dispense with ours. We took counsel after we had gathered the remnants of our supplies together. Our greatest loss was the supply of canned beans and our cooking outfit and dishes. The beans, in spite of a long and anxious search, were not destined to grace our wilderness banquets, and for aught we know still lie buried in some pool at the bottom of the Nipisiguit—sincerely mourned. The bright sunlight of the next morning revealed our aluminum outfit in a pool about a mile or so from the scene of the wreck. In the meantime a weary tramp to the fishing lodge below Grand Falls, seven miles distant, secured for us a small cooking outfit and some dishes, generously placed at our disposal by a sympathetic sportsman.

Fortune seemed to smile on us after our gruff and careless guides—a sort rarely met with in New Brunswick—had taken their departure. Left to our own resources we pictured the delights of making our way unaided through the wilderness ahead of us, taking our own time, and examining whatever we chose, with a prospect of abundance of physical exercise and ingenuity in overcoming the obstacles that undoubtedly lay before us.

On Saturday afternoon, the sixth day after leaving Bathurst, we reached Indian Falls, nearly fifty miles from the mouth of the river, having poled our canoe for three days without any mishap through twenty miles of very bad water. But we rejoiced in the prospect of a Sunday's rest in one of the wildest and most picturesque spots on the river, and the opportunity to review the events of the past week, estimate our resources of strength and provisions, and form plans to reach the second haven of rest—the Nipisiguit lakes—more than thirty miles beyond Indian Falls. We had devoted ourselves almost entirely during the past three days to the task of getting our canoe up through the rapids and among boulders that strewn our pathway, "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa."

But the delights of this wilderness journey far outweighed its trials. We seemed to plunge deeper and deeper into the solitudes. The hills became higher, and gradually closed in upon us as we ascended the river. Cool springs and gurgling rivulets of ice-cold water were refreshingly near us; in their cool, mossy retreats *Droseras* and *Utricularias* were busy capturing their

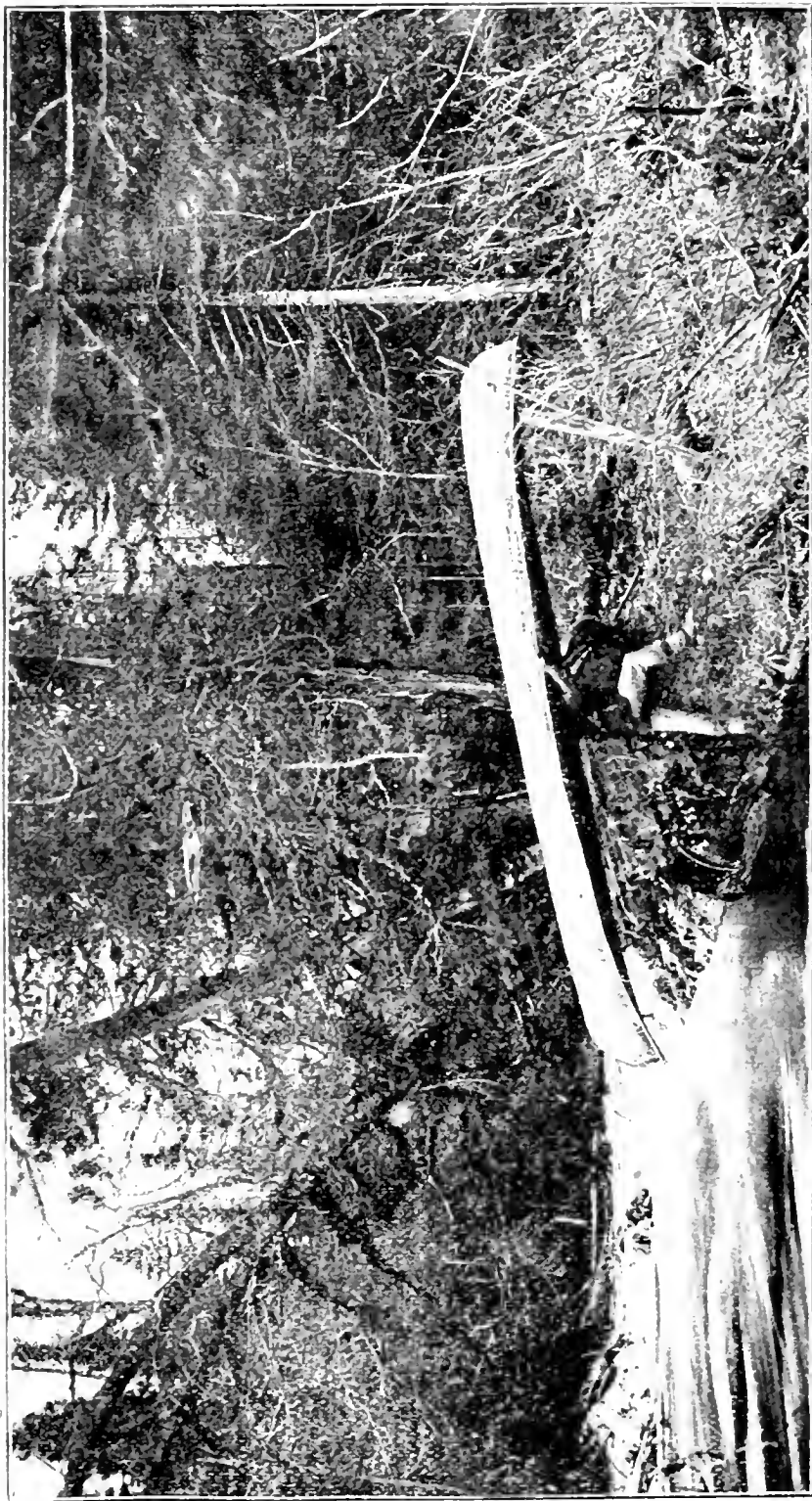


OUR BIRCH BARK CANOE.

insect prey: purple and white-fringed *Habenarias* peeped out from many a shady retreat: *Virgin's Bower* and *Joe-Pye weed* crowded all the vacant spots in a tangle of white and purple.

And what a charm there was about that camping-ground at Indian Falls, with the light of the full moon coming to us over the dark hills of spruce and pine! There was no sound except the rushing of waters, which fell continually on our ears. A spirit of contentment was in the air. The coffee never gave out a more delightful aroma. The flapjacks, as they were sent with a dexterous turn in the air, turned and came down in the right place in the frying-pan, sizzling musically, with a well-browned surface good to look upon. We enjoyed with all the high spirits of boyhood the charm of outdoor life in the woods. We talked of everything under the sun. There was no clash of opinions except on the point, How many should compose a camping party? *Four* and *three* were suggested, but these numbers were rejected as introducing too great a variety of interests which would possibly clash; there might even be an objection to *two*. This suggestion rose from experience of the past week: the rivalry might become too keen in the deftness of turning a flapjack or in producing its richest brown. Again, if one of the two should tumble from the canoe and go sprawling upon the flood, should the other laugh or maintain a proper gravity under such trying circumstances. Thus we whiled away the hours until the fragrance of fir boughs and the murmur of the waters growing fainter and fainter lulled us to sleep.

On Monday morning we made a portage of about half a mile to get round the rapids, of which Indian Falls forms the lower end. These portages are among the delightful troubles of a journey through the wilderness. One wished at such a time that the camping party consisted of four instead of two. But we took it as a pleasure, over that pretty woodland path, well tramped for centuries past by voyageurs—aborigines, a motley host of hunters with their guides, and wayfarers like ourselves. First, we took the canoe, binding our coats on the benches nearest the bow and stern to prevent chafing our shoulders, then raising and turning it dexterously so that it was carried bottom upwards over our heads, Indian style. Next the baggage was taken as far as we could at once: then we put it down and rested as we walked back for more, after the fashion of Klondikers.



THE PORTAGE AS WE CARRY THE CANOE.

Next day we climbed Bald Mountain, one of the highest peaks on the river, from the summit of which a beautiful panorama was presented to the view. The outline of the river could be traced from our place of starting to its source in the Nipisiguit lakes. The scenery was picturesque, even grand in many of its features. Lofty mountains—some covered with foliage to the summit, others bare and rocky—were in sight, rising in height towards the source of the river, with innumerable valleys and ravines between, through which glistened the silvery threads of their winding streams.

Several Alpine plants rewarded us for the toilsome ascent of Bald Mountain, and the air was bleak and cold, reminding us of past glacial conditions. The temperature in the valley below, we found on our return, was grateful, even sultry.

At the end of another week we reached the second haven of rest—the Nipisiguit lakes, four in number, and connected with each other by navigable thoroughfares. After a fortnight's vigorous striving against the waters of a rough stream, we could enjoy the rare luxury of sitting down and paddling our canoe. The sun never shone on a fairer picture of mountain-embosomed lakes. In the clear, cold streams that found their way here and there amid quiet nooks and bays, the trout rose in fierce eagerness to seize the fly; the moose swam lazily out of our way or floundered along the oozy bottoms near the shore; and the deer watched us with indifference from a distant point of land, but resented our nearer approach. Two days after we "carried" across the portage, which separated the Nipisiguit and chain of lakes from Tobique Lakes. The largest of the latter is Lake Nictor, four miles in length, from which rises Sagamook Mountain, 2,700 feet, the highest in New Brunswick. The scene from the top is strikingly wild and beautiful, with virgin forests as far as one can see, the abode of moose, caribou and deer.

After a week's mountain climbing, fishing, and exploring, we began the descent of the Tobique with its hundred miles of rapids and quiet meadow-skirt stretches, rendered all the more enjoyable from our toilsome ascent of the Nipisiguit.

In Arcadie

BY HELEN M. MERRILL.

THE sea is green, the sea is grey,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime :
Where earth is rife with bloom of May
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea—
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcadie—

Love fares to-day, and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves ;
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and wood bird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies.
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dream-held hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf ;
No sapphires gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief :
No grey unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green, and fair,
Where veeries sing in secret bowers,
And lindens blow, and little flowers,
And bluebirds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
About a shadow-painted room
Builted of many a bough and bloom—
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow-falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
And thou beside me in the dusk.

The Christmas Message

FROM out the Eastern country, so runs the story, where by day princes shone in the busy splendor of their gold and purple and precious stones, and by night sages won from the quiet skies the secrets of the stars, there came, some nineteen hundred years ago, three philosopher kings, bearing in their hands rich and royal gifts and in their bosoms wise and reverent hearts. Through the smiling plains of fertile provinces, over mighty rivers laden with the commerce of the nations, past the marts of merchantmen, the schools of the wise and the palaces of princes, steadily they journeyed on until they came to an obscure provincial town among a despised and conquered people, and the star that guided them paused over the place where a young child lay. Then royalty and riches bowed the knee to poverty and the wisdom of many studious years did reverence to the helpless ignorance of infancy. For the child, though very poor, was a great king, and the worship of the wise men was but a symbol of what he should bring to pass in aftertime. For when the child grew his people received him not and for long years he was buffeted with distress and poverty; his garments were coarse, his fare was scant, his friends were few, and of his own he had not where to lay his head. But at the last he was seated upon his Father's throne, and because he had been poor and evilly dealt with, he made proclamation that his representatives in especial in all places should be the needy, the sick, the ignorant, the outcast, the sorrowful, and the oppressed. And he made a decree that the rich should succor the poor, the wise teach the ignorant, the powerful relieve the oppressed, the lighthearted cheer the sorrowful, those in honor and in health visit the outcast and the sick, the strong bear the burdens of the weak, and if any should do service to these his representatives, it should be as if they had done it to the king. And the king's people did so. And though very many years have passed the king still reigns, and when he hears of any who delight to do the biddings of his decree he prepares for them mansions in his own house, and when he has summoned them to come to him he says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And these are always with him.

J. B.

Upper Canada Academy

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.

I.



IT is probably known to all the readers of this journal that during the first five years of its career, 1836 to 1841, Victoria College was known as Upper Canada Academy. The story resolves itself into two parts: first, the causes that led up to the organization of the college or academy; and, secondly, the account of the institution in its struggle into life. The story of one of the pioneer educational institutions of this province should appeal to a much wider circle than the students and graduates of Victoria College, and it has a bearing much broader than merely an educational sketch, for it forms an important part of the great struggle of 1830 to 1840 that changed most radically the political, religious, and social life of our people. While writers on the events leading up to the troubles of 1837 do not, as a rule, enlarge upon the organization and early working of this academy or college as a necessary part of the study of that question, I am firmly convinced that a thorough acquaintance with the early history of the institution would greatly assist in a proper understanding of the struggle for civil and religious equality.

Half a century had elapsed since, in 1784, the first bands of Loyalists had crossed the rivers and lakes and settled down to make their homes in the primeval forests of Upper Canada. The passing of this half century had carried off the majority of the sturdy veterans who had left their comfortable homes in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina to support the royal standard. Here and there remained one to counsel and encourage, but the men of the time must, of necessity, have been of the second generation. Some had been carried into Upper Canada in the arms of their fathers and mothers, some had dim recollections of the privations of the early clearings, the hungry years, and the increasing struggle with the forest and its unfriendly denizens. Properly to approach our subject, therefore, we should make a study of the conditions of



EXECUTIVE OF CLASS OF 1905, FALL TERM, 1904-05.

J. A. M. Dawson.	F. W. Stapleton, <i>Treas.</i>	A. L. Fullerton, <i>Sec'y.</i>	G. A. Cruise.
Miss Hamilton.	W. J. Saffor.	J. S. Bennett, <i>Treas.</i>	J. A. Spencey.
Miss Vanelsyue.	Dr. Edgar, <i>Hon. Pres.</i>		Miss Walker, <i>1st Vice-Pres.</i>
			Miss Dwight.

these fifty years that we may know how the people were trained, what advantages they had, and what were the defects that they endeavored to remedy.

From the summer of 1784 to the end of 1788 the little groups of colonists were wholly engrossed in the clearing of patches from the forest and the erection of log-houses, under the leadership of their old military officers and the direction of the commanders of the several military posts. They were dependent for their supplies upon the distribution of military stores. The only government that they knew was that which was centred in the military commanders at Forts Cataraqui, Niagara, and Detroit. Education must have been of secondary importance, if it received any consideration at all. The military chaplains may have endeavored to conduct schools, but these would be limited in their influence. Early in 1789 the four districts were formed, land boards were appointed for the settlement of disputes and the location of later arrivals, and courts of law were constituted. In this same year we find the first trace of a movement for schools. A petition for educational help was sent to Lord Dorchester, the Governor at Quebec. He ordered that portions of land be set aside for endowing schools in the new townships, but we do not find that this brought any benefit before the new Province of Upper Canada was set apart on the 26th of December, 1791. Eight years had passed when Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe arrived. The children were growing up, assisting their parents in the stern struggle, with no opportunities for schooling outside of the limited assistance that they might receive from their fathers and mothers. There were few books saved from the wreckage of their southern homes, there was little leisure, there was a daily demand upon the full energies of all, young and old, in the strenuous struggle for existence. That the rising generation did not degenerate may appear a marvel, but the sterling qualities that came by inheritance and the education acquired from the active development of hand and eye and ear compensated, to a certain extent, for the lack of that education that comes from the ordinary school-house. An examination of such records of those early days as are available shows that the settlers of a century ago wrote with an uncertain hand, spelled words with quaintness and originality, and took liberties with the King's English that would not be tolerated at the present day; but they

maintained virtues and displayed mental activity that are not surpassed in this later age. When we consider that the majority of the people of this province were, for the first forty or fifty years of its history, to a large extent deprived of the advantages of common school education, our admiration for their progress must be aroused and our interest in their history greatly quickened.

Simcoe's coming into the new province must have infused new life and hope into the isolated settlements. He came to introduce a new form of government, and he came with his mind fully made up as to lines along which that government was to be administered. Two questions were very dear to his heart—the education of the people and the building up of a Church. As far as possible he proposed to reproduce Old England in Upper Canada. To him the State Church of England was fundamental; it must be continued or reproduced here. The university was the right arm of the State Church of England: Upper Canada must have a university. Several months before leaving England he wrote as follows to Sir Joseph Banks about his new field of work: "Schools have been shamefully neglected—a college of a higher class would be eminently useful and would give a tone of principle and manners that would be of infinite support to government." Later, writing from Quebec to the Secretary of State, he said: "But the question of higher education is of still more importance; lower education, being less expensive, may in the meantime be provided by relatives and, more remotely, by school lands." Simcoe's dream was for a University at York under Church direction, but he got no encouragement from London. In June, 1796, the Duke of Portland (Secretary of State) suggested that his ideas of the schoolmaster best adapted to the needs of Upper Canada were "such as are thoroughly competent to teach reading, writing, accounts, and mensuration." Simcoe in his reply reiterates his desire for a university, "from which, more than any other source or circumstances whatever, a grateful attachment to His Majesty, morality, and religion, will be fostered and take root throughout the whole province."

Simcoe returned to England in 1797, no doubt deeply disappointed that some of his most cherished plans had not been matured. Nothing of importance had been done in promoting a general scheme of popular education. The people were left to

their own resources. Here and there voluntary schools had been started, but they must have been rather crude and limited in their influence. Schools, that might be dignified as classical, had been started as follows: At Kingston, by Rev. John Stuart (1785), and at Newark, by Rev. Mr. Addison (1792), Rev. Mr. Burns (1794) and Richard Cockerel. Mr. Cockerel soon transferred his school to Ancaster. There was also a school of some sort at Fort Niagara, which up to 1796 remained a British post. Just as Simcoe was leaving the plan of district schools was taking shape. He sent forward the recommendation in 1787 to the Duke of Portland, who returned a favorable reply, addressed to Simcoe's successor, Hon. Peter Russell. The chief civil officers of the Crown (the judges, law officers and executive councillors) prepared a report that recommended the setting apart of 500,000 acres of land, also \$12,000 for each district. Schools were to be started at once at Kingston and Newark, later at Cornwall and Sandwich; York was to be the seat of the university. This was in 1798. On 31st of December, 1799, Mr. John Strachan arrived at Kingston to assume the presidency of the new university. But, meanwhile, the plan had been abandoned, and, after a couple of years teaching at Kingston, Mr. Strachan opened his famous classical school at Cornwall. Just before this Dr. Baldwin opened his classical school at York.

Down to 1807 no progress was made in establishing schools for the people. The young people were growing up with the limited schooling supplied at home or in the voluntary schools. Again we ask, Why did not the province degenerate?

In 1807 a fresh start was made. On the 10th of March there was passed *An Act to establish public schools in each and every district of this Province*. This provided for one school in each of the eight districts; £100 was to be paid to each school. The Lieutenant-Governor was given power to appoint a board of not less than five trustees for each district. It is noteworthy that this bill originated in the Assembly. In the previous year an educational bill had passed the Assembly, but was lost in the Legislative Council.

Some of these grammar schools were fairly successful, but others were limited in their influence, owing to their location. Disputes and jealousies arose, and various attempts were made in the Legislature to have them transferred to more favorable

locations. That they supplied only in part the demands for education is evident from the starting of other private schools, the most noted of which was the Ernestown Academy at Bath, under the care of the talented and distinguished Barnabas Bidwell, a man as learned as his more distinguished son, Marshall Spring Bidwell. The War of 1812-14 closed effectively the few grammar schools in the country for these three years. Education was still having a most discouraging time in Upper Canada. It required a year or more for the people to resettle themselves after the close of the war. This brings us down to 1816.

The year 1816 is one of the divisional years in Upper Canadian history; with it opens a new chapter in our career, for then began the rapid settling of our vacant lands by the home-seekers from over the sea. It opens a new chapter also in our educational story, for then, for the first time, provision was made by the Legislature for the general education of the common people—\$24,000 was granted annually for four years for common schools. The people were to erect the school-houses and to elect trustees, who had the power of appointing teachers and supervising the work. Thus it will be seen that now for the first time the control of the common schools was entrusted to the people. That the new plan was not a brilliant success may be surmised from the fact that on the expiration of the four years the grant was cut down to \$10,000. Judging from contemporary reports the people were somewhat dissatisfied with the provision made for the education of their children. The population continued to increase very rapidly by the yearly additions of settlers from England, Scotland, and Ireland, who brought with them new ideas from the Old Land as to the necessity of schools. It should be remembered, as bearing upon the second part of this paper, that the grammar schools of this period were, as a rule, in charge of men closely associated with the Church of England. Several of them were clergymen. Dr. Hodgins, in one of his works on the history of our educational system, entitles one of his chapters as follows: "Fitful Progress from 1822-1836," and this describes the state of affairs in a terse and suggestive manner.

Time and space do not permit a detailed survey of this period that immediately precedes the founding of Upper Canada Academy. Let me refer to a few things that contributed to the

unrest and contentions that so deeply stirred the people at this time. The Executive Council applied to the Home Government for permission to introduce the national, or Church of England, system of schools. Mr. Thomas Appleton was the common school teacher at York. His supplies were cut off, his school closed, and, at a large increase of expenditure, a national school was established at York. For eight years (1820 to 1828) this was a source of contention between the Assembly, on the one hand, and the Executive on the other.

In 1827 the charter for King's College was obtained, and though the college was not opened, the Assembly and the Executive kept up a continuous struggle over the conditions of that charter limiting its control to members of the Church of England. Sir John Colborne, of his own motion, or rather without consulting the Assembly, obtained a grant of land and started the college, known at first as Minor College, later as Upper Canada College. This also was a cause of contention between the people's representatives, on the one hand, and the Executive on the other.

Year after year the struggle was kept up and the cause of the education of the common people suffered. The ten years, 1827-1837, were the most momentous in the history of this province. The question was being worked out as to who were to control this province, the representatives of the people or the Executive appointed by the Home Government. Working along one line through one set of men, it resulted in the rebellion of 1837; working along another line, it solved the Clergy Reserve question; along another line, it produced Upper Canada Academy, Queen's College, and other independent educational institutions. But the great question that concerned all classes was, Who are the government of this province? Having thus briefly referred to the struggles and contentions that disturbed our people for the first fifty years of our existence, I purpose in the succeeding paper to follow up its sequence in the story of Upper Canada Academy.



The Garden of Peace

BY BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

Oh, the garden of peace! the cool of its shade
Spreads out to the passionate heart that has
prayed :

And when we have yearned to breathe with the blest
It comes with the promise of infinite rest.

Oh, the garden of peace ! I have sat in its shade,
And learned of the prayer in Gethsemane prayed ;
My heart up to Calvary's cross has been prest
And calmed with the knowledge of infinite rest.



A Greek Christmas Service

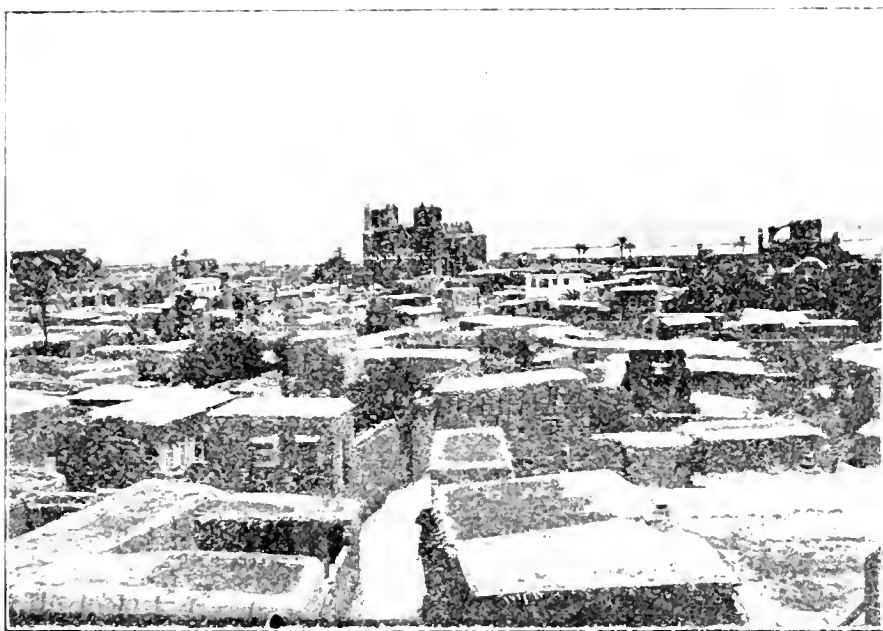
Nicosia, Cyprus.

December 25th, 1896, O.S. = January 6th, 1897, N.S.

BY REV. H. T. F. DUCKWORTH, M.A., DEAN OF THE FACULTY
OF ARTS, TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

IT was only three hours and a half past midnight, but the bells of the Metropolitan Church of St. John the Divine, in Nicosia, were already summoning the Orthodox to assemble for the celebration of the Liturgy.*

Dark it was at that hour, of course, but not nearly so cold as it would have been in this country. By four o'clock I was in the



FAMAGUSTA, LOOKING EASTWARD OVER THE SEA.

cathedral, and found a place in the stalls on the south side of the building.

These stalls run along both sides of the church, as far as the "Iconostasion" or "Templos," *i.e.*, the screen which separates the sanctuary from the part where the congregation stand. In

* The Greeks always speak of the Order of the Communion as "the Liturgy." They have two "Liturgies" now in regular use, *viz.*, (1) the "Liturgy of St. Basil," used on the vigils of Christmas and Epiphany, on the 1st of January, the first five Sundays in Lent, Thursday before Easter and Easter Eve; (2) the "Liturgy of St. Chrysostom," used at all other times.

the cathedral at Nicosia, as in almost every Greek church I have ever seen (except one in Manchester, England) the sitting accommodation is scanty. Yet the congregations will stand quite contentedly for two or three hours at a time while the Liturgy is in progress. The *stasidia*—as the stalls in Greek churches are called—might, in the case of the cathedral church in Nicosia, accommodate some sixty persons. They were all occupied that morning, but besides their occupants there was a multitude that thronged the whole building. The only other seats to be found were in the “gynæconitis,” or women’s gallery, at the west end, but not a few women preferred to stand on the floor of the nave, in company with the men-folk.

The name *stasidia* indicates that the stalls are meant for standing in, rather than for sitting. In each one there was a seat, moving up and down on a hinge. But the most convenient way of using the *stasidion* was to rest one’s arms on the sides, if one felt tired of standing.

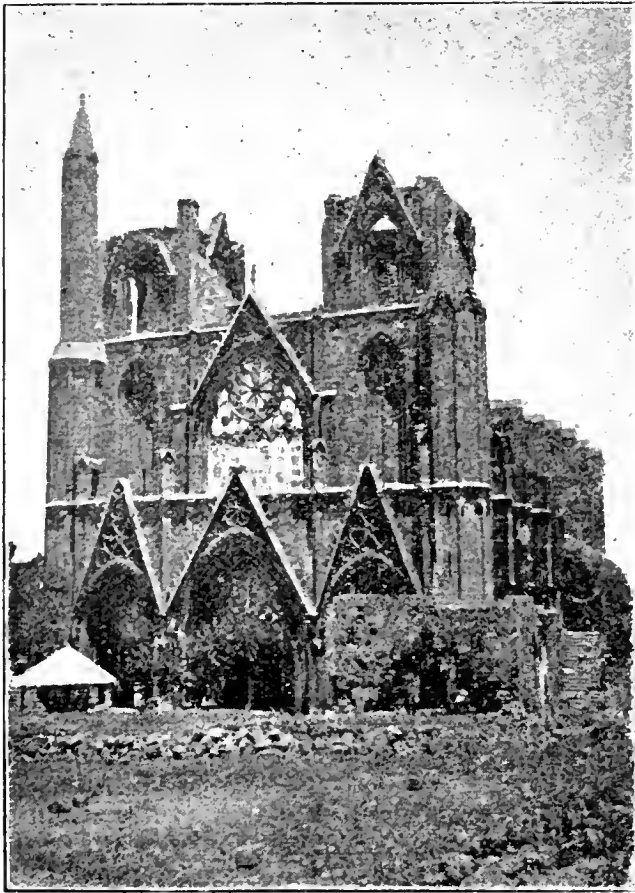
On the south side there was a special *stasidion* for the Archbishop, distinguished by its gilded canopy. Opposite, on the north side, there was a less conspicuous stall, appointed for the ecclesiastic next in dignity to the Archbishop. It was occupied on that Christmas morning by the Hegoumenos (Abbot) of Kykkos, the most important monastery in Cyprus. The principle on which the rest of the *stasidia* were occupied appeared to be that they were the proper places for persons of distinction, in which class the Orthodox were good enough to reckon the writer of this paper. The *stasidion* to which I found my way was indeed voluntarily given up to me by a Greek, who did not wait to be told to “give this man place.” I should have been just as much pleased had he kept his *stasidion*, but it was evident that he wanted me to take one of the “first seats in the synagogue,” so I did as “the Romans” would have me do.*

The “metropolis,” as the Orthodox call the cathedral, is not by any means a large or magnificent church, but it is solidly constructed, the material being a kind of sandstone, which is quarried close to Nicosia. It was built during the primacy of Archbishop Nikiforos (A.D. 1660-1672), the date of its completion, according to an inscription over the western door, being

* In the Middle Ages the Greeks spoke of themselves as “Romaioi” and the Turks in Cyprus still give this name to their Christian fellow-islanders. “Roumi,” in Egypt and Palestine, means a Greek.

A.D. 1662. In the course of the last century (though whether before or after the British occupation began, I do not know) a campanile was added at the south-east corner.

The church stands in a large courtyard, the buildings occupied by the Archbishop and his attendant clergy and lay monastic brethren flanking it on the north, west, and south. Behind these buildings is the “perivoli” (περιβόλι, from περίβολος) of the



ST. NICHOLAS CATHEDRAL, NOW A MOSQUE, BUILT
A.D. 1311, FAMAGUSTA.

archbishopric, planted with palms, olives, and orange-trees. The architectural features of the cathedral are simple, the ground plan being an oblong, with an apse at the east end and a porch (narthex) at the west. There are no aisles. The outer roof, of red tiles imported from Marseilles, is new; the inner roof is a waggon-vault of stone, ribbed at intervals with transverse arches. The vault and the side-walls are covered with frescoes, which

date from the primacy of Silvestros (1718-1732) and Philotheos (1734-1759); the first series, viz., those in the Bema or Sanctuary, was painted in the time of Silvestros (1731), the rest in the days of his successor. The effect they produce is sombre, but not without a certain degree of gorgeousness. Many of them represent scenes from sacred history, and there is a series which portrays the Seven Œcumenical Councils, whose authority is recognized by the Orthodox Communion.

On that Christmas morning, as it was yet dark, a great while before the day, the "metropolis" was irradiated with the mystic glow of a multitude of lamps and candles, an illumination very different from the blaze of gas or electric light familiar to us in our churches. Most of the radiance came from the great brass candelabra, and the hanging lamps, some of brass, some of silver, in front of the Iconostasion. Each of these hanging lamps held a small vessel filled with olive oil, in which was a floating wick. The effect of these lamps and candles would probably have been greater, but for the sombre tints prevailing in the frescoes upon the walls and roof, in which a considerable proportion of the light was absorbed, instead of being reflected.

The Iconostasion is a screen or partition of wood, covered with *icons* or sacred pictures, which form an indispensable part of the equipment of every Orthodox church—Greek, Russian, Servian, or Bulgarian—from Archangel to Melbourne, from Trebizond to San Francisco.

Originally adopted by the Eastern Churches "for example of life and instruction of manners," as "the books of the unlearned," they have unhappily become associated with a vast amount of superstition, which, it is much to be hoped, the progress of education will remove. It is also much to be hoped that the same progress will not result in the uprooting of good wheat along with the tares.

On every iconostasion you will find representations of the following subjects: (1) The Virgin Mary with the Christ-child; (2) Christ robed as a High Priest, enthroned as a King, and holding a book (representing either the Scriptures as a whole, or the Gospel) in token of His office as Prophet and Teacher; (3) St. John the Baptist (the Prodigios, or Fore-runner, as the Greeks generally call him), and in most cases, if not all, you will also find St. George and St. Nicholas in prominent positions.

In the screen are two (sometimes three) doors, the one in the middle being called the "Holy Door."

The "Divine Liturgy" of the Orthodox Church falls into the following main divisions:

1. The preparation of the ministers, including the mystic washing of hands and the vesting.
2. The preparation of the bread and the cup for the holy table. This is called the Prothesis. These preliminary rites are performed out of sight of the congregation, behind the screen. The preparation of the elements takes place in a specially-appointed part of the Bema or Sanctuary,* called the Prothesis.



CYPRIOtes.

3. The Enarxis (preliminary office), with the Antiphons, led by the deacon standing outside the Iconostasion.

4. The "*Little Entrance*," or "*Entrance of the Gospel*," in which the Gospel-book is brought forth from the Holy Table into the nave, to be read by the deacon. In this part of the service, which answers to the western "*Missa Catechumenorum*," comes the reading of the Epistle and Gospel for the day.

5. The *Dismissal of the Catechumens*—a mere formality nowadays, when adult baptism occurs so seldom.

* *Bema*: a platform. The floor on which the iconostasion and the altar stand is raised above the floor of the nave by one or more steps. Another name for the Bema is "*Thysiasterion*."

6. *The "Great Entrance,"* in which the deacon, carrying the bread, and the priest carrying the chalice, come out from the north door of the Iconostasion, and walk round the church, entering the sanctuary again by the middle, or "Holy Door." This is accompanied by censuring, and the singing of the "Hymn of the Cherubim," by the Psaltai or choristers.

7. *The Creed.*

8. *The Anaphora,* or offering and consecration of the bread and the cup on the Holy Table,* including, *inter alia*, the recital (by the bishop or priest officiating) of the Words of Institution, as in the Prayer of Consecration in the Anglican Office, and the Invocation, *i.e.*, the prayer that the Holy Spirit may descend and make the Bread the Body of Christ and the Cup the Blood of Christ. Then follow the Intercessions for the living and the dead, the Paternoster, the breaking of the bread and the Communion, first of the clergy, then of the people. In the Orthodox Church the communicants receive the Sacrament standing. The clergy receive the elements separately. For the people, the bread is placed in the chalice and given to the communicant in a spoon.

9. *The Thanksgiving.*

10. *The Dismissal.* "Let us depart in peace in the name of the Lord."

To which must be added, though it can hardly be a *primitive* feature of the liturgical order,

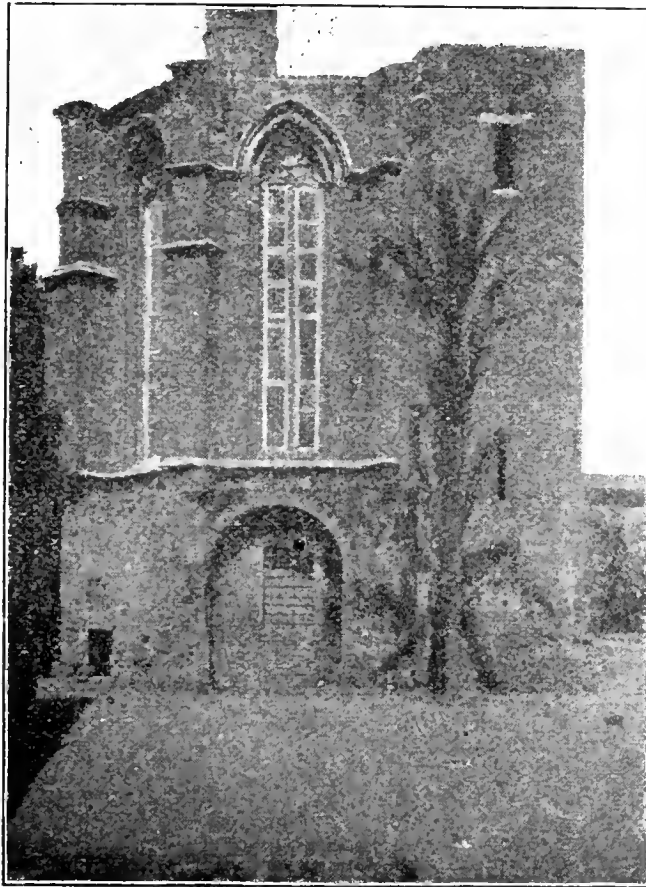
11. *The Antidoron.* This is bread blessed, but not consecrated upon the Holy Table. The bread offered upon the Holy Table has been cut out of a loaf which, having been broken up, is distributed afterwards to the people. According to Nicolas Bulgaris, the relation of the Antidoron to the bread consecrated upon the Holy Table is the exact analogue of the relation of the Virgin Mary's body to the body of her Son. This practically makes of the Antidoron a secondary sacrament, which indeed is rather the signification of its name.

The Psalmody of the Greek Church is not melodious to a Western ear.† It is quite evident that there was a conception of music prevalent in the ancient world which differed widely from

* The Greeks always call it the Holy Table. The name *Thysiasterion* denotes the space within the screen, *i.e.*, the *Bema*. At the same time, the Greeks regard this Holy Table as an altar.

† This does not apply to the psalmody of the Russian Church.

ours. On the other hand, the intoning of the Gospel had a pleasing effect. The deacon entrusted with this function had a good voice, and used it well. The portion of Scripture appointed for the Gospel on Christmas Day in the Greek Church is the same as the Epiphany Gospel in the Anglican Church, viz.: St. Matthew ii. 1-12. In the Orthodox Church, Christmas combines the feature of the two Western festivals of Christmas and Epiphany, and before 1900 the Greek festival of the Nativity



MOSQUE OF ST. CATHERINA.

coincided with the Western Epiphany, the difference between the old style and the new being just twelve days.*

The Gospel was read from the pulpit, which stood high up against the wall on the north side of the church, and was reached by a long ladder.

The celebrant on that Christmas Day was the Archbishop himself. During the earlier part of the Liturgy he was in his

* The year 1900, old style, was a leap year. This increased the difference to thirteen days.

"throne"—the specially-adorned stasidion mentioned above, and it was in the nave that he was solemnly robed before entering the Bema for the Anaphora. The prevailing color in his robes was a kind of "dead gold." Several vestments had to be put on and adjusted. These were (1) the *sticharion*, a long robe reaching to the feet; (2) the *stole* or *epitrachelion*, a broad strip of silk, with an opening at one end for the head and neck to pass through, worn hanging in front; (3) the *zone* or *girdle*, confining the stole and the sticharion; (4) the *sakkos*, a loose-sleeved coat; (5) the *epimanikia*, or cuffs; (6) the *omophorion* or *pallium*, a long scarf marked with crosses; (7) the *crown*, answering to the mitre of a western prelate.

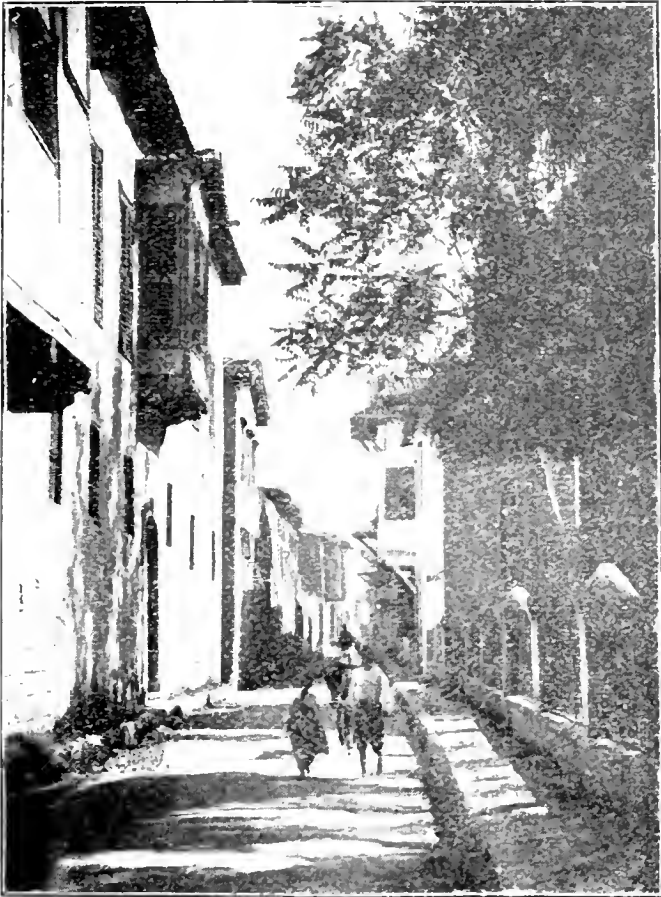
The crown worn by the Archbishop of Cyprus is of silver, in shape like that of the Russian Emperor. The original of both crowns is the tiara worn by the East-Roman or Byzantine emperors in the Middle Ages. The spaces between the hoops are filled in with red velvet, which serves as a backing for medallions bearing miniature pictures of saints. A cross surmounts the whole.

Finally, there is the Archiepiscopal staff, which is quite different in form from the ordinary Episcopal staff. As a mark of special favor and esteem, the Emperor Zeno (A.D. 474-491) authorized the Archbishop of Cyprus to carry a staff fashioned in the same manner as the imperial sceptre. Thus it is that the Cyprian primate's staff or sceptre is surmounted with a ball instead of the usual serpents' heads.

The part taken in the service by the congregation generally was not a large one—little, if any, more than joining in the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and repeating, "Remember me, O Lord, in Thy kingdom," as the priest and the deacon passed through the church in the "Great Entrance." Yet, if they were mainly spectators and listeners, and even if there was a degree of movement and unrest, and an amount of talking, that we should consider scandalous, I do not think they ought to be accused of deliberate irreverence, or of insensibility to the fact that they were present at a great and solemn ceremony. Very few communicated. For communion the Greeks are given to substituting regular attendance at the Liturgy, and reception of the Antidoron. The Orthodox Church allows the communion of infants (on the strength of St. Mark x. 14) and there must be many

Orthodox who have hardly ever communicated since the days when they were brought to church in their mothers' arms.

The celebration of the Liturgy lasted altogether about three hours. It was after 7 a.m. and a lovely spring-like day had dawned, when the Dismissal was pronounced, "Let us depart in peace." While the service was in progress the impression grew upon one that *two* services were being performed—one by



VICTORIA ROAD, NICOSIA.

the clergy within the Iconostasion and the veil drawn across the Holy Door, the other by the psaltai or choristers without, in the nave. The psaltai might be regarded as the congregation's deputies or delegates, participating in the service on their behalf. They certainly did participate, and that with vigor, but their doing so was due to a knowledge of the liturgical books not possessed by the people in general. The number of separate books employed in the performance of the Liturgy (and other

services as well) is a serious obstacle in the way of anything that might answer to our idea of congregational worship.

The power and influence exerted in the past, if not in the present, by monasticism in the Eastern Orthodox Church shows itself in two ways: (1) In the reservation of bishoprics and all posts of dignity for monks; and (2) in the monastic character of the whole system of worship. The services are such as presuppose a monastic community in connection with, or in charge of, the churches where they are to be performed, and this condition is far from being everywhere fulfilled. An episcopal residence is practically a monastery or *cœnobium*, and a "college" of priests and deacons may be maintained in charge of a parish church, if the endowments be adequate. But this, again, is far from being the case everywhere.

Such being the character of the services, to be present at their performance is to be brought face to face with the life of ages and generations of men whose ways and customs Western Christendom has left far behind. The Eastern Orthodox Church has not undergone a Reformation, and in this respect it stands separated by a wide chasm, not only from Protestant Christendom, but from the Roman Church as well. We are, perhaps, inclined to think of the Roman Church as pervaded by "mediævalism," but Roman mediævalism seems as modernity in comparison with that of the churches of Greece and Russia. Rome, equally with Protestantism, is condemned by the Orthodox as guilty of heretical "innovation," both in doctrine and in ritual.

It is an old world, indeed, that one enters into contact with on such occasions. The language of the prayers and antiphons is the language familiar, in ages long past, to Chrysostom and Basil, to Cyril and Athanasius. The passages taken from the New Testament are read in the very language, if not in the very words, in which they were first penned,* and those which are derived from the Old Testament are recited in the language of the oldest known version, the Septuagint. In the Eastern Orthodox Church, the Byzantine Empire may be said still to survive. Of this survival one had several reminders in the course of that Christmas morning. The very shape of the archiepiscopal mitre was that of the tiara worn by the Byzantine emperors. The pastoral staff reproduced the imperial sceptre.

* Textual critics will perhaps refuse to allow the *ipsissima verba*.

The dragon-headed brackets on the Iconostasion, from which hung the brazen and silver lamps, and the double-headed eagle carved on the Holy Door, were insignia of the Empire. In the person of the Archbishop one saw the successor of Epiphanius, of Rheginus, whose independence of the Antiochene throne was solemnly recognized by the Council of Ephesus in A.D. 431; of Germanos, who chose exile rather than submission to the Latin prelate to whom Papal aggression subjected the hitherto self-governing Church of Cyprus (A.D. 1220-1250). The Archbishop, indeed, might be regarded as the representative of an



MONASTERY OF THE PANAGHIA, KYKKOS, FROM THE EAST.

order of things yet more ancient than the Byzantine Empire, for did he not claim St. Barnabas as the first of his line, the founder of his spiritual dynasty?

The stubborn conservatism of the Orthodox Church finds, in part, at least, its explanation in the sense of historical continuity, of an age-long corporate life, of permanent connection between the present and the past, the living and the departed, by which it rightly enough sets great store. Anything that serves as a reminder and a testimony whereby this sense may be maintained and quickened is valued and venerated. Again, it must be

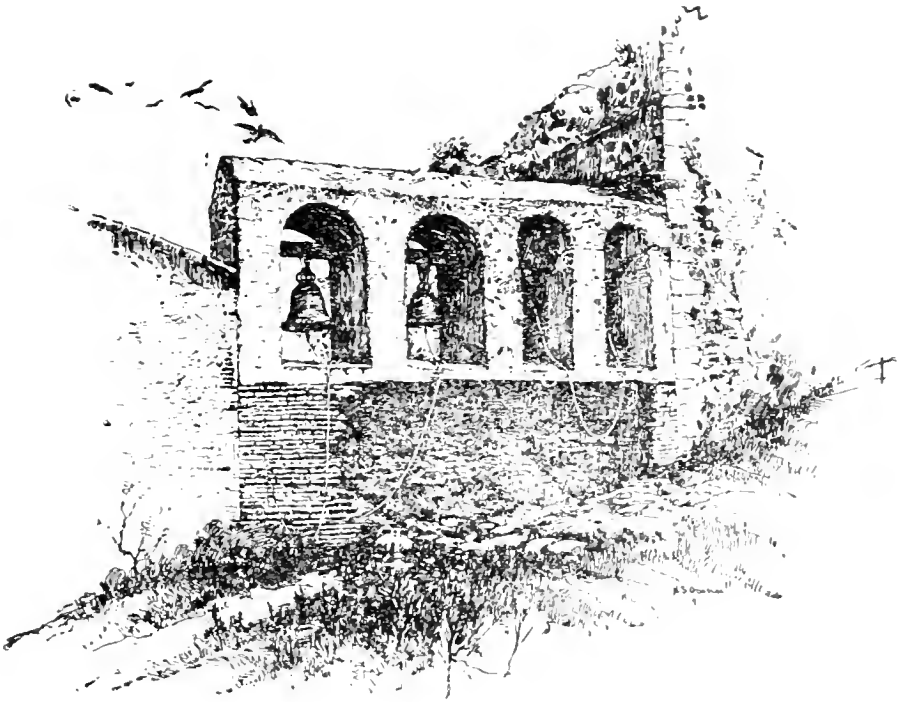
remembered that the rites and ceremonies of the Greek Orthodox Church are endeared to her people by the remembrance that they have been preserved through the stress and strain of persecution and misgovernment. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" might well be the thought of every Orthodox Greek who calls to mind the conflict sustained by his forefathers and predecessors down into modern times. The rites and ceremonies upon which the unaccustomed or unreflecting spectator is too ready to look with aversion or contempt are to the present generation of Greeks things venerable, if only because they were practised and retained by those who fought for Hellenic Independence against the barbarous Osmanli, by those who stood up against Roman aggression in the terrible age of the Crusades, by those who flung back the Saracen from the walls of Constantinople, and by those who won victories even more glorious by making Scythian and Greek actually, as well as ideally, one in Christ.*

With the Greeks—and the same thing has come to pass, in virtue of similar causes, with the Russians—those forms of Christian belief and ceremonial which may be conveniently summed up as "Orthodoxy" (just as another system is denominated "Catholicism") have become, for the immense majority of the people, the very pillar and ground of nationality. Into such a mental atmosphere it is difficult for us to enter, even in imagination. But neither we nor our forefathers ever knew what a Mohammedan conquest meant. Having been spared that calamity, let us be tolerant in judging our fellow-Christians in the East.

But—*manum de tabula!* These reminiscences and reflections must close. Let their conclusion be made with a citation from the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, with one of the constant prayers of the Orthodox Churches—

Ἐπὲρ τῆς εἰρήνης τοῦ σύμπαντος κόσμου,
εὐσταθείας τῶν ἁγίων τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐκκλησιῶν,
καὶ τῆς τῶν πάντων ἐνώσεως, τοῦ κυρίου
δεηθῶμεν.

*Colossians iii. 11. The Russian Orthodox Church is the offspring of the Church of Constantinople.



The Recluse

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY.

THE world's broad highway runs not by my door.
Long since I turned my weary steps aside,
Seeking some refuge where I might abide
All undisturbed by noise and dust and glare,
See with clear vision thro' a purer air,
And struggle onward with the throng no more.

Here will I dwell, I cried, and breathe content
And think high thoughts and utter words whose flame
Forever shall enshrine a noble fame ;
And they who still the hurrying highway choose,
Hearing, shall ease their feverish haste, and muse
"Are these things good for which our souls are spent?"

So dwelled I many years. And so I thought
To serve humanity, yet dwell apart ;
Till one came by, fresh from the busy mart,
And, wond'ring, said, "Fair sir, the distant plain
Hears not your message. You are wise in vain :
On the far highway, travellers heed you not !"

*Classical By-ways**

BY PRINCIPAL AUDEN, OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

I WANT to discuss the question. Does not a classical training, more than any other, lead on a man to intellectual interests? Has not a classical man more than any other man a chance



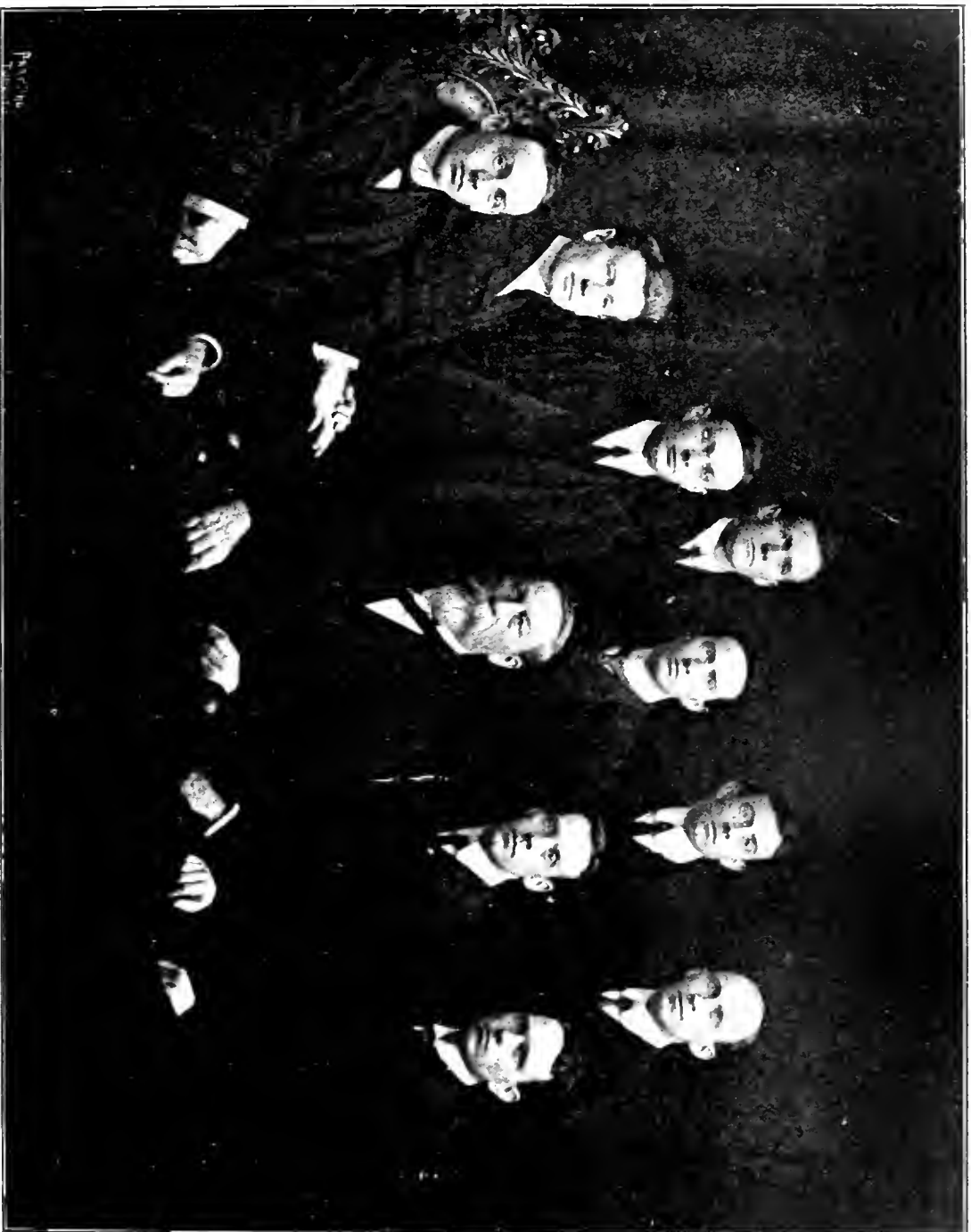
PRINCIPAL AUDEN.

of being stimulated to other branches of learning, of following up those intellectual paths which may lead him to that happy position where he can say: "My mind to me a kingdom is. I have interests which I can follow up in my leisure time; I have resources in myself of which 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' cannot rob me. I have a hobby and I am happy in it."

The only true view of education is that it is a training, as the Greeks said, "the askesis of the mind," a practising or exercising; something which will train

and discipline the mental faculties and secure a synoptic view and a standpoint from which we can estimate impartially the relative importance of the details of existence in this world. Education is a thing for life, not for livelihood. A liberal education in the proper sense is that which furnishes the mind, equips it, expands and stimulates, and helps man to lead a fuller, richer, more interesting, and more useful life. Now the classics are not useful in the ordinary and lowest sense of the term; they are not an utilitarian study, and anyone who judges them by the standard of the return he shall get in dollars and cents will be disappointed. Classics must be judged from their merit, not their market. As John Morley said the other day, Greek will not directly stimulate the manufactures of a country.

*Part of an address delivered before the Classical Association of Victoria College.



Y.M.C.A. EXECUTIVE.

C. Jackson, *Pres.* L. L. Lawrence, E. S. Bishop, D. A. Hewitt, A. D. Miller,
W. A. Walden, *Sec'y.* J. N. Trumble, *Sec'y.* Roy. J. Burwash, D. Scott, L. D. J. S. Bennett, C. W. Bishop, E. A.

But to come back to my subject, education is a training for life, and life we are glad to believe is not made up entirely of working days; there are also holidays and days of leisure, when a man has time to look around him and to consider what his own resources are. Now I want to try to show that it is for these times of comparative leisure that a classical training is of surpassing value. There are many men who simply do not know what to do with their leisure; they have no interests, intellectual or otherwise, and many a man, when he comes to the time when he is able to retire from work, whether it be professional or commercial—a time to which he looks forward for many a tedious year—has no interest in life. His heart is still in his office. He wanders aimlessly hither and thither, because as a young man he has not followed any of the side-paths of interest which ought to have been pointed out to him in his early education, and he has thus laid up for himself in a great many cases a miserable old age. The man with intellectual interests is the happy man. And among ordinary professional and business men those with a classical training usually are far better equipped in this respect than those trained on any other system; it is undoubtedly the case in England and in Germany. A man who has been brought up on Greek and Latin is usually a man of resources, provided, of course, that he has not regarded classics as merely a means of obtaining a high position for himself in the examination list.

The man of intellectual resources is usually the man who reads, and Bacon's dictum, "Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man," is true for all time. Moreover, reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body; and without reading mental development is impossible. Bacon's phrase, "a full man," is not very far off from the definition of the man whose training we are discussing now—I mean the man of wide intellectual interests. Such a man has a more satisfying life, he has obtained for himself wide fields of meditation and reflection, fresh and inviting to him, whilst to others they seem brown and barren. He is a man who will find himself the least alone when quite alone. He is a man to whom a good book and "his ain fireside" are a haven of happiness from the storms of this modern hustling life. I believe most firmly that classical training does help to equip a man with

these intellectual interests—interests moreover that are often easily pursued, by-ways which a man can follow without heavy impedimenta, going light, we might say, and without long portages. Science often equips a man with splendid intellectual interests, but so often they can be pursued only with elaborate apparatus and at rare opportunities. It is not every man who has a private laboratory at his own fireside.

I think we may consider this question of classical training as producing intellectual interests under two headings—firstly, the general habit of mind produced by good classical training, which may make a man receptive of intellectual influences; secondly, the specific branches of the classics in detail which may lead on to the study of larger subjects.

Firstly, the general habit of mind:

With regard to the comparative value of studies as making a “full man” in after life, I think that the habit of mind, the attitude which should ideally be produced and often is produced by classical training is admirably summed up in the comment by the *Spectator* on Mr. Balfour’s speech last spring on the occasion of Professor Butcher’s giving up the chair of Greek at Edinburgh. Mr. Balfour had modestly stated that he had learnt comparatively little classics, meaning that he had never attained such high honors as Professor Butcher at Oxford or Cambridge, but, as his reviewer says: “What would Mr. Balfour be if he had not been familiarized in early life with the spirit of the classical literatures? Would his books have shown their large and tolerant judgment and their grace of form, and his arguments their remarkable dialectical power if he had been nourished solely, let us say, on German philosophy and modern science? His mind, as Professor Butcher said, is of the true Hellenic order, and it is in this formative influence and not in the acquisition of technical learning that the value of classical literature is to be found. Order, lucidity, and balance are qualities with so great a practical value that, however low our view of the end of education, we must acquiesce in the system—the classical system—which labors to create them. And there is another side: to a man who has once felt the charm of the Greek world, a new possession has been created, a whole world to which he can turn for refreshment without fear of satiety.”

Whatever educational agent has been used in giving a man

his mental training, when he has been for some time at his life work (whether he be a lawyer, a minister, a business man or what not), he usually forgets the educational agent, but the training remains. Speaking generally, I think that in ordinary life the man trained on classical lines is more interesting, more easy to get on with, than a man whose main training has been given by science or mathematics. I am talking, as you will readily understand, of a comparatively extensive course of classics, not of a boy who spends a year or two on the Latin Grammar and snippets of Caesar, and then, with the connivance of his mother, deserts the classics for the comparative ease and quiet of the modern side. We know that the classics are full of good things, of beautiful ideas exquisitely expressed. But we know that not ten per cent. of boys ever get, *as boys*, within three fields of the ideas or three miles of recognizing the beauty of style and expression of the ancient writers; though I do believe that by teaching the classics in a more natural and humane way a good deal can be done to make boys more appreciative of the Greek and Roman spirit. But to more mature students the spirit of Greece, as Professor Butcher once said, stands for the things of the mind above all material possessions, for fearless inquiry, for wisdom, which is the union of intellect and heart. It is the sense of proportion, adjustment and organic unity. In action it is the foe of all fanaticism, and at the same time it stands for public spirit, citizenship, devotion to the common good. It is the preservative against all intellectual narrowness and contracted sympathies; yet Greek is but one-half of classical culture, and the Roman world has many lessons for a nation of wanderers and State-builders like our own. Rome shows us the value of practical achievement, and the strenuous and patient up-building of the Empire, and the austere citizenship of the great Romans are noble examples for the world to-day.

It is worth remembering, too, the vast scope there is for personal enthusiasm in the classics. In the classical department of a university, no research worthy of the name has ever been done except by men who did it because they loved it, and none has ever been done except for its own sake. As Professor Burnet puts it: "A man is led by some feeling of kinship for what is greater than himself to devote his life to the interpretation of poet, philosopher, historian, to the elucidating of language on

its purely linguistic side, or to that of the art or institutions of antiquity, and such a man will freely give himself up to the most arid and laborious investigations." It is this research for something more which makes the real scholar. The importance, too, of personal interpretation in classical training is sometimes under-estimated. Classical education is concerned with the interpretation of the highest products of the human mind; products of which the significance is inexhaustible. *The classics are human.* Each fresh soul has to understand the masterpieces for itself, as if no one had ever understood them before, and the most our teaching can do is to give our pupils the key by which they can unlock for themselves the great treasure house of mankind. People talk about the classics being dry and uninteresting; they talk about a classical education as a valley of dry bones—but at least they are human bones.

The habit of mind, then, the attitude which is or can be produced by a good classical course intelligently pursued, may, I think, be stated to be the *contemplative and receptive attitude*, one of interest in every branch of knowledge, in every sphere of human activity. A classical man has a fair chance of deserving in later life the title, "A well-read and well-informed man."

To pass on now to some of the special by-paths which often lead a classical man to take interest in other studies, Dr. Johnson used to say, "I hate by-ways in education," but he meant that he objected to an education which was superficial. Our motto is, I think, rather that saying of Thoreau, "I like a broad margin to my life."

The first by-path is that of art. A classical student is bound in his course to come into more or less intimate contact with the spirit of classical antiquity by studying its manifestations in art. Again, take the case of language. A man may branch off from the elementary knowledge of the science of language, to which he was introduced in his work on Greek and Latin, into the wider realms of comparative philology. Language study may become his hobby, and it is an intensely fascinating study. Another side-path is that of anthropology, ethnology, and the study of comparative customs, and I have found very frequently that classical men are very interested in ethnology and anthropology, especially if they have first been interested in the history of language. The history of language leads to the history of

the races that spoke the various forms of it. Such questions as the origin of our Aryan ancestors, their civilization, their distribution, afford fields of endless interest. Or, again, the study of the religious customs of Rome, or of the mythology of Greece, may make our classical student a disciple of Andrew Lang, whose charming book, "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," is the outcome of the scholarly mind applying itself to comparative mythology.

There is not much room for archæology in this continent. Necessarily, as regards local work, it is confined to Europe. In England you will almost always find that the best archæologists, whether interested in Roman ruins or ecclesiastical architecture, in prehistoric remains or matters of more local interest, have usually been stimulated in taking up these studies by the interest given them in classical archæology. A by-path rarely followed, but which, when followed, seems always to prove of enthralling interest, is that of palæography and the study of manuscripts. A man may make his first acquaintance with the subject in dealing with some question of various reading, but he may be led on to more detailed study of, or the search for, original manuscripts. Two friends of mine, for instance, spend almost all their summer holidays burrowing in the musty libraries of various Greek monasteries north of the Ægean Sea. Or our student may become interested in mediæval documents, charters and roll-books; may take up what Germans call *diplomatik*, and help to decipher some of the original records which are every day throwing light on the sources of English history and causing us in several cases to alter our views and to modify our prejudices. Or it may happen that a man devotes his time to the more mechanical branches of palæography—for instance, the deciphering of papyri by photography and by the use of chemical reagents. Splendid work in these departments has been done by two Oxford men, Grenfell and Hunt, to whose painstaking industry we owe such discoveries as the Logia, the Sayings of Jesus, together with many interesting documents included in their volume of "Oxyrrhyncus Papyri."

In the realm of history the possible divergencies on lines of interest are very various and hardly need to be enumerated. I think that perhaps the two most attractive periods of history to which a classical man is likely to be attracted are, firstly, Alexander's times, his campaign in India, his methods of strategy

(which no less a general than Napoleon thought extremely up-to-date), and his influence on European civilization. The second division, which is peculiarly interesting because so many people know very little of it, is the period of the fall of the Roman Empire, the time of the Huns and Goths, and the vast movements of civilization over Europe and Asia. The topography, too, of Greece and Rome finds a place here. The classical man cannot but be anxious to know something of the environment of the authors he reads, and the surroundings of the great actors in world history whose exploits he studies.

In philosophy there are difficulties for everyone who has not had a classical training. Aristotle is still a text-book and a philosopher who has to read Plato in a translation is very seriously to be pitied. It is pleasant to think that Toronto University has taken a prominent part in emphasizing the study of the subject matter of the philosophical classics. As to theology I need say nothing. Not only is nearly every good theologian a classical man, but in nine cases out of ten his interest in the "study of studies" has first been stirred by his knowledge of the Greek language. It would be hard to imagine a Lightfoot, a Westcott, or a Wellhausen who had not received a good training in classical scholarship. I have known men, too, who are now authorities on the Italian Renaissance and the progress of the revival of learning, whose interest in it was due to the work that they had done in a brief set of lectures on the history of scholarship.

These few instances that I have taken are, as you will see, drawn mostly from the study of the subject matter of the classics. There remain the side-paths to which the study of their form may lead. Here is opened up the vast field of comparative literature and the study of literary form, such as the history of Epic and its various manifestations among different nations, from the Mahabharata of ancient India to the epics of our Teutonic ancestors. The ancient drama, again, looked at from the point of view of its literary form, often proves of the greatest interest, and a man who reads the "Electra" and studies it will read "Macbeth" with all the greater appreciation.

These, then, are a few of the by-paths which a student may follow after his classical course. The list is, you will see, very incomplete, and I have only indicated very cursorily their possi-

ble developments. A good deal depends on how he follows his course. The attitude that I think he should adopt and the point of view which should be taken by teachers should be that of the *comparative and historic method*. Everything in classics is interesting if viewed, not as isolated and detached, but as part of development.

Method in classics suggest the choice of matter, and in the selection of authors I should like to emphasize the importance of Homer. Nearly all the side-paths that I have mentioned may start from Homer if he is thoroughly and intelligently studied. There is some truth in the Duke of Buckingham's lines—

“ Read Homer once and you can read no more.
For all books else appear so mean and poor ;
Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read.
And Homer will be all the books you need ”

May I venture to give you some advice on the methods of studying classics? The first piece of advice is contained in the maxim, “ *Collect and compare.* ” When you are beginning to read any author, or the part of any author, consider before you begin what are the points of interest running through the book; what are you likely to come across that is specially worth study; be *purposeful* in your readings, do not wander aimlessly through a classical author. If you go a walk into the country it makes a great difference in the enjoyment of your walk if you are prepared to keep your eyes open as you go along; if you expect to be interested and know what to look for; and the same applies to classical reading.

My second piece of advice is this, *never read without a pencil in your hand*. I do not mean that you should scribble on the margin of books that are not yours; this I always consider to be a kind of mild lunacy (if you remember, King David, when he wished to play the part of a madman, scribbled on the wall); but I mean this, that if you wish to appreciate the subject matter of anything that you are reading, a judicious mark here and there, or a note taken in your own note-book, will make a great deal of difference, because it helps you to cultivate the habit of mind of summarizing and really appreciating the content matter. I think that there is a great deal to be said for the old custom of keeping a commonplace book in which were copied from any

author who was being read those passages which seemed worthy of preservation.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this: any mature student who is in doubt as to what course to choose, who stands "this way and that dividing the swift mind," uncertain as to whether he should follow the classics or decide for a course in political economy, history or what not, will, I think, with confidence choose the classics; if, that this, he *looks forward* and asks himself the question, What will give me the best mental training? What will give me an aptitude for intellectual interests? What will develop my literary sense and make me a "full man"? In everyone's life there may come the sudden awakening of this literary sense, a flash of revelation, the growth of a literary soul; and how many a man can date that awakening from the day (an epoch-making day in his literary education) when first he really appreciated some line from Homer, or from Virgil, or when he first grasped the full significance of some clear-cut, crystal phrase of Horace, one of those

"Jewels five words long
Which on the stretched fore-finger of all Time
Sparkle for ever."

Lastly, we cannot put from us the classical spirit, even if we would; it is within us. The hidden bonds which connect us with the Græco-Roman civilization are so deep-seated, so universal, that they are part of our nature. We Anglo-Saxons are, though we are often unaware of it, intellectually the direct descendants of the Greeks and Romans. ~~Our~~ *Our* tastes, our ideas, all the hidden mainsprings of modern thought and art, all the moulds of our expression of thought in speech, are Greek or Roman; the Teutonic element is but an overgrowth. We cannot be unclassical even if we will. The civilization of the Greeks and Romans has made us what we are in thought and feeling. It is a heritage which we ought thankfully to acknowledge, a gift which we should foster and develop, for to it, I believe, we owe that heaven-born instinct in our heart of hearts which makes us believe that after all there is something in the Intellectual Life, something worth living for, perhaps worth dying for.

Nance Pather's Vow

BY JOANNA E. WOOD.



RETTY NANCE PATHERN lived with her two sisters in a tiny cottage just beyond the northern limit of a Scotch mining village. She was a tall, slight girl, with a firm-lipped mouth and soft Scotch eyes. She and her two sisters were stay-makers; they made a very comfortable living, for the farmers' wives and daughters were very particular over the "set" and fit of their "bodies."

Nance was of a shy, reticent nature, and when the farmer of The Bloom asked her to marry him she kept her own counsel, but said him "Yea," and went about, her firm lips softened into sweetness, her grey eyes tenderly thoughtful, her deft hands more skillful and tireless than ever in helping with the stay-making.

Nance saw her lover very seldom, for he had a mother noted far and near for her masterful ways, and her desire to get her son a well-to-do-wife. But Nance was patient with the patience born of secret happiness.

One spring night, when the sun was down and the soft Scotch gloaming brooded over the village Nance came walking through the street. Her steps were light, her color came and went. As she passed the women knitting or nursing their babies in the doorways, the men sitting in characteristic miner fashion, their knees drawn up, their backs against the cottage walls, she gave them the modest salutation of a country lass. More than one young man looked after her wistfully, she was so fresh and fair skinned. That night she told her sisters of her lover, and they were glad in her joy. She had taken home a pair of stays that day, and coming back she had encountered her lover. They had had a long talk whilst his horse cropped the grass and first blue-bells by the wayside. He was great in inches this lover of hers; but even one poorly skilled in the reading of faces would have judged him sadly lacking in stability. But to Nance he seemed all perfection.

"She's sore on me to take Weaver's Maggie," he said, speaking of his mother's ambitions for him, "but I have other thoughts."

Nance smiled shyly at him in blind security. Was not she his choice? What more could mortal woman desire? Then he had told her something so much more important than anything else. At Martinmas his mother was going to live with his sister at Dolar.

"And then, Nance," he said. "Then—!"

"Then," she assented sweetly; her soft eyes filled with happy tears, and her lips were tremulous as he pressed them. They parted. No word was said of their next meeting—so far chance had served them well.

The summer came, but Nance had never seen her lover alone since that spring night. She was content in the fulness of her faith, though sometimes returning from her errands she felt a sore disappointment that chance had not been kind to her; but she stayed her heart, saying to herself, "At Martinmas!" But Martinmas was as yet afar.

One day when Nance was absent upon an errand her sisters, white-faced, discussed something which evidently they had often canvassed.

"Is Nance much taken up with him?" asked Bess in the tone of one who knows the answer to her query, but hopes against hope for contradiction.

"Is she!" echoed Mary, "I should think she was!"

"'Deed I think she is," said Bess, answering her own proposition. "You must tell her, then!"

"Me! Not for worlds!" ejaculated Mary.

"Maybe she'll have found it out to-day?" hazarded Bess.

"I doubt it," said Mary dubiously.

"Why not? Everybody knows it!" said Bess almost fretfully.

"I've a feeling that she'll not hear it," said Mary; then, with a vicious tightening of the lips, a vicious twist of the stout stay she was making, "I wish I had the combing of his head!" And just then Nance entered, fresh, young, blooming, evidently unconscious of any impending change in her world.

"Bess," said Mary, returning that same evening from an excursion down the village street, "Where's Nance?"

"Outside with Jeanie Campbell," said Mary. "What is 't?"

"It's not the day after to-morrow—it's to-morrow!"

"God guide us! She must be told!"

"I can't tell her. You do it!"

"I daren't!"

Nance re-entered the little dwelling, the two elder sisters cast appealing looks one at the other, but the heart of each failed her; and soon the lights were out and the three sisters sought sleep, but only Nance found it.

It was ten o'clock next morning when the bells in the grey old tower rang out with what was their nearest approach to gaiety.

"Who's married to day?" queried Nance looking up from her sewing. "I didn't hear of a marriage." Her sisters sat silent. "Don't you know?" she went on. "But there's Jeanie Campbell. I'll ask her." She went to the door with her work gathered in her apron, and stood waiting whilst Jeanie filled her pails at the village hydrant. Nance Patherne remembered all her life how the street looked as she saw it that day.

A tame starling stalked gravely in the middle of the road, two boys played marbles, themselves almost of a color with the dust in which they "knuckled down"; far away she saw the tops of green trees, and a hawker's cart was disappearing up the hill.

"Ay, Jeanie," called Nance, as her friend, laden with her water pails, came within hail, "who's the bells for to day?"

"My certes!" said Jeanie, "you're not up with the times! Don't you know it's Weaver's Maggie gotten the farmer at The Bloom? There's a dinner at her father's and a supper at The Bloom to-night." With the last words Jeanie disappeared sideways with her pails into the cottage which was her home.

The bells rang on, the starling cocked its head from side to side, and aired its one accomplishment by crying, "Jock! Jock! Jock!" The boys came to blows over their marbles, the sun shone goldenly in at the door, but Nance still stood. Her sisters reached out and caught each other's hands. Minute after minute passed, audibly mourned by the old clock which had ticked away three generations of Patherne's, yet Nance stood—shading her eyes with one hand, holding her work with the other—her form casting a long black shadow on the sunshiny floor. Still the bells rang intermittently—then came silence. Her sisters watched her with dilated eyes. The bells had ceased. Nance turned from the sunshine and went to the little bedroom which she had occupied alone. Upon the threshold she paused, looked back, and said to her sisters: "That's his wedding bells! I'll never cross this door till these same bells toll for his corpse."

She passed in, closed the door upon her youth and kept her word.

She lay down a young, strong woman; lay there through long winters, sweet summers, budding springs and heathery autumns, deaf to all remonstrances, indifferent to all events save those chronicled by the bells, working at her trade with a skill never equalled by any stay-maker in the country, in her odd moments carving out a spinning-wheel with a horn-handled jack-knife.

"I have taken a vow upon my head before the Lord," she said to her sisters, and they dared not gainsay her. The minister got word of it, came to see her, and left discomfited. He came periodically before the fast days, year in and year out, to point out the error of her way; when he died his successor took a like course, and he passed; and another assumed his charge and performed the yearly visit to Nance Patherne's bedside.

The ministers changed, the churchyard wall was rebuilt, the church reseated, but the bells remained unchanged; and Nance kept her vow.

Mary married. Bess was left alone with Nance. Their thrift and industry had earned them a competency. Mary's son was sweetheart length, and Bess was an old, old woman, though hale and strong, when one day there came across the village the tolling of death bells. Bess came up the street from the flesher's, her old face working.

The farmer of The Bloom was dead, and was even then being laid in his grave.

Bess entered the living room of the cottage; framed in the lintels of her bedroom door stood Nance, looking out upon the world in greeting as she had looked forth upon it in farewell thirty years before.

"I know!" she said, "*I know!*"

"Who told you?" demanded Bess.

"Nobody. I knew," replied Nance—and so it was.

No mortal tongue had told her the tidings, for long she had known every secret of the bells, and she knew when they rang out her vow. Nance was a young woman when she lay down, an old one when she rose. During all that time no human eye had seen her save on her couch. Did she ever in quiet midnights steal to the window to watch the far-off glare of the blast furnaces against the sky? Did she ever softly swing her window wide to breathe the sweet spring savor of new leaves? Did she ever stretch forth her hand that the rain might beat upon it, or gaze upon the mindful stars which shone above the bells, and cry "How long? How long?" No one knows.

So she made her vow; so she kept it; so she rose and went upon her way. Upon her face there was ever a strange hushed look, as of one whose experiences had been arrested though her years went on; or rather, perhaps, of one who had lived through such an experience that it erased the traces of all others from her face forever, as acid eats away the traceries on metal.

In fulness of time Bess died; Nance lived on alone. To such a woman the day held no dreariness, the night no dread; sometimes, too, the bells rang out, and then she felt least of all alone.

Vigilia Media

ABOUT the middle silence of the night
Out of the spaces something as a flame
Through my closed casement came,
And filled my chamber with no earthly light
Of fire or flower or snow,
But colored like the smoulder at the heart
Of blood-dark rubies cut with antique art,
Throbbing and flushing till the morning glow.

There passed a pale procession of the dead,
Bearing down sunless and memorial ways
Forsaken dreams and days,
And many memories disinterred,
And obscure ghosts of gloom,
In sacrificial silence, sombre-eyed ;
And in the fervor of the flame they died,
Leaving a phantasm of frail perfume.

The giant vault above loomed inky-black,
Where daring dreams that struggle and rebel
Smite on its iron shell
That gives but dull and deathlike echoes back,
And one by one they die.
But in its deep, inexorable grace
The splendid symbol flamed before my face,
And asked no confirmation from the sky.

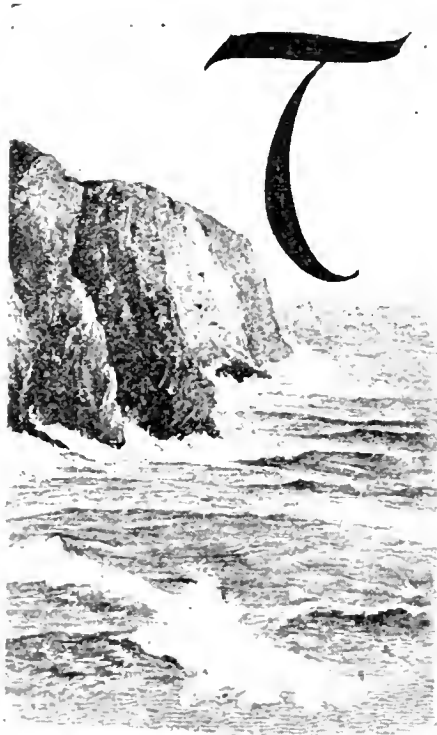
It was not granted by the lords of fate ;
But my own longing in that midway hour
By some divine, strange power
Had drawn her spirit through the Ivory Gate,
Her dark-winged, subtle soul,
That I shall never know by night or day,
That dwells in mystic music far away,
And called it through the dark to my control.

The vision faded as the night grew less ;
I saw upon the untransfigured skies
A rainy dawn arise ;
The city woke again to weariness.
But all day long to me
Life's discords sounded vague and strangely far,
Like echoes of waste waves that wail and war
Moon-whitened on some unimagined sea.

Frank L. Pallock

Sable Island and Its Inhabitants

BY W. F. SAUNDERS.



THE majority of people who have any idea at all about Sable Island think of it as a desert sandbar, over which shaggy ponies glean a scanty subsistence from the tough native grasses, and on whose shores many lives have been sacrificed by shipwreck during the past three hundred years. But I viewed it from an ornithological standpoint, and, as usual, the point of view made all the difference in the world. It had for several years been known to me as the only breeding ground in the world of the Ipswich sparrow, and, so far as I knew, only one ornithologist had enjoyed the privilege of seeing this bird at home. When an ornithologist has an opportunity of visiting a bird whose home is so little known, there is small wonder that he should forget all about the reputation of the island as a desert, and think only of the rare treasure it contains for him. Consequently I very gladly accepted the invitation to be one of a party that was to reach Sable Island on May 16th, 1901, and remain until the 23rd, to plant it with hardy evergreen trees in order that it might become a more conspicuous mark to storm-tossed mariners.

The island lies about one hundred and fifty miles a little south-east of Halifax, at the junction of the two ocean currents from Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, which are constantly throwing up huge and dangerous sandbars, extending scores of miles into the ocean. It is in the form of an elongated crescent, with its concave side to the north, and is nearly twenty-five miles long, and only about a mile wide in most places. Each end tapers down to a point, which is entirely devoid of vegetation, as the sea sweeps over it at every high tide, and with every stormy wind. All along the north side are bare cliffs of white sand, varying from forty to nearly one hundred feet in height, broken

occasionally by gullies which the wind has made. In one of these we landed, and found near the west side of it a conical pyramid of sand. Apparently the gully had been made in two parts, and when the second one had been excavated this pyramid was left standing between the two, a perfect cone of about thirty or forty feet in height. This gives one a good idea of the power of Sable Island winds, which, according to the records, often reach a velocity of forty, sixty, and, at times, even eighty miles an hour. Often, we were told, they scoop out holes of considerable depth around the telephone poles and fence posts; or, if in a building mood, they pile up the sand around the poles, so that once the line had to be moved to prevent the wires



LANDING.

from being buried. Some of the poles we saw had only about six feet left projecting out of an original height of twenty-five or thirty feet.

Our first sight of the interior of the island at once dissipated the idea of its being a desert. From the hill-tops on the north the land sloped away southward in an undulating manner until it almost reached the level of the ocean, and while the higher hills were but thinly covered by a long creeping grass, there was a variety of plant growth on the lower ground which was as green as it would have been in any other part of the world, before the new spring shoots become conspicuous. The front yard of the house of the superintendent of the island consisted of an acre or two of timothy

and clover, which was as green as an Ontario field. From east to west the island is of the same general character, except that, towards the east, there are many large patches of cranberry and crowberry, the former of which is gathered in quantities for the market.

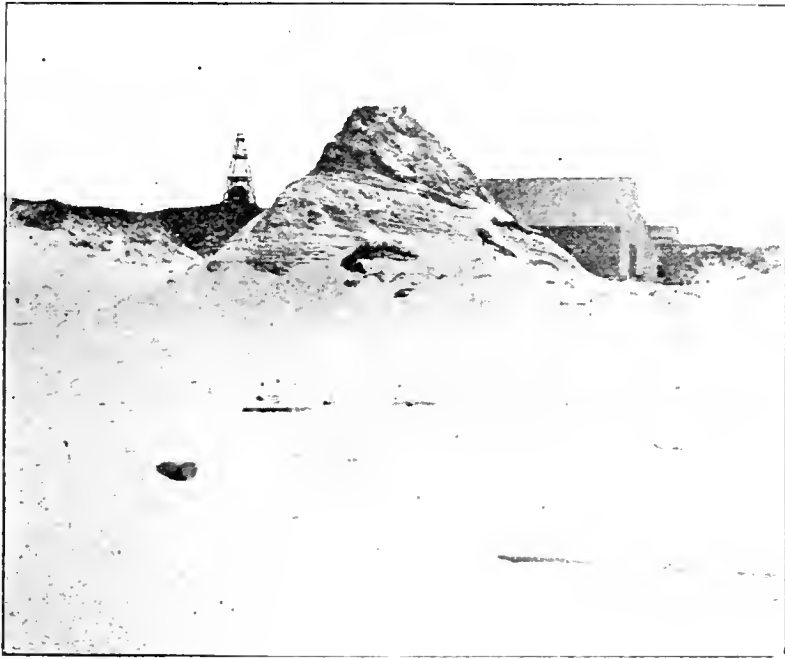
The vegetation on Sable Island is strongly modified by the fierce winds, which blow the particles of sand with great force and in such quantity that there seems to be a stratum of mist just above the beach. The effect of this assault on soft-leaved plants can readily be guessed. The superintendent told us that his willow tree, which is planted in a fence corner and grows three feet above the fence each year, is killed back in the winter to the level of the protection, as the



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

exposed leaves turn black and die after these strong winds. Another result is seen in the dwarfed growth of all the plants of the island. The common juniper curls and twists its trunk around on the ground, while the little branchlets grow more or less upright to the height of a foot or two. Even the blackberry creeps along the surface, and the blueberries, which are large and numerous, are quite frequently lifted completely free of the sand in which their mother plant is growing, but very often the sand has to be blown or washed off before eating. The meadow rue, which had its first leaves unfolded at the time of our visit, showed no sign of any intention of leaving the earth any farther beneath it than was absolutely necessary.

Yet it would be unfair to condemn the vegetation of the island by its appearance at that period of the year, when the maximum day temperature had barely reached 60° ; for the residents told us that the grasses, golden-rods, etc., are "waist-high" in the late summer, and Prof. John Macoun is reported to have found over 190 species of flowering plants there. With all this variety present it will be readily understood that in the lower and more fertile parts of the interior the upper layer of soil has become turfy and black, and could doubtless be used to grow fine crops were it not for the reason that if it were turned under and cultivated the wind would probably blow a great deal of it into the Atlantic during the succeeding winter.



A PYRAMID.

The temperature, while not high, is extremely stable. Our visit lasted seven days, during which time the thermometer varied only 21 degrees, namely, from 38° to 59° , the variation for each day being only about 12° , and the greatest daily variation we experienced was only 17° , from 42° to 59° . Fogs are of almost daily occurrence, and, while we had the good fortune to have sunshine on three days of our seven, there was only one on which we did not have fog, and on some we had nothing else. There is a record of nine consecutive weeks of fog at about that time of the year, but we were told that later on in the summer, during August and September, the weather

is all that one could wish, and the bright, warm days are exceedingly enjoyable.

More than forty persons have their constant residence on Sable Island, the men being employed in the work of the life-saving stations and the two lighthouses. Every morning and evening the entire shore is inspected from end to end. In bright weather this inspection is made from the look-out by means of field glasses, but when a fog lies over the land the inspection is made on horseback ; so that no person could, when wrecked upon the island, remain undiscovered for more than about twelve hours. Immediately after the completion of each



A GULLEY.

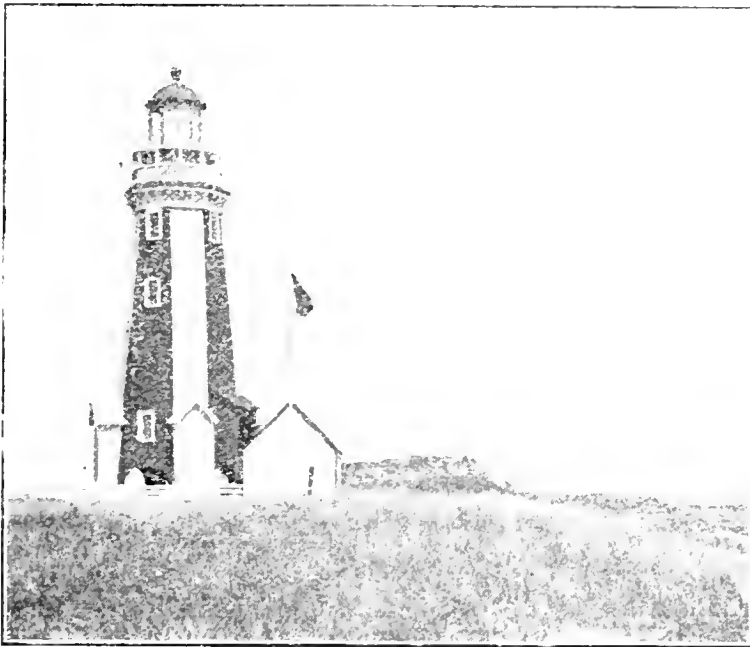
inspection a telephone message is sent to the main station, reporting the result.

The superintendent, Mr. Robt J. Boutilier, has now been in office for about seventeen years, during which time he has brought the life-saving work up to a high standard of excellence, and he is certainly entitled to the highest credit for the present efficient state, which is in marked contrast to the condition of affairs before his incumbency. When he went there he had the landsman's dislike of drinking surface water, and, instead of settling down to use the rain water from the roof, he sank a well to some depth in order to get pure water. What was his surprise to find that the fresh surface water was merely floating

upon the salt water beneath, and no matter how deep the well was sunk only salt water was obtained.

As the inhabitants are all government employees, there is no commerce on the island. All supplies have to be brought from the mainland, and most of these are provided by the government, which sends a vessel twice a year to supply the needs. Sometimes these visits are postponed, as was the case in October, 1900, when it was found impossible to send supplies at all, and the boat which should have reached the island at that time landed its cargo, after two attempts, in the month of March. This delay caused a waste of one hundred barrels of cranberries, which had been picked for the market, and which are about the only agricultural export the island yields.

(To be continued.)



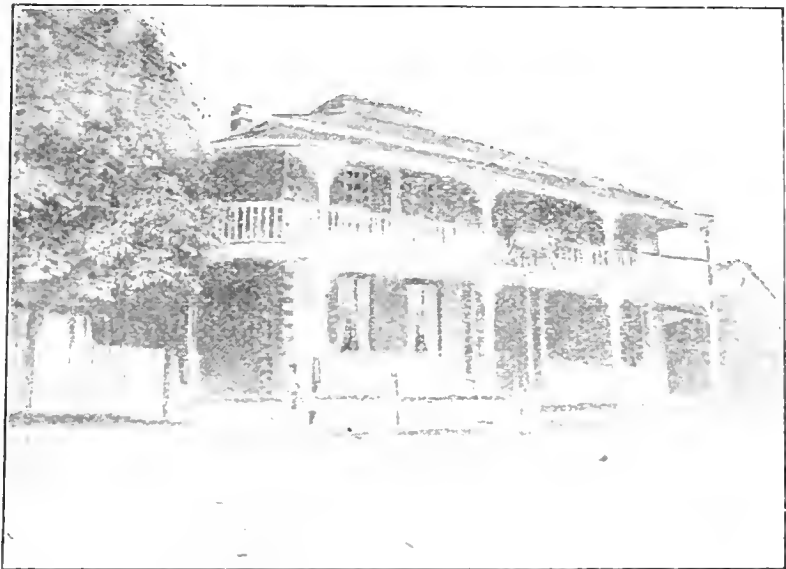
THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Landmarks of 1837

BY E. E. BALL, '06.



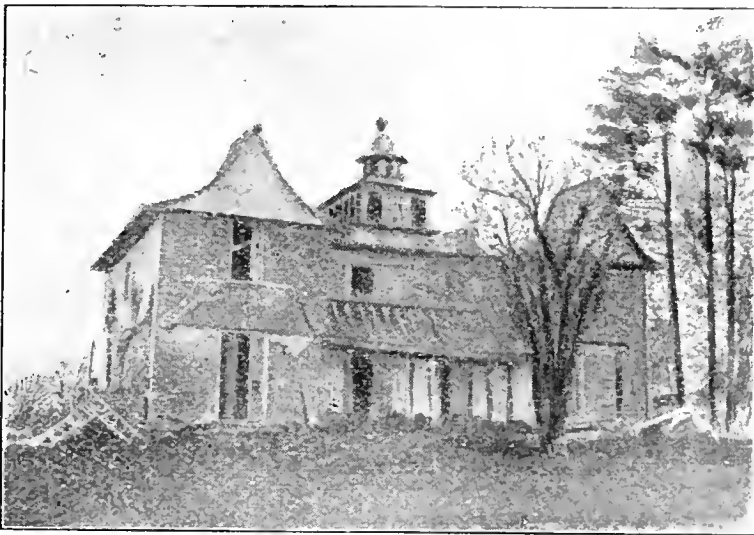
THE district between Toronto and Richmond Hill is particularly rich in landmarks of that memorable struggle, which, though at the time unsuccessful and fraught with such disastrous consequences to the leaders of the revolt, has nevertheless had a great and permanent influence upon the government of our country. The people living along this part of Yonge Street were almost entirely in sympathy with Mackenzie's cause. Some of his most active supporters had their farms in



GOLDEN LION HOTEL—LANSING.

the vicinity of the present villages of Lansing and Willowdale, and here some of their children and grandchildren still reside. One of the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Newtonbrook was Alexander Montgomery, and on this account the village was formerly called Montgomeryville. His son, John, who owned a tavern at Eglinton, acted a very prominent part in the rebellion. This tavern was a rendezvous for the patriots in 1837, and became famous as the scene of the only serious skirmish of the revolt in the vicinity of Toronto.

The building stood on the west side of Yonge Street, only a few feet south of where the hotel known as the Oulcott House now stands. It was a large, low, wooden structure, with a broad verandah in front; and, if the pictures of it which still exist are reliable, it must have been very similar to the buildings one may often see now used as hotels in little, old-fashioned, country villages. Smith Avenue, Eglinton, now runs west from Yonge Street, over the identical spot where the tavern stood, and the country in the immediate neighborhood, which was then chiefly covered with forest, has become a pretty residential suburb of Toronto.



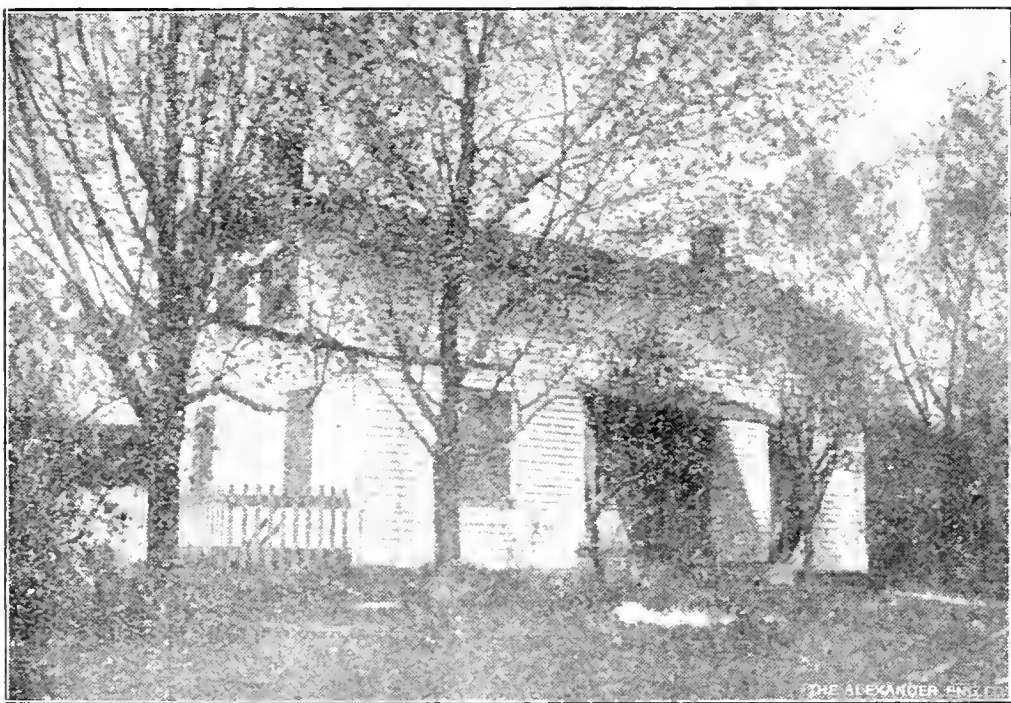
THE CASTLE AT LANSING.

Here the insurgents assembled to prepare for their contemplated attack on Toronto. Col. Lount, and the greater number of those intending to participate in the action, reached here on December 4th, 1837, but Mackenzie determined to wait until the following Thursday, as he expected reinforcements. His vacillating nature, however, induced him to make an expedition into the city on Tuesday night. This attack was repulsed by a small body of troops, and Mackenzie withdrew to Montgomery's. The insurgents remained here until Thursday, the day originally planned for the attack, when their designs were brought to a sudden termination.

During this time the authorities had not been idle, and on Thursday morning, more than one thousand troops set out on

the march for Montgomery's. Towards noon they came upon the rebels to the number of two hundred, stationed in the woods on either side of the road a short distance south of the hotel. The result is well known. The rebels were scattered, their leaders captured or forced to leave the country, and the rebellion was ended so far as Toronto was concerned. By order of the Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, the tavern was set on fire, and as darkness came on its red glare announced to the people of Toronto the success of the Government forces.

Montgomery did not live in the hotel himself at that time, but



THE SHEPARD HOUSE BUILT IN 1812.

had rented it to a Mr. Linfoot, and was living on his farm about half a mile to the west. The house on this farm is still standing, having escaped the fiery vengeance which Sir Francis took upon others of his opponents.

The tavern, known as the Golden Lion Inn, situated about three and a half miles north of Montgomery's, had been built some ten years before the rebellion, and in 1837 was occupied by the builder, a man named Sheppard. This man was no relation to the Shepard family mentioned later, and but little is known of him except that he was an eccentric individual and

was an expert wood-carver. The hotel still stands at Lansing, and a magnificent wooden representation of a lion, which has done duty as a sign-board for three-quarters of a century, bears testimony to Mr. Sheppard's skill.

A short distance to the west of the hotel is a peculiar structure, known as the "Castle," which bears out the popular idea regarding the eccentricity of this man. He built the walls entirely of huge blocks of dried mud, and the barn near by is constructed of the same material. The general form of the building reminds one of pictures he has seen of Chinese temples, and as it is now partly in ruins, it presents a very picturesque appearance.

A little north of the "Castle" there still stands the frame house which, at the time of the rebellion, was occupied by Mrs. Shepard and her three stalwart sons—Thomas, Michael, and Joseph. They were all staunch patriots, and thoroughly in sympathy with Mackenzie and his cause. After the battle at Montgomery's Tavern Mackenzie and the aged Col. Van Egmond took refuge here, but were not long left undisturbed by the Government forces. When the soldiers appeared, Mrs. Shepard managed to keep them engaged in conversation until Mackenzie escaped, but Van Egmond was too exhausted to get away, and was taken as a prisoner to Toronto, where he died a few days later.

Mackenzie hastened to the vicinity of Shepard's mill on the River Don, about a mile to the west of the Shepard house. Here he remained concealed in the branches of a huge elm tree for two days or more, while the soldiers were searching for him. At one time, indeed, they passed immediately under him without seeing him. While here he was supplied with food by Mrs. Shepard's youngest son, Joseph, who lived on the farm until the time of his death in 1899. Of late years his tall stalwart figure, betraying the ravages of time only by his snow-white hair and beard, was quite familiar around the village, and although he was too old to perform manual labor, his spirit had lost none of that fire that had characterized his youth. Shepard's mill was a frame structure, and was a rendezvous of the patriot leaders. The spot is still marked by a few decayed timbers and by the embankment and sluice of the old dam. Here the rebels stored their arms and ammunition and held their councils of war.

After Mackenzie's escape Sir Francis Bond Head sent troops to set fire to Shepard's house, but although they applied the torch in a score of different places the flames were always extinguished by the dauntless Mrs. Shepard, who followed the men with a pail of water. Although she succeeded in saving her house, this adventure had the effect of lessening her ardor for Mackenzie considerably, as he discovered when he returned to the house after his forced sojourn in the tree. He found Mrs. Shepard busy in the kitchen, but although he stood at the door for some time she paid no attention to him. At last he said, "Don't you know me, Mrs. Shepard?" "Know you," she



PRESENT GIBSON RESIDENCE, WILLOWDALE.

retorted, "I know too much about you"; and Mackenzie must have felt that his welcome there was worn out.

The second farm north of that belonging to the Shepard's was, in 1837, owned and occupied by the patriot, David Gibson. He was a pronounced Reformer, and his house was a rendezvous for party caucuses. The historian, John Charles Dent, in his "Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," says of Mr. Gibson: "He was an honorable and high-minded man, much esteemed by his neighbors, and in high favor with his party."

At the beginning of active hostilities Mr. Gibson first learned of the meditated attack on Toronto from a message sent to him by Dr. Rolph for transmission to Mackenzie. Not knowing

where Mackenzie was at that time, he forwarded the message to Col. Lount at Holland Landing, and hastened himself to Shepard's mill. There he found a number of patriots busy casting bullets in preparation for the attack. At Montgomery's Tavern he was placed in charge of some fifty or sixty prisoners that had been taken by the insurgents and so was not directly engaged in the skirmish. As soon as the fight was over he allowed the prisoners to escape and then made the best of his way to the home of a friend near Oshawa. He remained concealed there for a few days and then escaped across the lake in a small boat.

But although he had escaped with his life, he was not so fortunate with regard to his property. At the same time that the attempt was made to burn Shepard's house, the Government forces succeeded in burning down Mr. Gibson's house and barn and in capturing a large quantity of provisions. Mrs. Gibson, with four small children, was forced to take refuge in the Willowdale parsonage near by, a building which is still standing and still used for the same purpose. Mr. Peter S. Gibson, son of David Gibson, and the present owner and occupant of the farm, who was then a small child, is very fond of relating how his mother, being unable to climb the parsonage fence with him in her arms, threw him over into a soft snowbank, and then got over herself.

She remained here for a short time and then went to join her husband at Lockport, N.Y., where they resided for some years. In 1843 the exiles were pardoned and Mr. Gibson returned to his farm at Willowdale. His son, as we have noted, is now in possession of this farm, and occupies a handsome brick residence on the exact site of the one that was burned. Mr. Gibson died in 1864, and a white marble monument in the south-west corner of the Willowdale churchyard marks his last resting place.

Just north of the Willowdale Church stands a frame cottage which in 1837 was occupied by a Mr. Poole, also a staunch Reformer. He allowed Mackenzie to place his printing press in this house, but only one issue of the paper was printed here. When the Government offered amnesty to the rebels who would give themselves up, Poole surrendered, but was imprisoned. He escaped, however, and went to the United States. When he

was gone, for fear that Mrs. Poole should get into trouble through having the press in her possession, her brother, Mr. Johnson, who lived directly across the road, put the machine in an old well, from which it has never been recovered. The Johnson farm is now occupied by Mr. Johnson's son, whose wife is a daughter of the Joseph Shepard mentioned above. Quite recently some of the type belonging to Mackenzie's press has been found in their house and they have a butcher-knife made from a piece of his sword. Another portion of this weapon was recently rescued by them from its perilous position as brush-wiper in a whitewash pail.



OLD POOLE RESIDENCE.

At the north end of the village of Richmond Hill there is a frame house, which was formerly the residence of the loyalist, Col. Moodie. He noticed the patriot volunteers passing down Yonge Street about the 1st of December, 1837, and was not long in guessing the cause of their movement. He set out at midnight on the 4th with a small party of loyalists to interview the Governor personally. As they journeyed down Yonge Street in the darkness they were stopped by a guard placed across the road about two hundred yards north of Montgomery's. They broke through these only to encounter a second line immediately in front of the hotel. These they also broke through, but the insurgents in the hotel were aroused by this time, and when they

came to the third guard, about two hundred yards further south, the opposition had become quite formidable. Moodie and his companion, Stewart, tried to force a passage, but Moodie was shot, and Stewart was captured. The colonel was carried into the tavern, where he lived only a short time. His grave is at the north-west corner of the English Church at Richmond Hill, and is covered by a single flat stone, from which the inscription is almost effaced. It is a peculiar example of the irony of fate that this man, who had passed safely through the Peninsula War in Spain and the War of 1812 in America, should at last end his career in a paltry uprising in the forests of Upper Canada.

A strong element of pathos lingers about the story of Col. Lount and his friend, Capt. Matthews. The latter took refuge in the Duncan house, near Newtonbrook, but in the night, as he slept, overcome with the troubles and fatigues he had passed through, the foe stole upon him. Before he was roused from his slumber the bayonet of a soldier was pointed at his breast, and he awoke to find himself a prisoner. In anger he seized the man who stood over him, and with his mighty strength hurled him across the room, but he was soon overpowered by numbers and taken as a prisoner to Toronto. The rest of the story is well known. On the 12th of April, 1838, Matthews and Lount died as martyrs to a cause in which they conscientiously believed, and for which they bravely fought.

Their bodies lie in one grave in the Necropolis Cemetery, Toronto, where for many years a simple white stone inscribed—

*Samuel Lount,
Peter Matthews,
1838,*

recalled to the passer-by the story of their tragic end. In 1893, however, a magnificent monument was "erected by their friends and sympathizers" beside the little tombstone. This bears, together with their names and date of death, a short sketch of the life of each, and forms a fitting tribute to the memory of these brave men.

Little Wild Breeze

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

O LITTLE wild breeze, wait for me, wait for me,
Catch me up, toss me up, fling me up high!
The tree boughs, they sway about, drearily, wearily,
But never a one is so weary as I.

Strange little wild breeze, here you are, there you are.
Your voice it is sweet and your arms they are strong,
I call to you, come to me, lift me up, bear me far,
No fear shall I feel as you whirl me along.

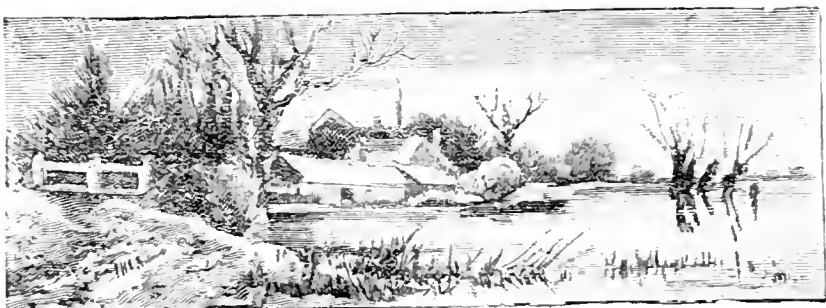
Little wild breeze, when you sing to me, sing to me
(How many a mortal your voice has beguiled!).
I tremble and burn with the thoughts that you bring to me,
Thoughts that are restless and wistful and wild.

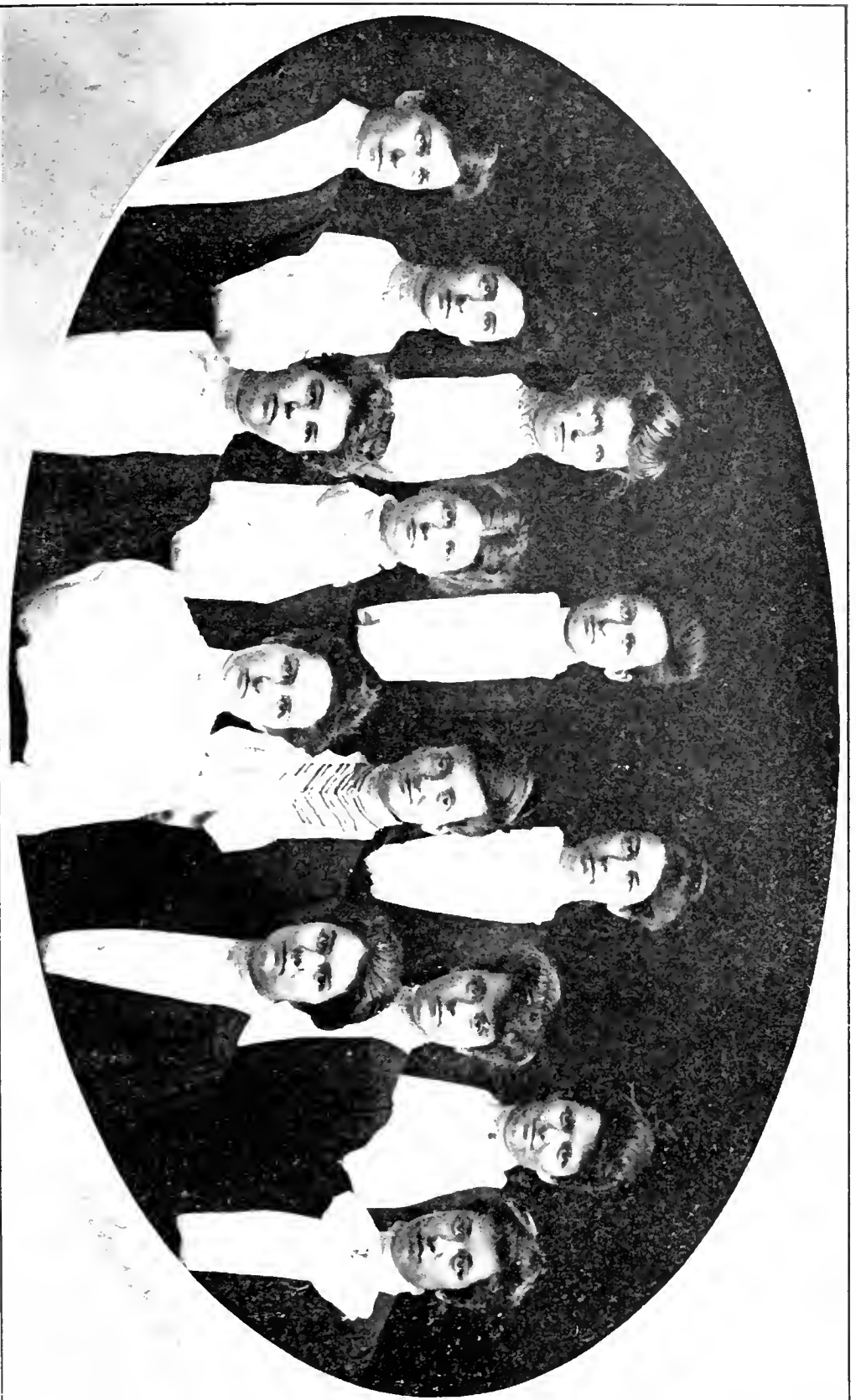
O little breeze, is it wrong of me, wrong of me?
I know I have life, and to earth I belong.
But the spirit of change and unrest it is strong in me,
And I hear all my wishing cried out in your song.

Little wild breeze, won't you wait for me, wait for me?
I have never a wish for a heart or a soul,
But it's O to be you, flying airily, merrily,
High, high, where the thunder clouds mutter and roll.

Or far where your voice walleth bitterly, bitterly,
O'er plains which no human foot ever hath trod,
And out in the stillness where space is supposed to be,
And voice never comes, save the strange voice of God.

Halifax, Canada.





Y. W. C. A. EXECUTIVE.

Miss M. A. Hamilton,	Miss K. C. Rice,	Miss E. C. Dwight,	Miss E. G. Smith,	Miss H. C. Parlow,
Miss C. K. Jickling,	Miss A. D. Switzer,	Miss K. E. Cullen,	Miss M. McGraw,	Miss S. A. VandenBurg,
Miss L. E. Wallace, <i>Pres.</i> ,	Mrs. Lang, <i>Hon. Pres.</i> ,	Miss A. E. Deacon, <i>Vice Pres.</i> ,		

Book Reviews

The Prisoner of Mademoiselle. A Love Story, by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. 1904. 265 pp.

ROBERTS knows Acadie and its history thoroughly, and makes it the scene of his latest novel. We are introduced to the "Bastonnais," Lieut. Zachary Cowles, who had left his ship, *God's Providence*, in search of adventure in the Bay of Fundy, and who, because of the turn of the tide and the dense fog, found himself alone



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

in the enemy's country. He is cleverly trapped by Mademoiselle de Biencourt, the niece of the gouty governor, and surrenders his sword to her. There follows a rush of hairbreadth escapes from discovery and hanging, of rescue from a hated marriage to Monsieur de Viron, arranged for Mademoiselle by her uncle, and an equally rapid course of love at first sight between the Mademoiselle and her prisoner, in which she is abetted by the kindly old priest, Father Labillois, with

the maid, Lisette, and her lover, Gil Beaudy, as most efficient *aides-de-camp*. Of course, the lovers triumph, but do so only by running away in the night under the guidance of Gil, who is the hunter of all Acadie most skilled in woodcraft. In all, it is a very pleasant story, told in beautiful language, and will help while away an evening very agreeably by the grate-fire; but of modern life or of character-drawing there is nothing.

The Watchers of the Trails. A Book of Animal Life. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. 1904. 361 pp.

This collection of stories is a fine companion volume to "The Kindred of the Wild," and is distinguished by the same sanity and reserve, by the same painstaking observation of the habits and actions of the wild, and the same great love for field and wood, as we find in all of Roberts' work in this particular field. Simply, beautifully, and directly told, they appeal strongly to all real lovers of animal life, and will be a very valuable addition to this kind of literature. Roberts is a poet who at times gives us good work, and writes a fairly interesting novel, but he is decidedly at his best in the modern animal story, of which he is one of the truest and best writers. In this collection the best stories, to my mind, are "The Freedom of the Black-faced Ram," "The Alien of the Wild," "The Rivals of Ringwaak," and "The Passing of the Black Whelps." The witchery and uncanniness of the forest at night is splendidly brought out in "The Laugh in the Dark."

Steps of Honor. By BASIL KING. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. 1904. 286 pp.

This is a story of Harvard University circles and contains some very striking likenesses. Anthony Muir, Assistant-Professor of English, the betrothed husband of the perfect New England girl, Agatha Royal, is making a name as a lecturer, and fame as the author of the fast-selling book, "Conscience and Society." His rival, Paul Dunster, has found out that this work has plagiarised one of 1831 by an old Scotch Professor Love, a friend of Muir's father. So has Christopher Campbell Love, grandson of the old man, and Professor of Greek in the University of Detroit. Muir denies all knowledge of the older book and will not answer the charges of plagiarism published in *The National*, Boston's literary paper. He has even gone so far as to give "his sacred word of honor" to Agatha that he knows nothing of it. Because of his reticence, he finds his friends all turning their backs

upon him. Johnny Charterhouse, a poor student who has been guilty of the embezzlement of some \$2,000, is put under Muir's guidance, and it is while setting this boy on the right track that Muir himself is brought to a consciousness of his own guilt. He confesses to Agatha in the house of his older friend, Professor Wollaston, the guardian of Agatha. The only one who does not openly desert him is Persis Wollaston. Muir takes refuge in Roxbury, in the house of Mrs. Brooks, whither Charterhouse has also retired, and begins to make expiation by devoting his great gifts as teacher to Charterhouse, now a clerk in a business house in Boston, and the many other ambitious, but poor and handicapped, students. He is loyally aided by Persis Wollaston and secretly by her uncle, Professor Wollaston. His students succeed, and he himself is getting remunerative work to do. While the winter thus passes for him, bringing gray hairs and ill health, the Busy Bees of Harvard Society are trying to bring about a match between Dunster and Agatha. But Paul and Persis become engaged, and poor Agatha is left alone in her misery. Charterhouse comes to her for help and becomes the medium of a meeting between her and Muir. She finally determines to go down *the steps of honor*, as a true woman, to help Muir up again, but he will none of it. However, she is not to be denied when Muir falls very ill,—and the end is the union of the two lovers.

The story is well told, the character-drawing clever, and the quiet humor of the descriptions of the foibles of professors and professors' wives, and of the Busy Bees, is delightful. What a fine old splutterer Professor Wollaston is, and yet what an immense amount of sage wisdom is to be found in his speeches!

Basil King is Canadian born and educated, though he has lived for a number of years in Boston and Cambridge. He makes one more good writer to our credit, and should not be overlooked. We shall look forward to his next with pleasant anticipation.

Gabriel Praed's Castle. By ALICE JONES. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. 1904. 380 pp.

Miss Jones, the daughter of Lieut.-Governor Jones, of Halifax, is the Author of "The Night-Hawk" and "Bubbles We Buy," which latter book I reviewed in the ACTA for June, 1904. The promise of that work is fully lived up to in her latest novel, and she now takes a front rank in the rapidly increasing list of talented Canadian authors. The scene of this story is Paris and Brittany. Gabriel Praed, a British Columbia multi millionaire has gone to Paris with his "divine"

daughter, Julia, and has there fallen among thieves. Madame Mallock, Britski, a dealer in paintings and antiquities and a thorough-paced rascal, and his wife, Madame Marcelle, a fashionable dressmaker, and others, take advantage of the ignorant monied man to palm off upon him antiquities—old, but mostly new—and they are ably seconded by Virginie Lapierre, a model from the Latin quarter. The good angel of the story is Alexander Garvie, a successful artist, who, by Herculean efforts, unmasks all the rogues, and saves Praed from a most fatal step. His reward was Julia, upon whom Praed settles the castle (chateau) in Brittany. The happiness of Rupert Thorpe, an unsuccessful artist friend of Garvie's, and of the brave Sylvia Dorr is also made complete by Garvie's efforts.

While we read of so much fraud and deceit we are conscious of the truth of the story, and owe our thanks to the clever writer. She is one of our best.

Brave Hearts. By W. A. FRASER.
Toronto: Morang & Co. 1904.
307 pp. \$1.50.

The title of this book is the pluralized form of the equine hero of the first story. Most of the stories are from East Indian racecourses, one from Saratoga, one from Toronto, and one, "The Remittance Man," from our North-West. In my review, some years ago, of "The Eye of a God," I said that Fraser should stick to just such stories, for here he is a master of no mean order. This collection will further enhance his fame in this direction. However, his horses must not talk, but let their owners do that for them.



W. A. FRASER.

The Micmac; or, The Ribboned Way. By S. CARLETON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904. 234 pp.

"S. Carleton" is the sister-in-law of Alice Jones, and, if I mistake not, the sister of Mrs. Pasque, who as "Helen Milecete" takes her name from the other great tribe of Nova Scotia Indians. "The Micmac" is the enlargement of a story that appeared in *Ainslie's Magazine*, and the scene is Nova Scotia. Billy Moulton is camping for the summer on Little Lake Team. Four miles away, across an all

but impassable swamp, is Big Lake Team, on which are summering James Kilgore, a wealthy American lumberman, and his daughter Molly, whom he is anxious to have "break into society." He, therefore, looks with favor upon Lygon's suit for Molly's hand, and she, to escape the hateful suiter, explores the swamp, and b'azes her way with red ribbons. In doing this she stumbles upon Moulton's camp, and saves him from death in the treacherous swamp. Mrs. Marescaux, also a guest at Kilgore's, hears of the death of Moulton's friend, Lane, and, for reasons which the story sets forth, is anxious to get possession of a bundle of letters consigned to Moulton's care. She asks Molly to get them for her, and the girl undertakes the dangerous journey. Lygon has followed her and taken away the ribbons, so that Molly on her return loses her way, and is only saved by the heroic efforts of Moulton. The result one can guess. Mrs. Marescaux gives up her slight claim on Moulton, and solaces herself with the wealthy lumberman.

The story is uneven but is very interesting, and we are glad to add "S. Carleton" to our list of Canadian authors.

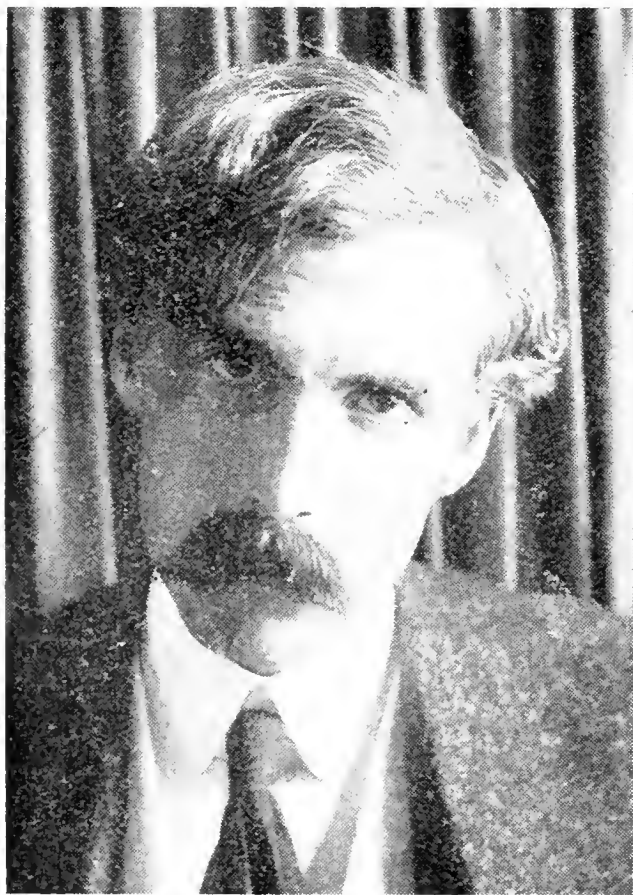
The Hound from the North. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Toronto : The Copp Clark Co. 1904. 344 pp.

This book, by the author of "The Story of Foss River Ranch," is like its predecessor in having its scene laid in Canada, and also like its predecessor in being a travesty and a slander on our country and our Western life. Sensational stories they are both, reeking with fraud, and deceit, and blood, having few redeeming features of outline and little probability of truth in the sketching of character. This second book is more sensational and thinner in plot than the first. What is dignified by the name of hound is but a revengeful husky, which becomes the instrument in the hands of fate to carry off the big criminal, Heavy Malling, *alias* Zachary Smith, who stops not at bloodshed to accomplish his nefarious designs. We are not let into the secret of how such a rascal can be own brother to the sweet heroine of the story. We are hurried from the Yukon to Manitoba, to Toronto, to California, at a moment's notice. Such books do a great deal of good if they are not read. Trash they are of the most wretched kind.

Dr. Luke of The Labrador. By NORMAN DUNCAN. Toronto : Fleming H. Revell. 1904. 327 pp.

Those who have read "The Way of the Sea" know how familiar Duncan is with the fisher folk of Labrador and Newfoundland, and know, too, how narrow the horizon, how circumscribed the outlook,

how leaden the skies, how hard the life to be found there ; and yet there the flowers bloom, though sparse ; and no matter how merciless the sea, love and hate, tragedy and comedy are to be found. "And the glory of the coast—and the glory of the whole world—is mother-love, which began in the beginning and has continued unchanged to this present time—the conspicuous beauty of the fabric of life ; the great constant of the problem." These words from the preface of Duncan's latest book are the keynote of his first novel. 'Twas love that bound Davy Roth and his mother so strongly together ;



NORMAN DUNCAN.

love that caused Dr. Luke to live a grand life in The Labrador in expiation of his former wickedness ; love that united Bessie Roth to him, and love for the people of the Harbour that made the lad Davy, later the "Dr. Davy," beloved.

As a novel, pure and simple, judged from the standpoint of technique, this work cannot compare with a great number of other works of the same kind, but as a picture of the life of a small people it is a work of the highest art, running all the notes in the gamut of the circumscribed life found there.

By the Queen's Grace. By VIRNA SHEARD. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
1904. 274 pp.

This is Mrs. Sheard's longest story, set in the same times as her dainty little "Maid of Many Moods." Davenport, an arch-criminal, was justly condemned to death for his many crimes, but was pardoned "by the Queen's Grace" on the accession of the young Queen Elizabeth, and made toll-keeper. His very pretty daughter, Joyce, had received from the Queen a thumb-ring, with the admonition to present



MRS. VIRNA SHEARD.

herself at the palace if in distress. Davenport was an illegitimate son of Lord Richard Caverden, and finally meets his death when attempting to rob the palace, but before he dies he is pardoned and knighted by the Queen. Joyce, to escape an odious marriage, had recourse to the Queen and is made lady-in-waiting. Before this, however, she had attempted to drown herself in the Thames because of unhappy love for Lord Yelverton, who had first attracted her attention as a juggler. He had received a large fortune on the death of one

Fraser, on condition that he should marry Fraser's ward, which he does. However, death frees him of his unsuitable wife, after which he woos and wins Joyce, and the two "live happy ever after." The story is slight but well told. Indeed it is very much on a par with the latest novels of Sir Gilbert Parker and C. G. D. Roberts.

A Chicago Princess. By ROBERT BARR. New York: Fred. A. Stokes Co. 1904. 306 pp.

Robert Barr writes frankly to entertain, and succeeds always by the aid of some astounding adventures. "The Chicago Princess" is Gertrude Hemster, the daughter of a wealthy Chicagoan, Silas K. Hemster. They have an immense yacht, in which they are sailing Eastern seas, and reach Nagasaki in Japan. Here Rupert Tremorne comes aboard. He had been in diplomatic service, resigned because



ROBERT BARR.

he had fallen heir to a large fortune, out of which he was swindled by John C. Cammerford, and was looking for a position in consequence. He became private secretary to Hemster, and was able to help the spoiled daughter in her "king-quest" by introducing her to the Korean Court. The Korean King aimed to make her the "White Star" of his harem, and to do so had the yacht attacked by an old hulk, with the purpose of sinking it and saving Miss Hemster from the wreck. The timely aid of a passing tug prevented this. However, the Korean King soon

had enough of the "White Star's" temper, and was glad to be rid of her. Cammerford, in the meantime, had been trying to get Hemster into a trust he had projected, but Hemster laid down the condition that he should refund to Tremorne what he had swindled him out of. Then Tremorne was enabled to marry Hilda Stretton, Miss Hemster's companion, the daughter of an old friend of the Hemsters, who had been a poor Episcopalian clergyman. The story is like so many of Barr's, very thin, but well told and very entertaining for the time.

A Ladder of Swords. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. 1904. 291 pp.

This last work of Gilbert Parker is an enlargement of a story in *Harpers's Magazine* some four years ago, called "Angèle and Michel." The happiness attained by the two lovers in the troublous times of

Queen Elizabeth was in truth by a *ladder of swords*, and in this extended form it does seem a pity that the last chapter should tell of such a brief compensation for such weary waiting and watching. The secondary figures—the Fool, Lamprière, Seigneur de Rozel and the pirate, Buonespoir—are cleverly sketched, and “the Duke’s daughter,” a mysterious personage, new to the story, serves to carry the added interest. It goes without saying that the story runs well, but it is without that absorbing life-interest which is found on every page of “The Right of Way.” I had hoped that Parker’s late work would maintain the level of that, by far his best work, and I am sorry to see him wasting his time with these so-called historical romances. He ought to give us better work.



GILBERT PARKER.

How Hartman Won. A Story of Old Ontario. By ERIC BOHN.
Toronto: Morang & Co. 1903. 269 pp.

The village of Linbrook, the River Powan, the pine forests of Muskoka and North Dakota, furnish the scenery of this wholesome Canadian story by a doctor for that he must be from his clean-cut descriptions of surgery and fever cases. Robert Thornton and his bosom friend, Dr. Hartman, are both in love with the fine little school teacher, Winifred Finlayson, and while Thornton is away in Dakota and in Muskoka trying to retrieve the shattered fortunes of his family—partly due to a miserable Uriah Heap, Pettigrew—Hartman keeps faith with him and never allowed himself to take advantage of his absence to push his own advantage with Winifred. And he had plenty of opportunities during the long and severe illness of her mother, who alone knew how hard a battle Thornton was waging with himself. He won the fight, was groomsman at the wedding, and then went off to Europe to prepare for his first year as college professor—a fine character. The author is to be congratulated heartily on his clean, wholesome story, a success for a first.

Songs of the West. By MARION E. MOODIE.

Rhyme Thoughts for a Canadian Year. By ANNIE L. JACK.

A Song of December, and Other Poems. By H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

Between the Lights. By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

Poems. By JAMES A. TUCKER.

These three booklets and two small books are published by the good fairy of many a budding Canadian singer, Wm. Briggs. The first and second show some graceful and slight work. In the third there is some stronger work, especially are the Scotch pieces, "Love Lightens the Creel," "There's a Something," quite promising. "Between the Lights" has some graceful lyrics, such as "Dream," "A



JAMES A. TUCKER.

Woodland Streamlet," "A Sea Song," "Pansies," "Love and Loss," and the children's poem, "Compensations." Here is the concluding verse of "Love is like a Rose":

"Love is like a rose.
Tend'rest flower that blows,—
Waking with the morning sun,
Fading ere the day is done,—
Love is like a rose."

Victoria College Library Publications

BY A. E. LANG, M.A.

THE library of Victoria College has made a good beginning in a special field with the publication of two valuable contributions to the study of Canadian literature. The first number, entitled, "A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry," by C. C. James, M.A., was issued a few years ago, and was immediately recognized as the only comprehensive work of the kind in existence. To this has now been added a second volume, entitled, "A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction," by Professor L. E. Horning, of Victoria College, and Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Department of Justice at Ottawa. It forms a handsome octavo of 82 pages, and follows the lines that were adopted in the earlier work. It represents a vast amount of patient research and arduous labor, how arduous is best known to the authors themselves. It covers the whole field of English-Canadian fiction, from the appearance of the first volume printed in Upper Canada in 1824 to the present day. The authors are to be congratulated on the completeness and general accuracy of the information they have given us.

That there is room for works of this kind, and that they are appreciated at their proper value by competent judges, is shown by the flattering words that have reached the library, both through personal communication and through the press. A large public library in the United States, to which a copy of the second number was recently sent in the ordinary course of exchange, immediately ordered three more for use in its branches. Besides having a great practical utility to students of the present day, such works are of inestimable value to the future historian, and form an important document of our intellectual development and progress.

The Library Committee, which is responsible for the project, has several other bibliographies in contemplation. There is in the college library a great body of Canadian Methodist literature, some of it of great historical value, which could probably not be duplicated anywhere. A descriptive catalogue is urgently needed to make it accessible. It is to be hoped that the committee will receive sufficient encouragement to go on with the work.



BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, "ACTA VICTORIANA," 1901-02.

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Editorials



“O blessed day which giv’st the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within ;
Oh ! come to us amid this war of life :
To hall and hovel come ! to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study ! and to those
Ill warned and sorely tempted—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day !
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe divine ;
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day !”



THAT prayer by Charles Kingsley touches a responsive chord in every earnest heart. For men are becoming increasingly conscious that they receive the power which enables them to become “men indeed” only as they “kneel at the manger-cradle where a little Babe reveals the philanthropy of God.” There, touched by an unseen Power, the eyes are opened to perceive the Divine, and hence true, idea of life. Having caught the spirit of the child they go into the busy world with a new spiritual vision, and with a new, living inspiration. Henceforth they will give their lives to patient, loving ministries of blessing and deliverance to all the sorrowing and oppressed sons of men, in the name and for the sake of the holy child Jesus.

This renewal of the childhood of the heart-life attunes the ear to hear the strains of the angelic anthem—

“Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy,
For unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,”

and loosens the tongue to join the swelling chorus—

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.”

This, surely, is the true Christmas spirit—this the spirit we covet for

all our readers, that they may indeed have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



WE could scarcely find a better illustration of this spirit than that afforded by the late Principal Caven. His greatness—for he was a truly great man—was the greatness which comes from superior natural ability sanctified by the religion of Jesus Christ. In remarkable humility he lived the strenuous life. Like his Master, “he went about doing good.” The interests of the kingdom of God were of paramount importance to him. To its advancement all other things were made subservient. Hence he could not be bound by the narrow confines of any church or creed, but was broad enough to sympathize intelligently with every labor of love and every effort to establish righteousness in the earth. He sought to raise the ideals of the people, and that not by precept only, but by a life, simple, unselfish and true to all that was highest and best. He was “an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.” His memory will long serve as an inspiration to many to place “first things first,” and to seek their self-realization in the only possible way—the way pointed out to us by the Great Exemplar—the way of the Cross.



THE poem on “November” published in our last issue should have been attributed to Mrs. Ecclestone Mackay, instead of to Miss H. Isabel Graham. We regret the oversight and gladly make the correction.



IN presenting our Christmas issue to our friends we desire to express our deep gratitude to all who have so kindly contributed to our columns. Indeed, the response to requests for articles has been so hearty that we are forced to leave over for later issues, contributions by Dr. A. C. Courtice, Principal Hutton, Professor Coleman, Mr. David Boyle, Mrs. Jean Blewett, Rev. Wm. Elliott, Rev. R. W. Wright, Miss A. A. Will, Miss E. A. MacLean, and Miss A. F. MacCollum. This announcement will ensure good things to come.

For the use of the four plates of Schiller, Goethe and their houses used in the article, “Schiller in Weimar,” we are indebted to the Germania Press, Hamilton, N.Y., publishers of Moore’s “History of German Literature.”

The efforts of our friends at the Book Room also deserve mention, for they have very materially assisted us in making the number attractive, and in presenting it at an early date. We thank you one and all.



An Academic Jubilee

VICTORIA is to be congratulated upon the unique fact that the class now entering upon its fiftieth year of academic standing is still unbroken. Very rarely, we imagine, does it happen in the history of academic institutions that half a century goes by and leaves all the members of a graduation class hale and vigorous, as are those who graduated from Victoria's halls in '55. It would be worth while recording such a fact in any case, but the *personnel* of the class is such as to lend it additional interest, for they are, each and all, men of more than ordinary ability, and have, in the fifty years that have elapsed since their college days, each in his own sphere, made their mark upon their times and exerted a real influence upon the affairs of the country which they have seen make such wonderful progress. These veterans of '55 are four in number, and include Dr. M. H. Aikins, of Burnhamthorpe, for many years connected with the Toronto Medical School, and a physician of more than local reputation; Senator William Kerr, eminent alike in legal and political circles; Dr. E. B. Ryckman, one of the most prominent ministers of the Methodist Church; and Dr. Albert Carman, who has, ever since the union of the Methodist bodies, held the office of General Superintendent of the Church. The class of '55 was just twice the size of that of the previous year, which consisted of Reuben Hickey, now dead, and William Watten Dean, now the honored judge of Victoria County, who enjoys the distinction of being Victoria's oldest living graduate. These members of the classes of '54 and '55 have always been apostles of the strenuous life, and have, by their examples, disproven the theory that the college-bred man is not fitted for leadership. Now, though they are all in the neighborhood of three-score years and ten, and have for fifty years been fighting in the forefront, they show no desire to lay down the weapons of their warfare, and are still engaged in active work. To all of them ACTA tenders its heartiest congratulations upon their long, useful and honorable lives, and expresses the hope

that they may each live to celebrate many more anniversaries of their graduation. May they have, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wished his class-mates :

"All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at four-score years and twenty."

MOSES HENRY AIKINS, B.A., M.D.

Moses Henry Aikins was born in 1832, at Burnhamthorpe, in the County of Peel, where he has now been practicing medicine for many years. After the usual primary and secondary education he entered



M. H. AIKINS, B.A., M.D.

Victoria College and graduated in Arts with the class of '55. His Arts course finished, he entered the Toronto University Faculty of Medicine. He graduated with the medal and the degree of M.B. in '58. It was not until 1888 that Dr. Aikins wrote for and obtained the M.D. degree, a proceeding in the nature of a formality which he and a large number of other physicians went through with to please the authorities of the Medical Council. In 1859 Dr. Aikins was elected a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. For many years he was connected with the staff of the Medical Faculty. As a

practicing physician he has attained more than ordinary success, the fame of his skill having travelled far over the countryside, so that it is no unusual thing for him to be called to consultation many miles from Burnhamthorpe. A fellow-physician has described him as "the oracle beyond the Humber." His great popularity is not indeed to be wondered at, for he unites many of the qualities which go to make up the beau ideal of the medical profession. He is a man of professional skill, cool and level-headed judgment, of exceeding kindness of disposition, of the nicest honor, and of great modesty withal—a Peel County McClure. More than once Dr. Aikins has had the candidature in a political election offered him, and he could undoubt-

edly have swept the riding, but he preferred not to thrust himself out into the turmoil of political life. Dr. Aikins has accomplished a wonderful amount of work, but is not of the sort to do his work to be seen of men, and prefers to spend in his apple orchard whatever leisure the exercise of his profession gives him, rather than be in the public eye. We trust that he may long live to be the "beloved physician" of Burnhamthorpe.

HON. WILLIAM KERR, M.A., LL.D., K.C.

William Kerr, the son of the late Francis William Kerr, was born in 1836 at Ameliasburg, Prince Edward County, being, upon his mother's side, of United Empire Loyalist descent. He was prepared for college at Newtonville by Rev. Dr. Ormiston, a Presbyterian divine who conducted a school in which were educated some of Ontario's foremost public men. Dr. Ormiston, by the way, was one of Victoria's earliest graduates, taking his degree in Arts in 1848. His pupil was enabled by his tuition to enter the Sophomore class at Victoria, and when he graduated in 1855 was just nineteen years of age. On graduating he entered the law office of Smith & Armour, the former of whom, afterwards Hon. Sidney Smith, became Postmaster-General of Canada, and the latter



HON. WM. KERR, M.A., LL.D., K.C.

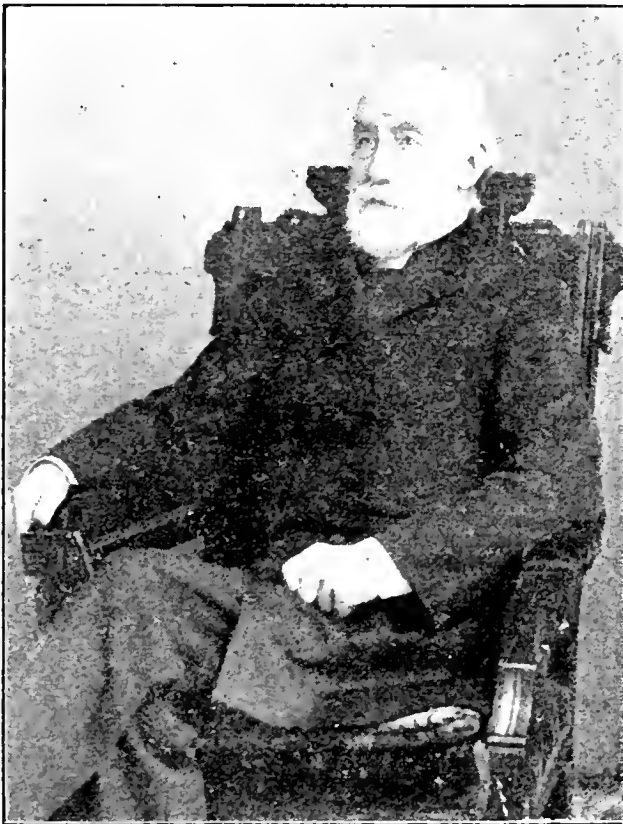
Chief Justice of Ontario. In 1859 Mr. Kerr was called to the bar, having in the previous year, while pursuing his legal studies, won his M.A. degree. While in the office of Smith & Armour Mr. Kerr was also employed as a lecturer in Victoria College and, as the staff was small and the work was great, some of his lectures were delivered at six o'clock in the morning. Those, it seems, were strenuous days. On being called to the bar, Mr. Kerr began practicing in Cobourg, and

for many years conducted the largest legal business in Northumberland and Durham. In 1862 he entered the Town Council, and in 1867 became Mayor of Cobourg, a position which he held until 1873, being re-elected by acclamation each succeeding year. For twenty-five years he was the most acceptable stump speaker in the Liberal cause in the political campaigns of his riding, and represented the constituency in Parliament from 1874 to 1878, defeating the speaker of the House and a minister of the Crown respectively at the general elections and the ensuing by-election. He was, however, unable to stand against the victorious sweep of the N.P. in 1878, and in that year, in 1882, and in 1885, was defeated by narrow majorities, since which date he has consistently refused the nomination. In 1876 he was created a Q.C., in 1887 was admitted by his Alma Mater to the degree of LL.D., and in 1896 became a Bencher of the Law Society of Ontario. In 1899 he was appointed Senator by the Laurier Government, in succession to Sir Oliver Mowat, and in the session then ensuing was selected to move the address in reply to the speech from the throne. Since his elevation to the Senate he has taken an active part in its deliberations and has served on some of its most important committees. Senator Kerr is a member of the Board of Regents and the Senate of Victoria University, and has been Vice-Chancellor since the creation of the office in 1885. Three sons and one daughter of Senator Kerr have graduated from Victoria with honors, two of them—William F. and Frank D.—being medallists. It is a rather singular coincidence that Senator Kerr and Dr. Ryckman of the class of '55, life-long friends, should each have a son in the class of '87, namely, E. B. Ryckman and C. W. Kerr, who, in turn, are friends and partners in the same legal firm.

REV. ALBERT CARMAN, M.A., D.D.

Dr. Carman comes of sturdy United Empire Loyalist stock, being the son of the late Philip Carman, of Iroquois, Ont., where the subject of our sketch was born on June 27th, 1833. He was educated at the Dundas County Grammar School and at Victoria University, where he obtained his Bachelor's Degree in Arts in 1855. In 1860 he was admitted to the degree of M.A. For two years after his graduation he was head-master of the Grammar School he had formerly attended as a pupil. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Belleville Seminary (now Albert College), and in the following year became Principal of the Seminary. Thus, at the very beginning of his career, he became identified with the cause of education, in which

he has ever since taken so deep an interest. It was through his instrumentality that the College received a University charter in Arts in 1866, and in all faculties in 1868. He was appointed the first Chancellor of Albert University, and maintained an active and official connection with the institution till 1874. Meanwhile, in 1859, he had been ordained as a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an elder in 1863. He was elected Bishop of the Church in Canada by the General Conference. The foundation of Alma College was largely due to Dr. Carman's energy, and he has been a member of the Board of Management of that institution from the beginning.



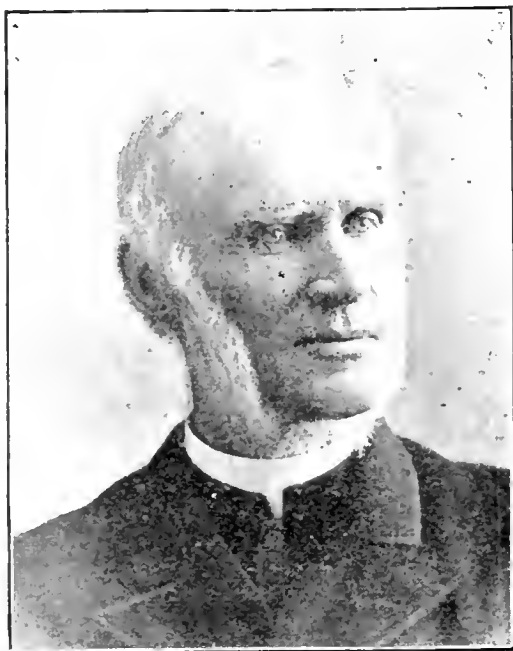
REV. ALBERT CARMAN, M.A., D.D.

After the Union of the various Methodist bodies in 1883, Dr. Carman became General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, a position which he has retained until the present time. He was one of the representatives of the Canadian Church at the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism in Washington in 1891. In the same year his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. His work as an educationist has been recognized by his election to the Senate both of Victoria University and the University of Toronto.

He has won a high reputation, not only in educational lines, but also as a preacher and writer. A specially distinguishing characteristic is his pre-eminent ability as a presiding officer, a qualification very apparent in his direction of the work of the General Conference. He has always been a stalwart champion of the prohibition cause, and has not been afraid to denounce in scathing language the political corruption of the day. Strong convictions on moral questions, and a fearless and vigorous outspokenness have made Dr. Carman a positive force, not only in ecclesiastical, but in national life. To-day, though he has passed his seventy-first birthday, neither his intellectual nor his physical vigor have abated, and ACTA may speak for all when it expresses the hope that he may long be spared to his Church and country.

REV. EDWARD BRADSHAW RYCKMAN, M.A., D.D.

Edward Bradshaw Ryckman was born on a farm near Hamilton, of Dutch-American United Empire Loyalist stock. "This fact of race,"



REV. EDWARD BRADSHAW RYCKMAN.
M.A., D.D.

says a newspaper writer, "may to some extent account for his exceptionally healthy and vigorous constitution and patient love of work and study." He was fortunate in having the tuition, at Public School, of Robert Spence, who afterwards became Postmaster-General of United Canada. Later he attended a High School in Hamilton, where his master was David Beach, M.A., a Victoria Alumnus. It was in 1850 that Dr. Ryckman entered Victoria College, intending, at first, merely to improve his education by a year's work, but finally deciding to go through to graduation. His course in College

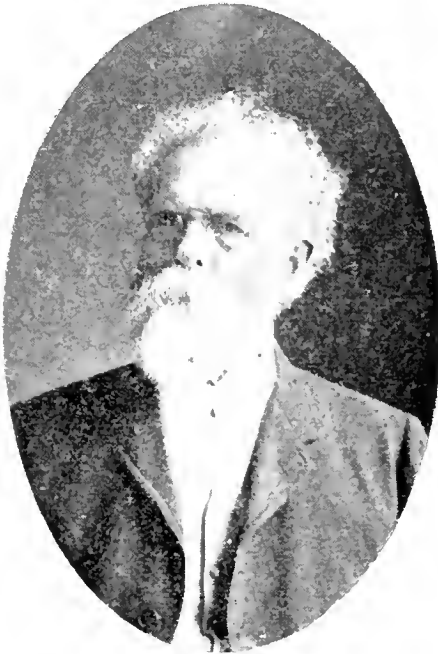
was an exceedingly creditable one, and each year he succeeded in winning the highest honor of the institution, the "red badge" for general proficiency, the era of gold medals not having yet set in. At graduation, in 1855, Dr. Ryckman was chosen to be the class Valedictorian. He remained in college for another year as tutor in

English, Classics and Mathematics. He afterwards received the degree of M.A. in 1868, and that of D.D. in 1879. During his College course he had been converted, and had decided to enter the ministry of the Church. Accordingly, in 1856, he presented himself, with forty-six others, for ordination into the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the largest class ever received. Of this large number only two still remain in the ranks of the effective—Rev. Stephen Bond, of the London Conference, and Dr. Ryckman himself. Those were the days of large circuits, and the Yonge Street Circuit, to which Dr. Ryckman was first appointed, is now divided into six. Since then he has ministered to congregations in many of the larger towns and cities of Ontario, including Chatham, London, Brantford, Kingston and Ottawa, where he was pastor of Dominion Church. He is now stationed at Cornwall. He has also received high honors at the hands of his brother ministers. For twenty-seven years he was Chairman of the district in which he was stationed until, two years ago, he declined any further repetition of the honor. Three times he has occupied the President's chair at an Annual Conference, being President of the London Conference in 1878, and again in 1884, and of the Montreal Conference in 1894. In 1880 he was Fraternal Delegate from the General Conference of the Canadian Church to that of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States at Cincinnati. He was also a representative of the General Conference at the first and second Ecumenical Conferences of Methodism, held in London, Eng., in 1881, and in Washington, D.C., in 1891, respectively. He is also a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria University. Dr. Ryckman is now in the forty-ninth year of his ministry, but his physical health is as good as ever and his vigor unfailing, as is indicated by the fact that he recently walked twelve miles in two hours without special fatigue. May he long be able to do so.

HIS HONOR JUDGE WILLIAM WATTEN DEAN,
M.A., LL.D.

William Watten Dean is the son of a Methodist minister, Rev. Horace Dean, and is of United Empire Loyalist descent on both sides of the family. He was born in London in 1830, and after preliminary preparation at Barrie Grammar School, entered Victoria University. After graduating in 1854, he entered the law office of Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C., who afterwards became Chief Justice of Manitoba. He was called to the bar in 1858, and opened up an office in the

town of Belleville. Here he took his first step in the line of promotion, when he was appointed a Master in Chancery. Subsequently he was, for a short period, acting Deputy Minister of Justice under Hon. Edward Blake, but gave up that position on his appointment, in 1874,



HIS HONOR JUDGE WILLIAM
WATTEN DEAN, M.A., LL.D.

to be Judge of the County Court of Victoria, a position he has now adorned for thirty years. In 1883, Judge Dean was given the M.A. degree, and in 1892 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. He is one of the most prominent lay members of the Methodist Church, and has attended many General Conferences of that body. He now serves his Alma Mater as a member of the Board of Regents. Last spring, in recognition of the fact that Judge Dean was about to celebrate the jubilee of his graduation, he was invited by the students of Victoria—and did them the honor of consenting—to preside at the

Annual Senior Dinner. Though his years have passed the limit of threescore and ten prescribed by the Psalmist, it cannot yet be said that his strength is labor and sorrow, for he is still hale and strong. No better wish can be formed by those of us about to graduate than that, when we have worn our academic honors for half a century (if we should live so long), we may look back upon lives as useful and as honorable as that of Judge Dean.

SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We give below a short sketch of the principal contributors to this number of *ACTA*, who are either graduates or members of the teaching staff of Victoria University.

REV. NATHANAEL BURWASH, M.A., S.T.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University, was born near St. Andrew's, P.Q., in 1839. He graduated from Victoria in 1859, and received his M.A. degree in 1867. He was ordained to the ministry in 1864, and in 1867, after a course of study at Yale, became Professor of Natural History and Geology in his Alma Mater. Later he attended the Garrett Biblical Institute at



C. C. JAMES, M.A.



PROF. J. C. ROBERTSON, B.A.



C. GUILLET, B.A., Ph.D.

Evanston, whence he obtained the degree of B.D. in 1871, and that of S.T.D. in 1876. He became, in 1873, Professor of Theology and Dean of the Faculty of Theology, and, on the death of Dr. Nelles, in 1887, Chancellor of the University. In 1892 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him, *honoris causa*. To Dr. Burwash, more than to any other one man, may be attributed the consummation and subsequent success of the federation scheme for the University. He is the author of several valuable works in theology, and is recognized as one of Ontario's leading educationists. His intellectual acumen and his deep and rich spirituality have won for him the respect and love of hundreds of Victoria's alumni.

C. C. JAMES, M.A., was born at Napanee, and educated at the High School of that town and at Victoria University. When he graduated in '83 he captured the Gold Medal in Natural Science. In 1886 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the O.A.C., and in 1891 was promoted to be Deputy Minister of Agriculture, a position in which he has won credit both for himself and for the department. He is a member of the Senate of Victoria, and takes a deep interest in his Alma Mater. He has written largely for technical periodicals, and has also prepared a bibliography of Canadian poetry, published by the Victoria University Library.

PROF. J. C. ROBERTSON, B.A., is a graduate of Toronto University, and was Gold Medallist of his year ('83) in Classics. After graduation he held a classical fellowship in University College for three years. In 1887 he entered upon a post-graduate course in Johns Hopkins University, and after his return to Canada taught for some years in the High Schools of Owen Sound and Toronto Junction. In 1894 he was appointed to his present position as Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Victoria. Prof. Robertson has edited a number of text-books in Latin and Greek. In his professional work he has discovered the secret of uniting with a painstaking thoroughness the power to interest and inspire his students.

C. GUILLET, B.A., PH.D., was Silver Medallist in Moderns when he graduated in 1887. For a number of years he taught at Ottawa, and then, after travelling some time abroad to perfect himself in modern languages, he spent three years in Clarke University, at Worcester, Mass., under Dr. Hall, obtaining a degree in Pedagogy. He is now in the Technical School in Toronto, and is one of the best qualified men in Ontario on pedagogical lines.

PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., PH.D., comes of a literary family, his father, the late Sir James D. Edgar, being not only prominent in the House of Commons, but also a poet of exceptional merit, while his mother, Lady Edgar, also gained distinction as an authoress. Dr. Edgar is a graduate of Toronto University, where he won the highest honors, and also of the Johns Hopkins University, where he obtained his degree of Ph.D. He was appointed Professor of French in Victoria University in 1897. He is an enthusiastic student of English Literature, and has published, in addition to magazine articles along the lines of literary criticism, annotated editions of some of the poets for school use, and has edited a work consisting of selections from Parkman. He has also written a number of poems, which have been printed privately.



PROF. L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

PROF. L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D., is a native of Norwich, Ont., and was educated in the Brantford Collegiate Institute and in Victoria University, whence he graduated in 1884 with the Prince of Wales' Gold Medal for General Proficiency, and the Silver Medal in Philosophy. He has also taken a post-graduate course in the Universities of Breslau and Göttingen, taking his Ph.D. from the latter in 1891. In 1886, after teaching two years in Peterboro' Collegiate Institute, he was appointed to the staff of Victoria University, and, after two years and a half spent in Europe on leave, assumed the duties of his present position as Professor of German and Old English. As a lecturer Dr. Horning is exceedingly popular, having the faculty, in an eminent degree, of clothing dry bones with flesh

and blood. He has made a special study of Canadian literature, and is a recognized authority upon that subject.



Merry Christmas and a full stocking!

WE hesitate to recall ante-Bob scenes, but that function demanded so much attention in our last issue that the account of an adventure, of all most amusing, was crowded out. But it reads well yet.

After Charter Day exercises the Freshmen, believing that the "Bob" Committee were in session, planned a raid. Robert was just on the point of seeking much needed rest (though the sequel fails to show it), when Coatsworth, '08, arrived and asked breathlessly if any first year men had yet come. Robert tumbled, and seeing an opportunity to play a joke, sent his assistant upstairs post haste to light up Alumni Hall and bang on the piano. Presently they came, every man with a white kerchief tied about his left arm for the purpose of identification. At first, so he says, Robert fancied it was white crêpe, and that they had come to bury William. Locking the door, he gave chase to one man, who, finding the Czar Street fence too high, cut across the tennis courts and nearly broke his neck falling over a net, while Robert pursued him with a ponderous club, but laughing so hard that his victim escaped.

Accordingly he returned to the side entrance, and, mingling with the crowd, made the buttons fly as he ripped the Freshmen's coats open in a manner quite atrocious. But through it all "they acted like gentlemen," so he says. But it was time for another *coup*. So, unlocking the door and drawing a horse-pistol (it's a fact), he dared any man to enter. Those on the outskirts vanished in terror; the rest were rooted to the ground. Next Robert lowered his weapon and agreed, if they promised to be good, to let them in. After some hesitation they gave their word and entered, whereupon Robert ran to the foot of the stairs and shouted up to the imaginary Sophomore host (still banging lustily on the piano):

"Here they are, boys! Turn on the hose!"

Hearing this, the Freshmen retreated precipitately to the door, only to find this way blocked by two stalwart policemen. For once they

realized the force of that quaint expression, "Between the devil and the deep sea." The embodiment of the law asked peremptorily :

"What are you doing here?"

"We're Freshmen," a voice replied, "and—"

"You look it!" answered the other, cutting him short: "Get out of this": and they went. Score Robert!

MISS BEARMAN, '08—"Oh, he's much older than I—he's eighteen." (Ah!)

OVERHEARD in the Library—Miss Pearl B. F. has occasion to depart. Then spake one C. T. in awed whispers to his fellow, "It would go hard with the serpent's head if she happened to put her heel on it."

DURING the Woman's Lit. reception, an unknown man, who had been celebrating Bacchanalian rites, attempted to enter. Robert slipped as he was assisting him down the steps, at which the other quaintly asked, "'Scuse me; have you (hic!) been 'dulgin'?"



E. L. LUCK, '06,
Our Cartoonist.

THE Alma Mater Society wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a kitten, duly boxed, bedded and labeled. The donor, it is strongly suspected, is a fair lady whose name almost rhymes with "muffin," to whom thanks are conveyed—but the poor, dear thing escaped. The box and the—what shall we call it?—placed therein for the cat's comfort, may be had on application.

PRES. KNIGHT (at Lit.)—"If, in my Freshman year, I had heard any man speak as I do now, I should have thought him a fool and may be he would have been."

OVERHEARD in Annesley.—Miss Philp—"Say, Pearl, have you Botsford's Greece?"

Miss Faint—"No, I have only glycerine."

TRUEMAN, '06 (to Belt Line conductor, Sunday night)—"Let us off at Annesley Hall, please."

MISS HVLAND—"Yes, they tell me my name should be Mary, and then I'd be Highland Mary."

DR. MCCLENNAN—"Miss Rice, are you too shy to put your name on your exercise? Just sign your first name; that's good enough for me."

MESSRS. HARLEY and Kirby participated in the Medico-Science scrap and were duly painted.

AT the Glee Club practice.—“Any sweet accustard bliss!” (accustomed).

CONNOLLY No. 2 (on looking over Annesley Hall register)—“Say, Bill! how is it your name isn’t here?”

NAMELESS (after the scrap)—“Whether did the somersaults or Freshettes beat?”

IN the study.—Miss Wallace—“You know I have that holy hockey at 2 o’clock, and field scripture at 3.”

FRESHMAN (the day of first-year affair at Annesley Hall)—“What kind of a thing is it anyway? Can you take a girl with you?”

EDWARD’S effusion,—

He sent it to *The Varsity*,
To ACTA, and the Lit.,
And then he sent it to his Chloe,
And she accepted it.

THE conditions governing the Impromptu Oration Contest have been varied this year. Subjects are placed in a box on the President’s table, from which the victim draws and instantly begins his speech. At the recent contest, Mr. Cahoon surprised everyone by the facility of speech which he displayed. Mr. Conron, in developing his speech, remarked that “in Anne’s reign they wore shoes which curled up *a foot or two* in front. But now shoes are worn *to a greater extent*!” Mr. Morrow was manifestly not at home with the subject, “The hand that rocks the cradle,” etc. Mr. Wilson, after discoursing three minutes on “Our President,” frankly confessed that he had exhausted the subject.

CORRIGENDUM—“Clifford Douglas” for “Charles D.” in the November issue.

IT seems Miss O’Flynn’s given name is Susie. Can you wonder, then, at her consternation as a Freshette on first hearing the B.D. yell?

FROM *Vox Collegii*, the O.L.C. official organ, we copy the following: “The young ladies who attended the tournament and the reception following report that they met several celebrities, among whom was a Bishop, the Kaiser or the stuttering poet (Teddy), and the boy professor, Jimmie W.”

ON Sunday, November 13th, the Victoria Band held special meetings in the Hamilton churches, with great acceptance.

SMALL BOY (in Hamilton parsonage, to Barber)—“How do you cut your own hair?”

AFTERMATH of the election.—Mayor Urquhart failing to “get in,” Henderson, Connolly and Lane entertained Trueman, Campbell and Robertson at the King Edward.

THE *Delineator* is being sent to the College as an exchange. Shade of Aristotle!

LUCK (after a grand opera)—“After all, Sh-a’s is lo’s of fun.”

AT a lecture—Stapleford (stuck)—“Cicero doesn’t seem to be very clear on that point.”

AT the Lit.—Connolly (excitedly)—“But, Mr. Squeaker!”


WE bear witness that that ornament of the B.D. class and editor of matters religious and missionary for this journal, to wit, W. A. Gifford, B.A., received a package by mail marked, “Mother Seigel’s Soothing Syrup,” which nevertheless proved to be a flask of Seagram’s ’83 distilling.



(TESTIMONIAL)

To the Seven Underland Sisters:—

Dear Sisters:—

Before using your valuable hair-grower, my hair was short and stubby like this: —but now look at me!

Yours Greatfully,

Heber S. M.....

RATHMAN is said to be a—but let us illustrate,—

Friend—“Fine girls in your German class?”

Rath—“Don’t know; I never saw any of them.”

THE Green-eyed Monster.—Lane was undergoing the operation of having a mote removed from his eye when Dr. Reinar, who had approached unseen, interrogated, *sotto voce*, “Do you see any green in it?”

DIALOGUE in an upper room (prolonged ringing of door-bell)—1st Plug—“Who’s that?” 2nd P.—“I suppose it’s Knight.” 1st P.—Blinkety-blink-blank it anyway. The (k)night cometh when no man can work.”

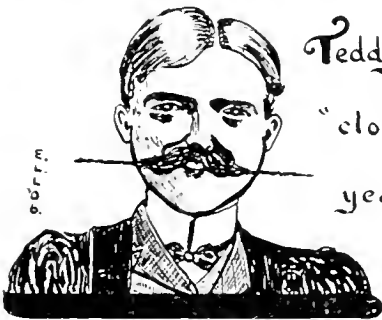
FROM the *Newmarket Era* of November 4th—*Caput*, “Our Toronto Letter”: “The Freshmen and Sophomore students of Victoria University are having a rather rough time. The authorities should stamp

this relic of a bygone age out of existence. Jailing the guilty culprits is the right thing." We learn that the editor of this provincial journal is the father of W. E. Williams, '08, U.C., who weekly contributes "Our Toronto Letter." Now that the attention of "the authorities" has been brought to this matter (*via* Newmarket), we feel certain that they will recognize their deep obligation to the correspondent for his valuable suggestion so gratuitously proffered.

It is told that, after the Freshettes' reception at the Hall, Butcher, '08, went home and played "Sweet Hour of Prayer" upon the piano till a quarter to one.

We regret that a gambling epidemic has broken out, and it is whispered that even the gentler sex are not without a tincture of it. Couples may be seen matching coppers amid a crowd of abetting onlookers. Hip pockets serve the universal use of receptacle for ready coin, and every man wears a perpetual challenge in his countenance. *Ora pro nobis!*

MESSRS. CONNOLLY and Bishop are engaged, we are happy to announce, in instructing girls' S. S. classes. Mr. G. E. Trueman, who has lately undertaken similar service, reports that at 10.30 Saturday night, upon appealing to these veterans for information as to the morrow's lesson, he discovered a condition amounting to total ignorance, in which he himself shared.



Teddy's 'tache has grown steadily, since its "close shave" just before the "BOB", last year. We are all very proud of it.

————— So is Teddy.

The open meeting of the Union Literary Society, held on Friday, November 11th, was largely attended. The programme, which centred about the theme, "The British Empire," proved to be scarcely as profitable as had been hoped; but honorable mention must be made of Mr. J. A. Spence's paper on "Colonial Government." However, the business session redeemed the situation. The leaders of both Government and Opposition displayed a delightful facility in repartee. As usual, the Kids' Corner rose to the occasion, but a serious mistake was made in admitting several Freshmen to this sacred precinct, to one of whom

aqua remedium has since been administered, while several are at large, on suspended sentence.

"KELLY and Baker are in Heaven" (*i.e.*, in the Ladies' Gallery).

"But it is somewhat hot for them" (Tune: L. M. Dox.).

STAN. MILLS says he feared to open his tennis prize for fear it might be a pair of suspenders.

THERE'S a night for Open Lit—at Victoria,

When you bring your girl and sit—at Victoria.

If you have no girl at all, then you sit along the wall.

Longing even for a doll—at Victoria.

The inauguration of the new government under the leadership of Mr. G. E. Trueman was the occasion of much mirth. From the speech from the throne we quote as follows:

"Even as Lucifer the golden, shining out from Night's abysmal gloom, portends the glorious coming of the orb of day; even so the morning star of political purity and righteousness, bursting through the rank and nauseating fog of the past administration, points to a new era when gentle Peace and fair Prosperity locked in each other's arms shall slumber on, unawakened even by the hoarse croakings and atrabilious outpourings of the Leader of the Opposition and his army of boodle-grafters, self-confessed."

The following honorary degrees were conferred: Jacob Zurbrigg, M.I.G. (made in Germany); E. G. Saunders, K.O.B. (Knight of the Bath); D. W. Ganton, T.N.I.T.E.T.C.W. (the next individual to experience the cold water); Senator Salter was appointed to a seat in the Ladies' Study.

THE following are the important members of the various year executives: Bachelor of Divinity—Pres., R. J. McCormick; Sec., Treas., D. R. Clare. Class of '05—Pres., J. S. Bennett; Sec., A. L. Fullerton; Treas., E. W. Stapleford. Class of '06—Pres., J. B. Lamb; Sec., J. H. Adams; Treas., J. G. Brown. Class of '07—Pres., A. D. McFarlane; Sec., H. B. Dwight; Treas., Miss P. B. Faint. Class of '08—Pres., E. G. Sanders; Sec., Miss E. C. Jamieson; Treas., A. Foreman.

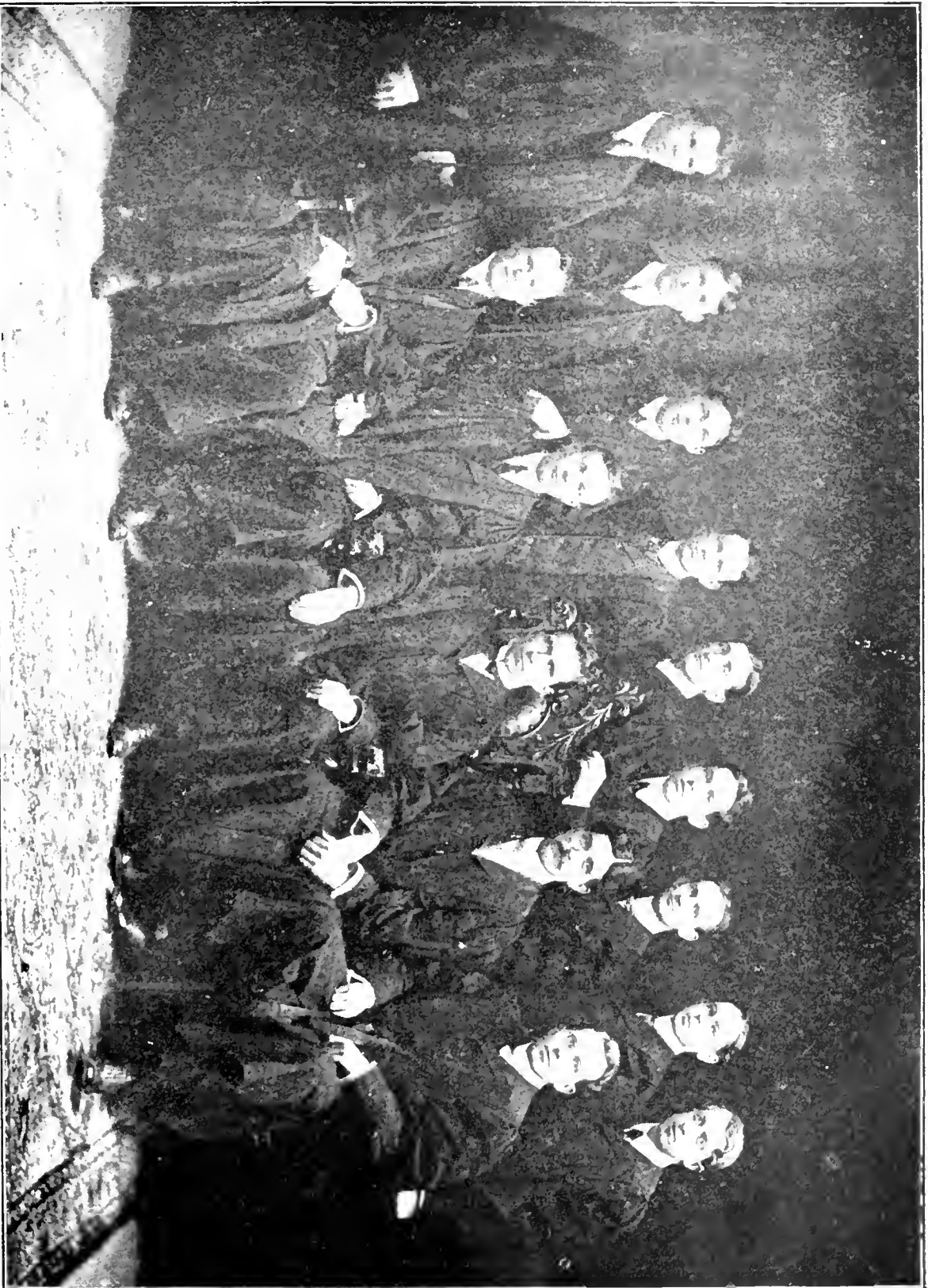
THE official yell of the class of '08 is as follows:

Tik-a-rik, tik-a-rak, tik-a-rik-a-roo!

Zikatee, zakatee, zikatee, zoo!

Ay-atee, ay-atee, ay-atee, ah!

'08! '08! Victoriah!



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE PANEL 1901-02.

C. H. Wolff, M. G. Connolly, F. B. Macfarlane, C. W. Bishop, B. A. F. W. H. Armstrong, E. L. Lark, E. W. Morgan, L. N. Richardson, J. N. Zorlough
Asst. Treas. *Secy.* *Treas.* *Cor. Secy.* *Editor* *Rev. Secy.* *Pianist* *Asst. Editor* *Director* *Asst. Pianist*

W. J. Saffery, C. W. Jackson, J. F. Knight, J. E. Hunter, G. E. Trueman,
Leader of Choir *1st Vice-Pres.* *President* *2nd Vice-Pres.* *Leader of Opposition*



Athletics and Morals

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, B.A.

MUCH ink has been spilled and many tempers spoiled over the vexing question of the relation of athletics to morals in our university life. On the one hand, it has all but been contended that morality is based upon sport, while in rejoinder it has been declared that our sports are the cause of much of the non-morality of the present time. The problem is no easy one to settle. Is some middle ground tenable between the grid-iron and the ascetic cell, or must we make an irrevocable choice?

The present emphasis on athletics in our universities is undoubtedly a revolt against the cloistered intellectuality of former days, when pale faces, weak limbs, and unsocial minds were wont to typify the collegian. What a shock would he receive could the century-old shade of some disciple of the former order of things visit a modern university on the occasion of a hustle or a football match. One can imagine him shrinking back as though fearful lest even his incorporeal nature should not be proof against the dead-weight of the Sophomores' rush, and lest his ghost ears be deafened by the unearthly uproar, while he mutters:

*"Non ego hoc ferrem tepidus inventa
Consule Planco."*

The padded and petted half-back is the twentieth century's protest against over-balanced studiousness.

So much for the historical significance of the gospel of sport. What is its moral significance? In other words, do athletics necessarily make us moral. As has been already suggested the question has been discussed with more vehemence than candor. Each party has claimed all the ground for itself and has endeavored to drive its opponent from the field.

The advocates and exponents of athletics have taken as their starting-point the admitted truth that matter does, to a certain

extent, affect mind; that the diseased or weakened body often influences the whole intellectual and moral tone of a man; on their banners they inscribe the motto: "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" From this base they have despatched whole armies of arguments that have truly covered the land. They have adduced the benefits of the systematic training so requisite nowadays to success in athletics, as also the undoubted (?) moral value of all competition. Broad generalizations have followed to crown the elaborate fabric of statement which they have built up to show that the greatest moral force in our colleges is the training we receive on the athletic field. The extreme of this line of reasoning was demonstrated in a remarkable article that appeared in *The Independent* not long since, in which a clergyman of repute in New England cited a score or so of moral virtues which had been produced in his son through his football training. The evident lesson of it all was this: "If you wish to be moral, don't come to church and listen to my preaching. Just step out on the football field and tackle Jim. An ounce of muscle is worth a pound of moralizing."

If this sounds somewhat extreme, what shall we say of those who decry all sport, and bitterly deplore our evident preference of brawn to brain? In their eyes this tendency is responsible for most of the vices of our students: for their rough manners, their stridency, and their brutality, on the one hand, and, on the other, for the laxness of their moral principles, their selfishness, laziness, and dishonesty, if not for worse evils. Men have given themselves over to the domination of their lower nature and the result has been inevitable and disastrous. The examples they adduce are often irrefutable. We may ridicule but we cannot deny the fact that it is the fashion in ultra football circles in the United States for the defeated captain to leave the field in tears. We must admit from experience that brilliant athletes are often but dull students, and athletic idols in truth mere "idles." It is unfortunately true that occasionally one hears a captain bid his men, "Get through their line by fair means or foul—get through anyhow, and take your chances of being caught by the referee." Yet one refuses to believe that such is the general tone of college sport and clings to the conviction that the majority of our men are sportsmen rather than sports.

When facts so utterly opposed to one another, yet claiming to be *facts*, are placed before us, and we are bidden judge, what

can we say? The mind revolts from athleticism as the be-all and end-all of life, while it refuses to attribute all the spots on our college life to our healthy bodies. Can it be, then, that our error is fundamental; that we are wrong in assuming that morals—or immorals—are the *fruit* of athletics? Is it nearer the truth to speak of athletics rather as one field for the exercise of our moral nature, where every impulse is made manifest, whether it be good or evil? If this be admitted, a flood of light is thrown at once upon the discussion, and we recognize that we have called that a cause which is but a field for the development of qualities already present in a man. We see that the man of ingenuity, pluck, and endurance does not pick up these virtues, as it were, on the campus, but, like growing muscles, he there strengthens them and trains them for future usefulness. In the same way, a man with a vile temper, or one that is crooked, and mean, and dishonest finds there ample scope for the exercise of these characteristics.

The objection will be raised that athletic training may cure a man of many little faults. That this is often true we gladly acknowledge. But it is equally true that men, generally considered above reproach, stoop to petty dishonesties to win in a contest. We would not pretend to argue that here, any more than elsewhere, the degenerates are all-powerful. Neither can we blindly believe that all the influences surrounding athletics tend to improve and elevate. One man of strong character can profoundly influence for good the men with whom he plays, while another of vicious tendencies ruins the other men on his team.

We cannot argue, then, that athletics universally promote morality any more than we can assert that they are the cause of great immorality. They merely furnish an opportunity for the testing and development of a man's good or bad qualities. The moral value of athletics is not inherent; it depends not on the athletics themselves, but on the men who take part and the use they make of their opportunities.

Athletics are but one of life's moral battlefields, not to be shunned because of possible defeats, but to be approached with honest heart and earnest purpose, because of the victories over self that can there be won.

This view brings athletics down from the lofty eminence to which some devotees of sport would raise them to their proper

place as a legitimate, but by no means all-important factor in education. On the other hand, those who from fear of evil consequences would utterly suppress all sport are placed in a peculiar position. Their arguments hold with equal force in proof of the advisability of suppressing life itself: which idea few of us would venture to advocate.

College Gymnasium

THE Editor of this column has been requested by the Athletic Union Executive to give for the benefit of new students and others a short account of work done in the matter of securing a college gymnasium. Perhaps there is no institution in the Dominion, approaching the size and importance of Victoria, in which the provision for athletics is so utterly inadequate, and it was to meet this need that this movement was inaugurated last spring by the A. U. Executive, under the presidency of R. Pearson, '04. A strong committee was appointed by the Union, and, after consultation with a sub-committee of the Board of Regents, was taking definite steps towards the immediate erection of a suitable building.

At this juncture the agitation for a men's residence was started by the Alma Mater Society, and the Gymnasium Committee was induced to act in unison with the Residence Committee. After several *lengthy discussions*, the movement was temporarily shelved. This happened towards the end of May, and so it was impossible for the Gymnasium Committee to take further steps last session.

The A. U. Executive for the year 1904-05, on assuming office, at once took up the question and a new committee was appointed, which has undertaken and expect to see the completion of their task. The Union now has to its credit approximately \$1,100, and this year's Rink Committee promise another thousand. With this \$2,100 as a basis, and an additional \$5,000, which they hope to borrow from the Board of Regents, the committee expects to be in a position to finance the scheme next spring. The running expenses, estimated at \$750 per annum, along with the interest on \$5,000, can be met by the Union, if necessary, although the Executive is justified, we think, in expecting generous treatment at the hands of the Board of Regents.

A black and white photograph of a group of 15 young men, likely a sports team, posed in two rows. The front row is seated or kneeling, and the back row is standing. They are all wearing dark, heavy jackets or sweaters. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Western blot analysis of p38 phosphorylation in H460 cells. The blot shows bands for p38, p-p38, and GAPDH across four lanes: Control, IL-1, IL-1 + SB, and IL-1 + SB + PD. Molecular weight markers are indicated on the right at 43, 36, 29, 25, 21, 18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1 kDa.

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HANDICAP.

+	15	Green	Green			
+	30	Salter	6-1, 6-1	Green		
	s	Jolliffe	Mahood	5-7, 6-2, 6-3		
+	30	Mahood	6-3, 6-0	Green		
+	15	Barwash	Jackson	Def.		
+	30	Jackson	6-0, 1-6, 6-3	Robertson		
	s	Robertson	Robertson	6-4, 6-4	Green	
	s	Bishop	3-6, 6-0, 6-4		6-1, 6-2	
+	15	Moore	Moore			
+	30	Fullerton	6-3, 1-6, 6-3	Moore		
+	15	Brecken	Brecken	8-6, 6-8, 12-10		
+	15	Connolly	6-3, 6-2			
	s	Hineks	Bowman			
+	30	Bowman	Def.	Stapleford		
+	30	Richardson	Stapleford	6-3, 7-5		
+	15	Stapleford	Def.			
	s	Wallace	Mills			
+	30	Mills	6-2, 3-6, 6-2	Henderson		
	s	Henderson	Henderson	6-0, 6-4		
+	15	Ferguson	Def.			
+	30	Jenkins	Stockton			
+	15	Stockton	Def.	Campbell		
+	30	Trueman	Campbell	6-1, 2-6, 6-3		
	s	Campbell	6-4, 5-7, 6-4			
+	15	Connor	Clarke			
+	30	Clarke	Def.	Gifford		
+	15	Gifford	Gifford	6-3, 6-4		
+	15	Knox	6-3, 6-3			
+	30	Hewitt	Harley			
+	30	Harley	6-3, 12-10	Sanders		
+	30	Sanders	Sanders	7-9, 8-6, 6-3		
+	30	Kelly	6-4, 6-4			
+	15	Dwight	Dwight			
+	30	Bradshaw	6-3, 7-5	Dwight		
+	30	Brwnlee	Tribble	4-6, 6-4, 6-4		
+	30	Tribble	6-3, 5-7, 6-0			

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Sanders	Sanders			
Harley	6-4, 3-6, 6-4	Mahood		
Mahood	Mahood	Def.		
Kelley	Def.		Henderson	
Mills	Campbell		6-1, 6-0	
Campbell	Def.	Henderson		
Wallace	Henderson	Def.		
Henderson	7-5, 7-5		Henderson	
Stapleford	Gifford		6-2, 6-4	
Gifford	7-5, 6-0	Dwight		
Dwight	Dwight	9-7, 6-1		
Connor	Def.		Bishop	
Knox	Knox		4-6, 6-1, 6-2	
Burwash	6-0, 6-2	Bishop		
Bishop	Bishop	6-2, 6-1		
Moore	2-6, 6-1, 6-2			Jolliffe
Robertson	Jolliffe			Def.
Jolliffe	6-4, 8-6	Jolliffe		
Fullerton	Connolly	7-5, 6-4		
Connolly	6-3, 4-6, 7-5		Jolliffe	
Stockton	Stockton		6-8, 6-1, 6-4	
Hincks	Def.	Brecken		
Brecken	Brecken	3-2, 6-2, 6-3		
Ferguson	Def.		Jolliffe	
Hewitt	Clarke	bye	6-4, 6-8, 6-3	
Clarke	6-1, 5-7, 6-0			
Trueman	Green	Bradshaw		
Green	6-4, 6-4	Def.		
	Bradshaw	6-3, 6-3		

Jolliffe, 1 Dawson.
Dawson (holder of championship) 16 2, 6 4, 6-2

MEN'S DOUBLES.

[illegible]

MIXED DOUBLES.

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TWIN FALLS, NEAR FIELD, B.C.

AMONG THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



ACTA VICTORIANA

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Love and Life

BY ELLA A. MACLEAN, '02.

TWIN sisters, Love and Life—
Love wreathed with flowers and fair
Doth lightly dance along the way ;
Life's troubled eyes are dark and dusk her hair.

“My sister stay with me :
’Tis pleasant in the vale.”
“Ah, yes, I know,” doth Life reply,
“But here’s the path the heights above to scale.”

Together up they climb :
Capricious Love halts oft,
To scatter flowers or lift a briar,
To clear the road and make the pathway soft.

Life’s eye is fixed above,
In purpose true but stern ;
She heeds not flowers, she tramples them,
And Love’s sweet ways doth spurn.

They journey on and on—
Love ceases wilful wiles ;
Life, half regretful of her deeds,
Caresses Love and on her sweetly smiles.

They reach the mountain top,
They find God’s plain above,
Their faces like to like so grown,
No man can tell which Life is and which Love.

Our Western Heritage

BY TROOPER A. J. BRACE.

OUR last good-byes were said : Ontario and the College life were behind ; before us lay the great golden West and the responsibilities of our life work. Flying visits to former students of our Alma Mater had "dragged with each remove a lengthening chain," but beyond Winnipeg we plunged fairly into the West and found in it a new absorbing interest.



A GREAT GLACIER.

The vast stretches of prairie, undulating and largely devoid of trees, stirred again in our breast the old memories and warm feeling of the South African veldt. Through force of habit our eyes swept the plain and the distant skyline, happily to see nothing worse than a picturesque "cow-puncher" ride into view. Vast herds of cattle and boundless fields of waving wheat testified to the immense wealth of Canada's growing Territories. The innumerable small lakes swarmed with wild duck, indicating a veritable sportsman's paradise.

Entering the great Bow Valley we felt the charm of the foothills made famous in Ralph Connor's stories. For many miles the railway closely followed the bank of the Bow River, and we looked down into the milky-green, sediment-laden waters of the turbid stream. As we pressed onward the skirting foothills grew higher and higher, graduat-

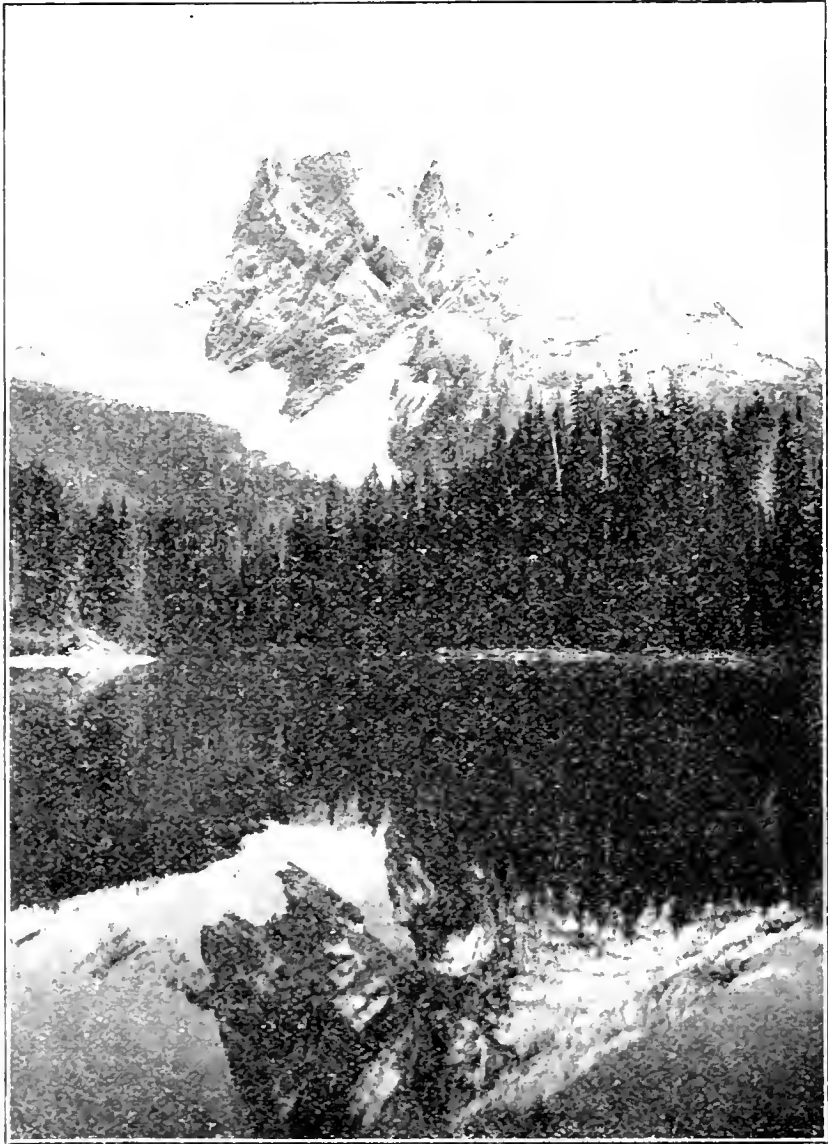


THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

ing into vast terraces and lofty mountains. Herds of bronchos in the lower valley gave place to thousands of cattle on the terraces and to flocks of sheep cropping the short, sweet grass on the hill tops. We passed transverse valleys—the grooved courses of ancient glaciers—and caught a glimpse of the remnant of the Bow River glacier, occu-

pying a field of nearly three hundred square miles. Beyond rose successive ranges of rugged heights, backed by snow-capped giants that mingled with the clouds.

The Rocky Mountains were entered through a deep pass called The Gap. Great masses of rock, ragged, grooved and torn by past glacier



MOUNT BURGESS.

action, rose almost vertically on both sides to a prodigious height. One was given the impression that a great eruption had shaken the continent and that this conglomerate mass of irregular and jagged mountains of colossal dimensions is the result of the upheaval. It is the consensus of opinion among tourists that the panoramic view of

ranges, torrents, valleys, gorges and glaciers to be seen from the observation cars cannot be excelled in the world for continuous, natural and inspiring grandeur.

At Banff the mountain scenery eclipses all seen before. It is truly sublime. Here are the well-known Hot Springs, a medicinal watering place and pleasure resort, and an immense national park of over five thousand square miles, embracing parts of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers. About the picturesque little village tower the highest snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. Most curious and interesting to



THE ANGRY CATARACT.

the traveller are the isolated and weatherbeaten conglomerate earthen pillars called "hoodoos," standing like giant sentinels often sixty feet in height, monuments which have successfully withstood the erosion that obliterated the surrounding bank.

As we steamed into Rocky Mountain Park, Castle Mountain lifted its sheer perpendicular face five thousand feet high and eight miles long, an imposing spectacle, a giant fortress crowned with rugged turrets, bastions and battlements. And as the thought of the omnipotence of the Creator came upon us there was mingled with it admira-

tion for the brilliant engineering skill of the C. P. R. that had found a roadbed through this chaotic sea of mountains.

We crossed the great Divide and saw that remarkable phenomenon, a sparkling stream separating into two that it might contribute of its freshness to both Pacific and Atlantic. Then, with mingled pleasure and amazement, we began the descent into the Kicking Horse Canyon, reaching the lower levels by curves and unexpected turns, where from narrow ledges we looked sheer down hundreds of feet. Following the serpentine course of the river canyon, we revelled in the roar of the mountain cataract that, deep below, angrily tumbled and foamed

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PASTORAL SCENE.

through its narrow, rock-ribbed channel to the distant sea. As we sped along the steep odd-colored cliffs of the Thompson River Canyon we refreshed our eyes with the sparkle of its clear, green, swift-coursing waters. Before us the mountains seemed suddenly to draw together again and oppose an impenetrable barrier to our advance, but the train wound and twisted as it closely followed the wild and accelerated current to its confluence with the mighty Fraser.

The blending of these two waters presented a most suggestive and striking scene. The little Thompson struggled to retain its identity amid the turbid flood of the voluminous Fraser. Tenaciously it held

to the northern bank, but all too soon its prominent pea green color faded away and the huge muddy Fraser, proud of its prodigious wealth of gold and fish, took full possession of its far famed canyon and rolled on majestically to the Pacific. Turning from its dark, dizzy depths we gazed up on our left and contemplated the terrific altitude of the mountain cliffs that lost themselves in the clouds and the eternal blue. Try as we might we could hardly keep the heart from beating faster as, between such heights and depths, we crept along the narrow rocky ledge or through tunnels of various lengths.



SALMON FLEET—FRASER RIVER.

Then the old stage road, niched out of the opposing mountain side in the early sixties as the highway for carrying Her Majesty's mails, caught our eye, and as we watched its course we grew more and more ready to believe the hair-raising experiences related of the stage drivers during the early days of the rush for gold. Then down in the river we saw numbers of Blackfeet and Flathead Indians spearing salmon from projecting rocks and timber cribs especially constructed for the purpose. From the enormous racks of red-fleshed fish drying in the sun we gathered some idea of the wealth of the Fraser fisheries. Next we were attracted by numbers of Chinese washing on the sand-

bars for the coveted gold which has made this fair province famous, and ever as the canyon widened we turned with fresh delight and admiration to catch a glimpse of snow-crowned peaks silhouetted against the fleecy clouds.

But as we neared our destination we saw new charms in British Columbia. Prosperous looking farms, well-fenced, and with creditable buildings, bore harvests rich and promising. Fruits and trees in great variety attained an extraordinary development, and flowers of remarkable variety and prolific growth had a quiet charm most grateful after the inspiring grandeur of the mountain scenery.

Presently we swept into New Westminster, appropriately called the Royal City. Up the slope we climbed to our little parsonage and from the verandah looked down over the town and the Fraser and its broad delta away to the Pacific. It is a delightful view at all times, whether a hazy atmosphere dims its outlines, or a clarified air reveals the majestic glacier-crowned Mount Baker eighty miles away, and the extensive serrated snow-capped range on the Olympian peninsula one hundred and fifty miles distant. Here we live and here we taste the pleasures and share the burdens of this strenuous Western life.



VANCOUVER ISLAND SCENE.

The Six Old Maids

BY ALICE A. WILL, '03.

THE street was a long, narrow, noisy one; one of those streets which show, perhaps, better than anything else, the gradual growth of a great city. On one side were the small fly-blown shops, which in an earlier time had saved the suburbanites a long, weary trip into the centre of the city; on the other were the quickly grown, tawdry rows of red brick houses, the fruits of a sudden boom. One side of the street was symbolic of the old suburb, the other of the insidious encroachment of the modern city. The six old maids belonged to the city side, and there, gaunt, straight, prim, they lived their secluded lives, undisturbed, apparently, by the sordid, feeble cares of one side of the street or the other. In reality, however, a certain curiosity—as it is called in spinster ladies—or a spirit of investigation—as it is called when it exists in the heart of man—burned fiercely in the bosoms of these old maids. Their interest in all about them was keen and kindly, and often when a fortunate wind seemed to blow things in the way of some unfortunate human, the influence might have been traced to the old maids, whose only outward and visible sign of their sympathy was a certain nervousness under observation, an access of embarrassed agitation or a flutter of low whispering.

Each of the near neighbors had a very marked individuality to these six. There was the young Englishman, a man who did his nationality no honor, and whose purest content seemed to co-exist only with the augmented misery of someone else, misery augmented by himself—a bully, braggart, and coward. There was the superannuated Yankee, who kept a “shop,” and whose native keenness was tempered with a beautiful tenderness to children. His wife, who was all shrewdness, used to say that “Jim would give one of them dirty kids his pipe if she wanted it,” and everyone knew that Jim’s pipe was his first and last love. There was a struggling young doctor, unskilled in his practice, but with such a noble care of his querulous old mother as marked him at once a man, if not a doctor. There was the little, half-paralyzed woman who sold papers on the next corner, and whose cheery humor from that twisted little body was one of God’s miracles. There was the big, fat policeman, whose absolute

vacuity of mind was only exceeded by his slowness of gait; and there were the children! and, as the grocer's wife remarked, "Heaven knows where they come from in the morning, much less where they are packed at night." A poor and dingy company these friends of the old maids, but, unlike the prosperous and care-free, life was a brimming, strenuous thing to them.

Living right under the eye of these six misjudged maidens was a numerous family of young children. For hours together the six old maids would watch over the children's play with the most intense personal enthusiasm. They would nod and bend in time to the music of "King William was King George's Son," and put their heads together in whispered discussion of the intricacies of "cross tag," and the children, though still preserving towards them such a spirit of deference as is proper from young to old, felt always their ready understanding and protection. A spirit of *camaraderie* grew up between them until at times, even, some of the more daring, in defiance of the modern superstition which assigns austerity as a characteristic of spinsters, would run to lean lovingly against one or other of them, and would stroke their rough garments comprehendingly, if wordlessly.

It was too apparent, however, that the little family the old maids were in a sense mothering had fallen on very evil days. To the eyes of the old maids things seemed to go from bad to worse in the affairs of this household in which their most familiar interest was centred. There was no abatement of the irrepressible spirits of the children, but each morning now the father started out, pale and weary and discouraged, while the wan mother stood at the door trying to smile cheerfully as he looked back to wave his hand from the next corner. And one morning that which the old maids had feared and discussed in subdued murmurings was voiced with the boldness of childhood, "Mother, where's father going?" "Shut up, kid; he's looking for work and can't get none," said the older brother. So the skeleton stood revealed. This was why the children did not run about with the neighbors' families; this was why there were no lights in the house at night; this was the reason of the father's weariness and the mother's pallor. And the old maids moaned and muttered among themselves.

Their sympathy, however, was as far as possible of a practical turn, and for several days their thoughts never strayed far from

the unhappy family near them. One day their almost painful interest was, if possible, increased by the action of one of the children. She was an odd, quiet child with great, mysterious eyes, a head too wise for her tiny body, and very charming, sweet ways. One day little Grace stretched her arms as far as they could go about the somewhat unwieldly form of one of the old maids, from whose figure all the supple slenderness of youth had long departed, and said, sighing, "Dear old maid, why doesn't someone come; the little mother cries and father looks so tired and we have only potatoes for dinner? Why doesn't Uncle Ned or somebody give us some money?" And the old maids could only return sigh for sigh.

And winter came, and the old maids made their natural preparation, put off their summer vesture, and donned their winter garb, but the family beneath made no such preparation.

The children were playing hide-and-seek happily one day when the climax of all misfortunes came, as it seemed to the little mother. Grace, the little favorite, was "it." When she had faithfully counted two hundred she cried with the causeless exultation of a careless child, "Ready or not, you must be caught, all round the goal or not," and then, with eyes still blurred with the thoroughness with which she had dug her knuckles into them in the intensity of her desire to be honest, she gave a blind, excited bound into the street. The car was passing at full speed, and Grace ran, head down, into the side of it; was bounced back by the force of the blow and fell into the open, newly-dug ditch by the side of the road. The old maids, who alone saw the catastrophe, seemed rooted to the spot in horror. They had watched the repairing of the street, and could now look down into the deep, muddy drain, with a few inches of stagnant water at the bottom. The children by-and-by, grown weary of hiding, came out from their corners and decided that Grace was "real mean to go in and never let them know. They might have stayed there till tea-time." Meanwhile, Grace lay at the bottom of the ditch, quiet and white and still, and no one across the road had seen, because she was hidden by the car, and on this side no one seemed to have seen either. Dusk came, and tea-time came, and still no one missed Grace. Would they never miss her? At last the poor little family sat down to their very sparing meal.

"Where is Grace?" the mother asked, and no one could

answer. The father went to the door and called, but no one came. Then he went around to the doctor's and the grocer's, and even appealed to the stolid policeman. Finally they began a thorough search, and a strange instinct kept the father from straying away from the house in search of the child. Moved by a strange impulse he suddenly snatched up one of the red lanterns left beside the ditch and jumped down into the unpleasant-looking hole. There was Grace, with her head torn by a jagged stone against which she had fallen. The grocer and the father carried her carefully into the house, while the poor mother wrung her hands and the old maids tried to express their sympathy. With an unconfessed, desperate and horrible wonder in the hearts of mother and father as to how he should be paid, the father called in the doctor.

A long night of watching followed, while the doctor sat patiently beside the bed holding the child's hand. Is there anything more ghastly, more absolutely heart-weakening than the night watch beside a sick bed. Perhaps you are stunned by the weight of the sudden blow, and only this bare, dark night brings the bitter realization to you. You lean forward and look, and the dear face seems strange and awful to you and a desperate agony that longs for movement, yet cannot move, presses heavily down upon you. You bend forward at last, gazing the more intently, thinking, perhaps, that the very force of your intensity will draw forth an answering look, but there is none; then you touch that quiet form fearfully and your last hope ends in horror, for there is no response to your touch. And the moments grope on, pallid, dank, cold, and the full misery of futureless death is upon you in the grim dawn.

At the time of crisis near morning the old maids, who still watched tirelessly, saw the mother run into her own empty room and fling herself across the bed, with her hands clasped high above her head in an ecstasy of dumb agony. Would the time never pass! Could the child not even speak or look at them! Just as dawn crept coldly across the floor Grace at last opened her eyes and looked at her mother. To the doctor it seemed that his tense, tortured nerves gave an audible rebound at this flicker of hope. He was at once full of energy, resourceful and strong.

Through the weary nights and days which followed the common people who were the neighbors vied with each other in

kind benevolence. The doctor had his chance and showed himself not only a man, but also a physician. He had had his first real case, and his success warmed afresh his discouraged heart. His devotion was tireless. The grocer, out of the kindness of his heart, brought in appropriate daily gifts of succulent bull's-eyes, doubtful lozenges, and other childish delights. The old news' vendor squandered her too scant earnings on some luscious grapes; the policeman, moved out of his grandiose imbecility, donated an apologetic-looking guinea-pig, and the doctor's mother sent a pair of brilliant scarlet mittens, knit by her own rheumatic hands. Later Grace enjoyed all these things, but just now her strength was only sufficient to listen to the low song of the old maids, who soothed her to sleep more than once. To them she turned constantly and their silent sympathy seemed to appeal to her more than words.

And Christmas drew near; Christmas, the holy time of the year, with its peace and charity for all men. And in spite of everything the six old maids could do things grew steadily worse and the gaunt wolf of hunger clawed restlessly at the frail door. The neighbors were themselves taxed to the utmost and could give little further help, and the whole household was weakened with watching and hunger.

At last one night a gruff heavy countryman came toiling up the street, stopping often irresolutely, and looking hither and thither questioningly. The old maids swayed and beckoned and whispered together in tense expectancy. Forgetting all their maidenly modesty, they boldly did their very best to attract the attention of this man, and who knows but that they murmured one to the other how shamed they were. The man seemed to recognize their insistence, and came uncertainly on till he stood in front of their home and looked long into the whirling trees above him. Now that he was so near, the excitement of the spinsters was almost unbearable, for had they not looked in on what they had come to consider their family, and had they not seen the children hang up their stockings with the unquenchable hope of childhood, while the parents looked on with uncertain, quivering mouths and strained, hopeless eyes. At last, in response to their frantic signals the countryman turned in at the house, and, as he rang the bell wondered at himself, and with a man's unknowingness cursed his pains. Finally the door opened slowly, and with an unwilling groan, for the hall was too bare

a place for any self-respecting door to expose without protest. There was a little cry of "Oh, Ned!" and the woman was in her brother's arms.

"Why, Fan, how did you get here? I've been searchin' for you all over town."

Then she told him her story, the old, old story of sickness, and pain and discouragement, and while Ned wiped his honest eyes furtively he muttered, "And me with lots, while poor little Fan is half starved." And when Fan had finished her story she must learn his. This was a brighter tale, of adventures by sea and land, travels in strange countries, and the final buying of the old house, where he was to live with Fan and her family. And now it was the woman's turn to ask, "But how did you find me?" Womanlike the happy fact had been enough for her for a time, but now the first flood of happiness was over, she would return to reasons.

"It was them poplars brung me," said Ned.

"Oh, the six old maids?"

"Do you remember, Fan, that row of poplars so straight and stiff in front of the old house? You called them the 'old maids,' and used to talk to them and make so much of them. You had strange fancies. To-night I was strolling up the street wondering where you had moved to, and them six old maids kept up such a rustling and bowing and beckoning that I looked at them even oftener than I do at most poplars. They acted like they was crazy, and I don't believe the other trees was carryin' on like that. I felt clean silly goin' into a strange house, because an old maid poplar seemed to want me to. Fan, I thank the Lord for poplars; them trees have always meant good to me."

And joy was born that Christmas Eve. The grocer got such an order as he had never before received, and the father, mother and Ned worked far into the night, filling little stockings and preparing for the morrow. Fan noticed that Ned stopped longest by Grace's bed, and she remembered a sweet, frail friend of hers whom Ned had loved and lost. The doctor and his mother, the grocer and his wife, the news' vendor, and even the policeman sat down that Christmas day to a dinner such as they had never had before, "with all the trimmin's," as Unce Ned said, but no gift was fully and appropriately received till it had been carried to the window for the six old maids to see. And can we doubt they saw?

War: Its Substitutes and Cure

BY REV. A. C. COURTICE, M.A., D.D.

THE title of this article indicates a method of approach to the subject which is both positive and constructive, and this method should become increasingly prominent in the advocacy



REV. A. C. COURTICE,
M.A., D.D.

of peace. The other method which is negative and destructive, also critical and belligerent, has played a large part in the advocacy of peace up to a recent date. The evils of war are so obvious that they invite attack and deserve it; the proper substitutes for war have not been so plain and well-established as to command public confidence, but this defect is passing away.

This truth may be put in concrete form. The promotion of peace after the manner of Mr. W. T. Stead's "War Against War," is the old method in vigorous operation, but the promotion of peace after the manner of King Edward's arbitration treaties and through the Hague Court and its provisions is the newer method.

The negative side of the subject should receive some attention. Is War a Blessing? Can this view be maintained? Very few will attempt it. Most men and women admit that war is always to be regretted, and as much as possible to be avoided. There are some, however, who claim that occasional war is essential to the happiness and prosperity of nations and that war preparations are a necessary feature of every growing nation's life now and forevermore. Captain Charles Ross, an English writer, sets forth this view *in extenso* in a book entitled, "Representative Government and War." He takes the ground that the human race would quickly degenerate without the stimulus of war, and goes the full length of approving all the immorality and brutality involved. He says: "Nations are potential robbers; there is no law or police force to prevent robbery; fear of the intended victim or of other nations will alone deter." The "preparations for war" involve the establishment of "an efficient intelligence in the adversary's ter-

ritory and elsewhere, by means of which not only shall good information be forthcoming, but false information circulated, sedition and disunion caused in the ranks of the adversary, and that adversary brought into disrepute throughout the civilized world." Civilized world? Mark the phrase and then reflect on the picture. Thanks be unto God it is not the Bible picture of civilized society, patriarchal, prophetic, or Christian. If war is in any genuine, valuable, and permanent way a blessing, it is difficult to understand why the Old Testament Patriarchs and the Old Testament Prophets were so markedly men of peace; or why the great prophets of Judah and Israel were inspired to picture the Messianic Kingdom as marked by the absence of war and the prevalence of industry and peace; or, above all, why Jesus Christ and His apostles and the early Christians took their stand so clearly and firmly against carnal weapons and military methods. Lesser lights count for little after the authoritative teaching and example of Jesus Christ, God's Son and the world's Saviour. He commanded His fighting disciple, "Put up thy sword," and under the light of His teaching made plain and powerful by His example war should disappear from human history.

Is war a blessing? Note in this connection a voice from one of the present century's rulers. Theodore Roosevelt, in a presidential message, says: "The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace. More and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war, and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which will in the end make world-wide peace possible."

What other view can be held? That war is an evil without a remedy! This view has been stated thus: "War is an evil which human effort can never entirely eradicate from this world." Or thus: "The most effective preventive of its dire consequences is a thorough, constant readiness for its terrible prosecution." This is the attitude of the Emperor of Germany. He says in effect: "I keep Germany and Europe in peace by keeping myself so strong that no one dare attack me."

On this basis Europe is an armed camp to keep the peace. But the competitive development of armies and navies in times of peace in order to preserve the peace has proved to be a ruin-

ous policy. The Tsar's Rescript and the Hague Conference and Court of Arbitration are the outcome of the intolerable burden. A very eloquent and effective address at the Hague Conference was given by a military general, General Den Beer Portugael (Holland).

He said, concerning armed forces on land and sea and war budgets: "You know, gentlemen, that these have now reached gigantic, disquieting, and dangerous proportions. Four millions of men (since increased to five millions) under arms and the total military budgets up to five milliards of francs a year. Is it not frightful? I know that these soldiers are only kept under arms for the maintenance of peace. The Sovereigns have only in view the safety of their peoples. The States believe sincerely that these forces are necessary. But they are mistaken. It is to their inevitable loss, to their destruction, slow, but sure, that they labor along this path. Please, understand me, gentlemen, I am far from being a Utopian. I do not believe in an eternal peace. But the more armed forces accumulate, military budgets are swollen, populations are crushed under the weight of taxation, the more the States are pushed to the edge of the abyss into which at last they will fall. They will ruin and destroy themselves. Let us stop on the edge of the abyss, otherwise we are lost. Let us stop! Gentlemen, it is worth while to make this supreme effort. Let us stand fast (*Tenons ferme!*). The price of peace, when burdensome armies and navies are the price, is serious enough, and the price is ever ascending. The civilized nations did say: 'There is a better way and we will try.'"

Neither of these views have satisfied the great and good men of the ages. The prophets of the Christian centuries have been against war. In the English-speaking and Protestant world this is true, as well as in the broader Christian world. Amongst those who have written or spoken against war are John Wycliffe, George Fox, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Brougham, founder of the Howard Association, Lord Falkland, John Bright, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Hugo Grotius, Victor Hugo, Wm. Penn, and Elihu Burritt. In the United States of America there is a distinguished list of peace prophets: George Washington, Russell Lowell, Dr. Ellery Channing, Gen. Grant, Charles Sumner, George Dana Boardman,

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, President Mark Hopkins, President C. C. Bonney, and Cardinal Gibbons, whose words have been often quoted. "God is the God of Peace to the individual, the Father of Peace to the family, and the Prince of Peace to society."

War is not a blessing from God to humanity in the judgment of these men. By the true prophets the sword is classed with famine and pestilence as judgments. War is not an evil to be hopelessly endured to the end of time. Some settle the matter finally thus: "All war is wicked, having its origin in sinful passions, and being always prosecuted by violent, immoral, and wicked methods." Others will not go so far, but will take their stand thus: "War is a worn-out method; it is barbaric; it belongs to the ages of passion and force; it has no rightful place in the ages of reason and conscience; it must disappear. Still others are concluding from the study of history that war is ineffective; it is futile. A consideration of great importance should be made most clear to this effect: it is the province of history to sit in judgment on individual wars and not the duty of peace advocates."

Whatever may be the line of approach, and there is divergence of view on the negative side, certainly, on the positive side, there should be unanimity and co-operation. On the constructive side there are three main factors at work: (1) The Peace Societies, (2) the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and (3) the Hague Court.

Peace Societies have grown in Christian countries in Europe and America, and these have joined in a remarkable series of International Peace Congresses, the last of which was the thirteenth, recently held at Boston, the largest and most influential of the series. The Inter-Parliamentary Union is made up of members of the Parliaments of Europe devoted to Peace by Arbitration. A large American group has been recently added to this Union. As these parliamentarians are all from Sovereign States, colonies like Canada and Australia are not represented. This is to be regretted.

The Peace Societies and Congresses constitute the popular element in the movement. The Inter-Parliamentary Union constitutes a body of experienced, expert, and responsible men who give practical wisdom and solidity to the movement. The Hague Conferences (a second one is being called) deal with Inter-

national Covenants and Commissions, International Law and an International Court.

The Peace Societies belong to the nineteenth century, and there are hundreds of them now (about 450). The largest and most influential of all is the Inter-Parliamentary Union, with two thousand and fifty (2,050) members. This Union held its last meeting in St. Louis in September, and the International Congress held its last meeting at Boston in October. Over one thousand delegates from the civilized world registered at Boston, and two hundred members of European Parliaments were entertained by the American Government, Congress having voted fifty thousand dollars to provide suitably for the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The President of the United States delegated two distinguished members of his administration to welcome these bodies. The Hon. Francis B. Loomis welcomed the Union to St. Louis, and Secretary of State, John Hay, welcomed the Congress at Boston.

Notwithstanding the good work that has been done there are sincere peace advocates who are impatient and belligerent when a special war is under consideration. When the Boer War broke out Mr. W. T. Stead became impatient. Concerning the Inter-Parliamentary Union and the Peace Societies, he wrote thus: "A Conference constituted to secure peace by arbitration that cannot even condemn a power which has deliberately appealed to war, and rejected arbitration, stands self-confessed as impotent. We must, therefore, look further afield for the headquarters staff of the Peace Army. Where shall we find it? The existing Peace Societies are earnest, but they themselves bitterly deplore their impotence. They have neither funds, international organization, nor influence. We have been too namby-pamby in our Peace War. We have not been half military enough, we have not been bellicose enough." The organized Peace forces bore this undeserved criticism patiently and have done some of their best work this very year, in moving President Roosevelt to call a second Hague Conference, and in stimulating binding Treaties of Arbitration which are now so prevalent.

What is the practical, accomplished record for Peace by Arbitration? Not dreams or visions, but facts constitute the answer. Within the last one hundred years there have been more than

two hundred cases in which international differences have been adjusted by arbitration. The Government of the United States has been a party to seventy of these. The most notable case of the kind—one that has had the most profound and beneficent results—was the Treaty negotiated at Washington in 1871, which provided for four Arbitrations. On this treaty Mr. John Morley says: "The Treaty of Washington and the Geneva Arbitration stand out as the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy, and the most signal exhibition in their history of self-command in two of the three chief democratic powers of the Western World!"

The march of events moved forward to the Hague Conference, called by the Czar of Russia. The famous Rescript was a plain, carefully-considered indictment of militarism. There is no escape from its facts or its practical conclusions. The gist of it is in this sentence: "The system of armament *a outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material are transforming the armed peace of our day into a CRUSHING BURDEN."

The Hague Conference was called for two weighty reasons: (1) first, because "it would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord"; and (2) secondly, because "it would cement the agreement by a co-operate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

Only the briefest summary of the result is possible.

The opening clause authorizes the agreements and arrangements in the name of the Sovereigns or Heads of Independent States and their Plenipotentiaries. The names are fully given in both cases. In this clause the following ideals are set forth as guiding principles: the empire of right; the sentiment of international justice; permanent institution of arbitral jurisdiction; regular organization of arbitral procedure; consecrating by international agreement the principles of equity and law.

The first article indicates the purpose:

"In order to prevent as far as possible the recourse to force in international relations, the signatory powers agree to employ all their efforts to bring about the pacific solution of the differ-

ences which may arise." Then follow the three methods: 1. Good Offices and Mediation. 2. International Commissions of Enquiry. 3. The Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The mediation of friendly Powers has proved very helpful in the past. This is approved and provided for.

The second provision is very important: "In cases in which differences of opinion should arise between the signatory powers with regard to the local circumstances which have given rise to a disagreement of an international character and in which neither national honor nor vital interests are at stake, the interested parties agree to have recourse to the institution of International Commissions of Enquiry in order to establish the circumstances which have given rise to the dispute and to clear up all questions of fact." The report of such a Commission, limited to the statement of facts, has in no way the character of an arbitral decision.

International Arbitration has for its object the settlement of disputes between States by judges of their own choosing on the basis of respect for right. The agreement to arbitrate may be for existing or eventual disputes. The arbitral convention implies an engagement to submit in good faith to the arbitral decision. Each of the Powers designate four persons of recognized competence and of the highest moral standing to be arbitrators. The term of appointment is for six years. When a case is referred to the Court each disputant chooses and appoints two arbitrators from these, and the four choose a chief arbitrator. Thus the Arbitral Court is constituted, and then the Arbitral Procedure is outlined.

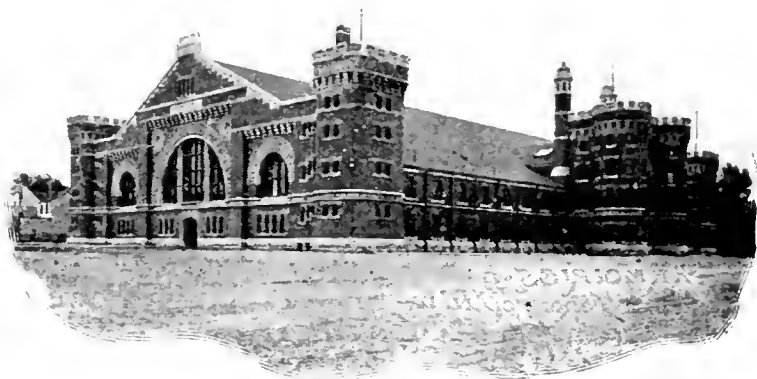
What has happened since to bring this Court at the Hague into recognition? The United States and Mexico referred a long-standing diplomatic dispute (the Pious Fund Case) to the Court and it was settled.

The Government of Switzerland had become a recognized umpire in international difficulties, but now declines to act and refers the nations to the Hague Court.

President Roosevelt pursued the same course in the Venezuela case. He was asked by three European Powers, Britain, Germany, and Italy, to arbitrate their differences with Venezuela. It was flattering to his impartiality and ability. He courteously declined and referred them to the Hague Court.

It was a memorable event, which testifies to the progress of the world in the appeal to reason as against force, when those powerful nations stopped their coercive operations against a weak foe, recalled their navies and agreed to arbitrate. Voluntary and binding Treaties of Arbitrations have formed the great nations of Western Europe into a peaceful brotherhood of States. The King of England has taken a leading part in negotiating these treaties, and is already referred to as Edward, the Peacemaker. Similar Treaties are being announced almost faster than one can keep them in mind.

While these practical provisions are established and operative as the rational and Christian substitutes for war, and they are just such substitutes as have been found effective in abolishing private and civil wars, yet the real cure for war lies deeper. It lies in the fuller apprehension of God and His Law and His Love: His Law as ultimate Righteousness, and His Love as the sufficient motive in fulfilling His Law. The law which is to rule the world, the human world, and all worlds, is and **must** be the Law of God. The Divine Law and Condition, as made known through Christ, is not war—it is peace. Peace is not stagnation—it is not mere negation—it is the wise and benevolent balance of forces. The fundamental principle and spirit of the Christian Religion, whether viewed theologically as Atonement, or ethically as Righteousness in all human relations, or Spiritually as New Life, is Peace based on established Goodwill. "Blessed are the peace-makers."



THE ARMORIES, TORONTO.

Grunt the Third

ONE of the few remaining male members of the teaching profession (save the mark) in this Province, recently warned his pupils, in a county model school, against the use of slang and other forms of bad English, which he declared were "almost inevitably picked up owing to our living in the *neighboring vicinity* of the United States." He had recently attended a Normal School.

Another teacher (a lady, this time), told her friend that although she was only "gittin' two hundred and fifty this year" she expected "a rise next year."

Almost every teacher, so-called, in Ontario, tells her pupils to "reduce down," and that she doesn't think an answer as given isn't right. Her pupils imitate her, and the Model School man, and the High School man, and, not seldom, the professor, so that eventually we hear this sort of thing from the lips of lawyers, doctors, and—and even from legislators! The rising generation is becoming thoroughly accustomed to this abuse of our English language. It is folly to expect figs of thistles or grapes of thorns, and unless something is done to stem the tide there will soon be no such thing as purity of language in the speech of our people—and to use a political stump orator's phraseology, "what are we going to do about it?"

OBSERVER.

Ping Pong

WHEN the shades of eve are falling, and the stars are peeping out,
And the silver moon is shedding her bright glances all about,
Comes stealing to my tired ear a most familiar song,—
'Tis the ping of the mosquito and the June bug's merry pong.

Oh! the nightingale sings sweetly, and I love the merry lark,
And I've heard the whip-poor-will proclaim the coming of the dark;
But one sweet strain the summer through within my ears doth ring,—
'Tis the June bug's happy ponging, and the skitty's cheerful ping.

—E. W. W.

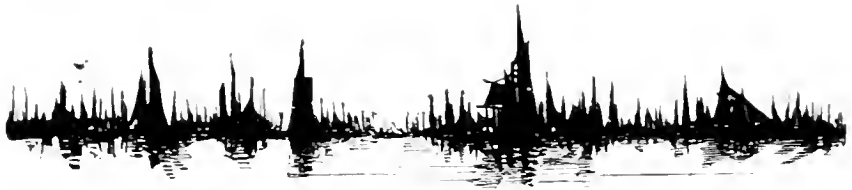
Falls of Burleigh

BY ALMA FRANCES M'COLLUM.

FALLS of Burleigh, Falls of Burleigh,
Where the foaming waters bound
O'er a winding granite stairway
With deep harmony of sound,
Like prophetic voices chanting
Pæans infinitely clear,
Ever some great truth revealing
To the comprehending ear.

Soothing strains steal through the senses
Gazing on thy ceaseless flow,
Languor, sorrow, pain unheeded,
Vanish in the deep below :
Life becomes a dream untroubled,
Like the fluted, restless lake
Calmed and stilled to tranquil motion
In thy current's placid wake.

Falls of Burleigh, time and distance
Cannot still thy wondrous song,
Neither dim the perfect vision
Of thy waters hurled along :
Faintly floating, like an echo
Wafted from a spirit shore,
Steals the chant my soul entoneth
Evermore and evermore.



Upper Canada Academy, 1836-1841

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.

II.

IN the preceding paper I gave a brief summary of the educational conditions and the political contentions that existed in the Province previous to the year 1837. My purpose now is to follow the working out of this movement as it resulted in Upper Canada Academy, which, arising primarily in a demand from the Methodist ministers, was, at the same time, brought forth through the hearty assistance of many men of other denominations, especially those of the Church of England, who were struggling for the recognition of the rights of the Legislative Assembly as opposed by the Executive stubbornly striving to hold on to their exclusive power.

From 1791 down to 1810 the Methodist ministers or missionaries laboring in Upper Canada were attached to and under the direction of the New York Annual Conference. From 1810 to 1824 they were members of the Genesee Conference. Owing to the growth of the work and the changed relationship arising out of the war of 1812, a separate Canadian Conference was organized in 1824 at Hallowell (now Picton). Four years later the connection was permanently severed and the Canadian Methodist Conference established as an independent organization.

The Conference at once began the consideration of three questions : 1st, The maintenance and expansion of missionary work among the Indians ; 2nd, the establishment of a journal ; 3rd, the founding of an independent college or academy. This was the natural order of their undertaking. At the first conference, in 1824, a missionary society was organized. The missions on the Credit and Grand Rivers, on the Bay of Quinte and Rice Lake, and, later, in far away Hudson's Bay, were the beginnings of work that has spread over the entire Dominion and across the Pacific to Japan and China. Accompanying the mission work was the establishment of Indian schools.

In 1829 the *Christian Guardian* was established, with Egerton Ryerson as editor, a young man twenty-six years of age, lately a teacher in the mission school on the Credit.

The older men were beginning to wear out under the vigorous strain of circuit work ; the supply of young men from the parent conferences in the United States was either cut off or undesirable, because of the feeling among the people. It was necessary to take volunteers from among the Canadian people. These must be trained. There were

also promising young Indians, whose services should be utilized as preachers and teachers among their own people. For a time some of these must be sent to the seminaries to the south, but the need of a college at home was imperative. Our preliminary sketch has shown, I think, that there was no college in Upper Canada that was suitable or available for the training of these young men for this work.

Upper Canada College had just begun work at York, with its staff of masters from Cambridge and elsewhere. Five members of the staff were clergymen of the Church of England, and it was practically under the direction of the Board of King's College, of which it was the minor college or preparatory school. This college, of course, would not, in many important particulars, do the work then so urgently needed. There was only one thing to do—to build up such a college as was needed.

In 1830 a committee was formed and a subscription list started. In two years £7,000 had been subscribed and the site at Cobourg selected. In 1832 the corner stone of Upper Canada Academy was laid.

The work of construction was carried on as rapidly as available funds or the credit of the energetic ministers would permit. The fact that it took four years to complete is suggestive of the struggle to supply funds. This six years' effort to build the college was, however, quite limited in comparison with the continuous struggle of the next ten years to pay debts, meet yearly expenditures and keep the institution going.

The statement has been made and, I think, with reason, that when the college building was completed in 1836 it was the finest bit of architecture then standing in the Province.

Rev. Dr. Green, in his reminiscences, tells us how, on the 18th of June, 1836, multitudes of people gathered in Cobourg to witness the opening of the Academy. A service was first held at the church, where Rev. Joseph Stinson preached the sermon. A procession was then formed and the Trustees, Board of Visitors, ministers and others walked to the College, where Dr. Green handed the keys to the new Principal, Rev. Matthew Richey. Dr. Green says that it was a day of anxiety: there was a debt of \$16,000 on the building, and the students were asking for furniture for their rooms. The ceremony over, he mounted his horse, rode to Kingston, and discounted at the banks the notes of himself and other poor ministers. Returning at once, he went to Niagara and bought a supply of furniture. Under these circumstances classes were organized that for sixty-eight years have been carried on without a break. Upper Canada Academy has grown into

Victoria University, and King's College has become the University of Toronto. What would Sir John Colborne or Sir Francis Bond Head say as to their federation?

What about the charter? It should be remembered that the whole financial undertaking was on the personal responsibility of a few Methodist ministers, whose faith must be admired. In 1835 the Conference made formal application to the Government of Upper Canada for a charter and for assistance, but without avail. Egerton Ryerson, then stationed at Kingston, was their emergency champion. On November 20th, 1835, he started for England. Week after week, and month after month, he labored. On October 12th, 1836, the Royal Charter was signed, and the day before he sailed for home he received a promise from Lord Glenelg that the grant of £4,100, that had failed to carry in Upper Canada, would be advanced out of the Casual and Territorial Revenue, still controlled by the Lieutenant-Governor, and that Sir Francis Bond Head would receive instructions to that effect. Private subscriptions, amounting to \$5,000, were collected in England, including £10 from the Queen's mother. The detailed story of this mission to England will be found in Ryerson's "Story of My Life," and in Vol. II. of Dr. Hodgins' "Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada."

Egerton Ryerson returned early in 1837 with the Royal Charter for the Academy, which, in his inaugural address later on, he referred to as "The first institution of the kind established by Royal Charter unconnected with the Church of England throughout the British Colonies."

What of the grant? On Ryerson's return to Upper Canada he wrote to Dr. Alder in England, "We have not yet received a farthing of the Government grant to our Academy. The Governor's reply still is, there is no money in the treasury; but he has given us his written promise, and offered his word to any of the banks that it will be paid out of the first money which had not been previously appropriated. But, strange to say, there is not a bank or banker in Upper Canada that will take the Governor's promise for £100. Mr. Receiver-General Dunn kindly lent out of his own pocket to my brother John about £1,200 for the Academy upon my brother's receipt, remarking, at the same time, that he did it upon his credit and out of respect to the Methodists, but that he could place no dependence upon the word of Sir Francis in the matter." ("Story of My Life," p. 166.)

The obstinacy of the Governor was the cause of a long dispute between him and the Legislative Assembly. On February 9th, 1837,

the matter was fully considered by a committee of the House, and in their report, urging the payment, the committee made this statement : " The erection of this Seminary is, your committee believes, the greatest undertaking hitherto successfully prosecuted in Upper Canada upon the plan of voluntary contributions alone." This report was signed by W. H. Draper, and was supported by several other prominent members of the Church of England. It will thus be seen that the struggle for responsible self-government and the recognition of the powers of the Assembly, played no small part in the early history of the College. One-half of the grant or loan was paid in November, 1837, and the other half in February, 1838. Had we time a very interesting chapter might be written on the financial struggles of this pioneer college—a chapter that has been repeated in the history of other educational institutions of Ontario—how the ministers struggling on small salaries paid their liberal subscriptions, and secured assistance from the none too wealthy laymen : how they set aside by resolution their marriage fees to increase the fund, and how the banks discounted the notes of poor preachers, whose financial backing consisted of faith and enthusiasm. In this day we can hardly do full justice to the men who sacrificed so much for the institution that they had founded. One incident may be worthy of repetition here. When Dr. Ryerson resigned his position as Superintendent of Education, he addressed a communication to Hon. M. C. Cameron, Secretary of the Province. Among other things in review of his public career, he says : " During the last four years I had accumulated and invested two thousand dollars : but recently the claims of two objects seemed to be so strong (the one the purchase of McGill Square, for benevolent purposes, the other the endowment of Victoria College) that I divided the two thousand dollars between them. With the exception, therefore, of the house I occupy, I have no more material wealth than I had twenty-five years ago."

A few words as to the students of the early days may be of some interest. Practically all official records of the first years of the Academy and College have disappeared. Down to 1845, that is for the first ten years of work, all that we have are three thin pamphlets, the circulars for the years 1840, 1841 and 1845. We have to search elsewhere therefore, for our accounts of the students of sixty and more years ago. After a somewhat extended correspondence and searching of papers and reminiscences there have been found living to-day at least twenty-two persons who were students at Victoria and Upper Canada Academy prior to 1845. There are probably others to be added to

this band of octogenarians. In this list are the following : Hon. Matthew H. Richey, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Hon. James C. Aikins,* formerly Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba ; Col. Walker Powell, of Ottawa, formerly Adjutant-General of Canada ; Hon. William McDougall, of Ottawa ; Judge Weller, of Peterboro' ; Dr. John George Hodgins, who has completed sixty years of Public Civil Service ; Dr. James H. Richardson, the venerable surgeon of Toronto Gaol ; James Adams Matthewson, the well-known wholesale merchant of Montreal : Judge Thos. A. Lazier, of Belleville, and Allan McLean Howard for fifty years Clerk of the Division Court at Toronto.†

These names and those of others who have passed away show that the students were not all Methodists, but that many young men came from Presbyterian and Church of England homes to receive their education at an institution that was open to all and that prescribed no religious tests.

The co-education of the sexes was provided for in the first four years, before the Academy was elevated into the degree-conferring College. What were the rules ? How did they differ from such as would be enforced to-day ? Strange to say I found a copy of the first rules in the Journals of the Legislature. The Committee of the House investigated the Institution in its dispute with Sir Francis Bond Head, and in a Report to the House, printed the rules, thereby unintentionally contributing to an historical investigation.

A condensed statement of the chief regulations may be interesting in these days when Victoria has returned to the original system of co-education.

1. Hours of rising : 5 in summer, 6 in winter. Hours of retiring : 9 in summer, 10 in winter.

2. Due respect and subordination to teachers and officers.

3. Conduct of students to be in all respects distinguished by moral propriety. All profane, obscene and indecent language, games of chance and fighting or wrestling are among the grosser violations of this law.

4. All indecencies, such as writing upon the walls, loud speaking, whistling or laughing within doors, playing in the halls or rooms, entering the house with dirty shoes, slovenliness of person and dress, rushing to or from meals, unbecoming conduct at table and the odious practice of spitting on the floor are strictly prohibited.

5. Permission very rarely given to spend the evening out, and that only when it is known where and how they will occupy it. Must be back at 9 o'clock.

*Senator Aikins died Aug. 6, 1904. See Christmas ACTA, pp. 180-183.

†See ACTA VICTORIANA, April and May, 1904.

6. Each student to sweep out his room before breakfast. No gossiping, unnecessary visiting, or assembling in groups in each other's rooms will be by any means tolerated.

7. Front of edifice for females, rear for males. No corresponding or conversing, save brothers with sisters.

8. Privilege of studying in rooms allowed as reward of good conduct.

9. No students are at liberty to go to the village, to take excursions, to contract debts or dispose of anything without permission. It is to be treated as an offence peculiarly revolting and ominous in youth their using ardent spirits or visiting taverns.

10. 1st Monday in each month for letter writing. All letters to pass through hands of Principal or Preceptress.

11. All must attend church and be orderly on Sabbath.

12. Day scholars go home after regular hours.

13. Students must keep away from steward.

14. Stoves inspected at night. Any students detected kindling fire after inspection will forfeit fires for one week and, on repetition, will forfeit the use of stoves altogether.

15. Daily reading of Bibles and prayers enjoined.

One word more, the college was started to assist in mission work by the training of promising young Indians as teachers and missionaries. In the report of the spring closing in 1837 the editor of *The Cobourg Star* stated that the poem by Wm. Wilson and the oration by Henry Steinhauer most impressed him. He says :

"The speakers were Indians. Yes, two individuals were before us holding our thoughts enchained as qualified and accomplished teachers in the land—children of a race which, in the pride and prejudice of his heart, the white man has for ages held to be irreclaimably degenerate and barbarous. It was an event at once to humble and delight us, and one which will not readily pass from our memory."

This opinion has lately been corroborated by Mr. Matthewson, who informs us that the two Indians far outranked the rest of them. On the same occasion, one of the Latin orations, was delivered by Robert Palmer Howard who, for many years, was the distinguished Dean of McGill Medical College.

This paper is submitted partly with the hope of contributing some facts to the study of the most important period of the history of our province and partly with the hope of suggesting to others the advisability of making careful study of other early educational institutions, such as Bath Academy, Grantham Academy, Newburg Academy, the Friends' School at Bloomfield and those institutions that have grown into the colleges and universities of the present day. The stories of these institutions, plainly told, may some day assist a Canadian Green in the writing of a worthy history of the Canadian people.



Sable Island and Its Inhabitants

(*Concluded.*)

BY W. E. SAUNDERS.

AS I said at the beginning of this article, I viewed Sable Island from the standpoint of an ornithologist, and, consequently, was interested not so much in the island itself as in its inhabitants, and particularly the Ipswich sparrow. Hence my first thoughts on landing were not for the success of the forestry experiment, but for these little birds who make this strange island their only home. They proved to be very common, and their song could be heard at almost every moment of the day.

They belong to an insular race of the Savanna sparrow of eastern North America. In the struggle for existence for thousands of years on this bleak little islet, the bird has become considerably larger and much paler than the continental species, its increase of length being about eight per cent. The breeding-ground of this bird was for many years unknown, and not until 1894 was the bird fully studied and written upon. Previous to that time it was known as a migrant from Georgia to Maine and Nova Scotia, and as a straggler in Newfoundland, but it then disappeared from sight. Some shrewd guessers surmised that it must breed on Sable Island, but Dr. Dwight, of New York, was the first to brave the inconveniences of the passage to the island to study the habits of this interesting bird. I found that the time intervening since his visit had been very auspicious for the sparrows, as they were much more abundant than he represented them to be.

I was fortunate in finding many nests, most of them incomplete, but seven containing sets of eggs. The variations in the colors and markings of the eggs is very great. Some resemble those of the Savanna sparrow; others, with a lighter ground and larger blotches, those of

the Vesper sparrow, while one set has very small spots and is of a general slaty hue, like the eggs of the horned lark, and yet another closely resembles some sets of the bobolink.

The nest itself, like that of the Savanna sparrow, is placed in an excavation of nearly an inch in length made among long, fallen grass of last year's growth, and built up about an inch above the ground level. It is well concealed, and would be difficult to find were it not that the bird is very particular as to the proper condition of grass.

But though there are a great many of these sparrows, by far the most numerous of all the birds on the island are two terns—the common tern and the Arctic. These are the small gull-like birds with the forked tail,

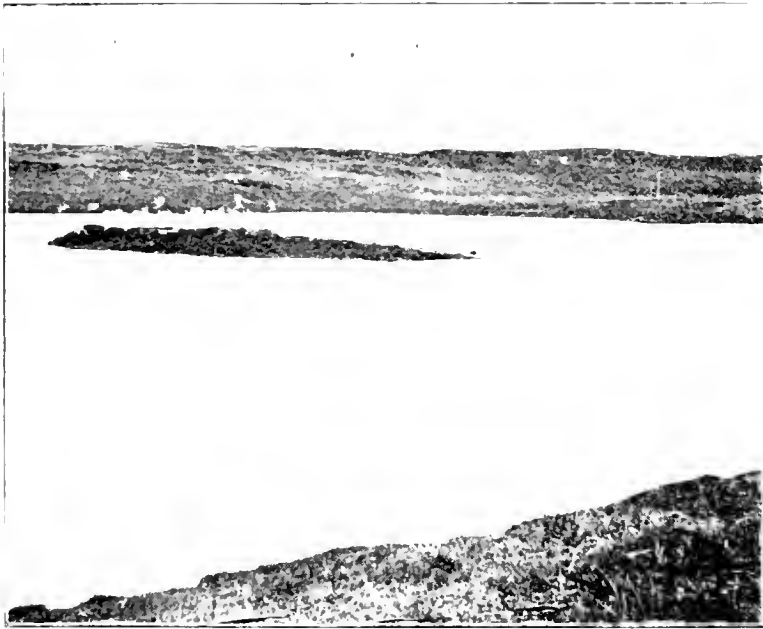


PREPARING FOR THE PLANTATION.

whose skins have been used so much in the past few years for the decoration of hats. The common tern probably outnumbers the Arctic by about two or three to one, but their habits are very similar. The nesting places of the two terns are scattered all over the island—as a rule in communities. We were too early for the height of the breeding season, but the birds had begun to lay, and perhaps every third or fourth nest would have from one to three eggs in it. These are used very largely for food by the inhabitants. A hungry man can dispose of a good many such small eggs, but the birds are in such numbers, and are such persistent layers, that it is not long before the inhabitants tire of such diet, and the birds are then allowed to raise their young

in peace. Although too early for the main crop of eggs, yet three of our party one evening gathered over a hundred eggs in about twenty minutes. The nests are usually very close together, and the majority of them are merely holes scooped out of the sand, but a fair number have more or less straw and dry grass as a lining, and a very few have quite a compact and thick lining of the same material.

After the terns and sparrows, the most numerous bird is the semipalmated plover, which is well known through most parts of the country in the migration, but which is absent in the breeding season, except in the more remote regions of the north. Sable Island is perhaps the most southerly breeding ground. Along the edges of the large inland

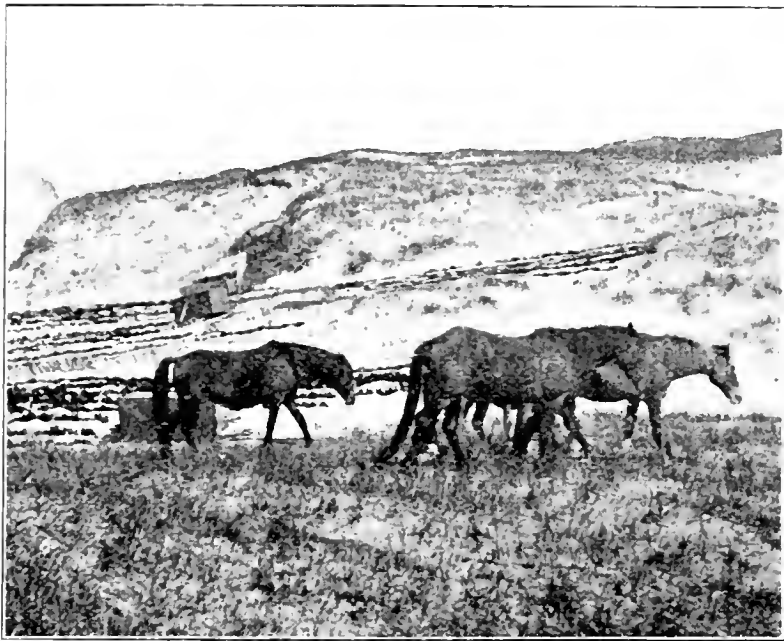


A STARTLED FLOCK.

lake there is cast up in the spring a fringe of eel grass varying from one to four feet in width, in which the plover places its nest. Each pair excavates three or more nests as a rule—sometimes lining them as well with the same material. But I was too early for the main nesting season, and found only two nests with eggs.

The only other plover breeding upon the island is the belted piping plover. This is the western variety of the piping plover, and Dr. Dwight noted as one of the surprises of Sable Island that this bird, whose main breeding-ground is in the western plains, should be found so far to the east, while the eastern part of the continent is almost entirely inhabited by the other variety. These birds excavate their

nests in the bare open sand, which makes them exceedingly difficult to find, as the bird leaves the nest at the sight of an intruder. Later on, I was told, the bird lines its nest very extensively with pieces of shell, but the two nests I saw contained only a small piece of shell and a small bone respectively, though the nests seemed complete. Hence I concluded that the shell was merely for ornamentation. The eggs have a beautiful creamy buff ground dotted with small spots of black, and harmonize very well with the color of the sand in which they are laid. The same, indeed, is true of the color of the bird itself, which is almost light enough to persuade one that a running bird is a fleck of foam being blown along the beach.



WILD PONIES.

Two species of sandpiper (the least and the spotted) and two species of duck (the red-breasted merganser and the black duck) complete the enumeration of the ten breeding birds of Sable Island. None of these birds are found in very large numbers, the ducks being particularly scarce, although none are ever killed by the inhabitants. Indeed they are protected as much as possible against their greatest enemy, the fox. A few were liberated on the island some years ago, rapidly multiplied and became the worst pest on the island, making great devastation upon the birds. A systematic attempt has been made to exterminate them, with the result that their numbers are greatly

reduced. For the sake of the birds it is to be hoped that these efforts will not falter until the foxes are utterly destroyed.

There are no native land mammals on Sable Island. A few wild horses are still found—the progeny of some that were placed on the island years ago. The walrus was formerly abundant on its coasts, but was long ago hunted to extermination.

Two species of seal are common, the larger one of which, the harp-seal, we frequently saw off shore among the dozens of the harbor seal, which are very common. The inquisitiveness of the latter is



A TAME SEAL.

very great. Unless the sea is very rough, one cannot walk any distance along the beach without assembling an admiring crowd of these creatures, which swim along the shore with their heads constantly above the water, staring at the intruder. When one captures a pup of the harbor seal the mother swims close to the shore with evident anxiety; but when the pup belongs to the other species the anxiety changes places and falls on the captor, who must run fairly fast to make good his escape.

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Editorial.

Rev. Wm. Dawson, of London, England, while in THE COURAGE Brooklyn recently, delivered a sermon on the sub-
JECT, "The Courage to Forget," based on Paul's famous words, "Forgetting the things which are behind." He showed the necessity of forgetting the failures and sins of the past if one were ever to succeed in life, and asserted that it required a great deal of courage thus to forget. There is another side to this great problem of forgetting which often requires as great courage as does the former, viz, forgetting the successes of life; and, perhaps. College men require to exercise courage in that way as much as in the other. There is too often a tendency to be content with our past achievements and rest on our oars. We need constantly to remember that the world demands our best at all times, and that that best ought to become steadily better.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Or what is heaven for?"

Paul's words may well serve us as a good New Year's resolution: "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward unto the things which are before, I press on toward the mark."

Our greatest annual function is now merely a memory, but one which many of us will long recall with pleasure. The Committee in charge had certainly exerted themselves to have every detail attended to in order to make the evening thoroughly enjoyable, and it is much to be regretted that other events transpired which greatly detracted from the attendance. Yet that very fact probably tended in no small degree to a fuller measure of enjoyment for those who were present. There is one feature, however, in nearly all such events which is greatly to be deplored, and was not absent in this. We refer to the utter disregard on the part of the audience of the feelings of those who are taking part in the concert. For most of the numbers excellent attention was given, but when our Mandolin and Guitar Club were giving their share of the programme many considered it a most opportune time to engage in conversation. Such discourtesy is not only annoying to those who do desire to listen, but must be very discouraging to the performers. Even though there were no great merit in their playing, common courtesy demanded that they should have a patient hearing to show what they were capable of doing. As a matter of fact the members had worked long and arduously at their practices and really *merited* attention. At the Conversat. last year the treatment accorded to our Club was even worse than this year. What is the cause of this? Is it not worthy of a hearing? If so, future committees, in all fairness to the friends who support us, ought not to engage it again. But few of us would be willing to admit the charge. We have reason to be proud of our Mandolin and Guitar Club. The lack of attention is due entirely to thoughtlessness, particularly on the part of the students. We see the same lack of courtesy shown at almost every public function in our College where instrumental music is being rendered. Indeed it is now almost an insult to ask a pianist to entertain us at an open meeting, for the announcement of that part of the programme is almost invariably taken as a signal to engage in *tête-à-têtes*. It surely is "time for a change."



Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in a recent article entitled, "A Lord Shaftesbury for Brooklyn," seeking an explanation of the lack of great leaders and prominent men, declared that the decline of leadership is largely traceable to the home. "Nothing is more startling than the absolute decay of moral and religious instruction in the family. The Christian life is a trade and occupation that has to be learned. A child must be drilled, and drilled, and still

drilled, in the Christian life if he is to become a leader in morals and philosophy and reform. Even Huxley, in his plea for the study of the Bible, finds the explanation of the lessening number of great men in the lessened interest in these great religious themes that feed greatness and heroism in the human heart. The time has come when the moral instruction of the children is confined to a brief half-hour upon one day in seven. Men who would not think for a moment of allowing a neighbor to shape their boys' ideas of commerce have no hesitancy in giving the training of conscience and the moral sentiments to any stranger in whose class the child may chance to be placed."

The truth of these words is apparent to any intelligent observer. The carelessness of parents in instructing their children is becoming almost appalling. And if, as we believe, the greatness and stability of a nation depend upon the character of its people and that, in turn, upon the moral and religious teaching imparted, it becomes imperative that the lack in the home should be, as far as possible, counteracted by the increased diligence of those "in whose classes the child may chance to be placed." And yet how often we see the Sabbath-school teachers treating their responsibility very lightly, putting no preparation on their lessons, and depending so entirely upon their helps for needed inspiration in imparting the truth that they almost fear to raise their eyes from the printed questions lest they should lose their place. Under such circumstances we can expect very little moral strength to emanate from the Sabbath-schools.

It may seem to some out of place to discuss such a theme in a college journal, yet college men are expected, and rightly so, to be leaders wherever they are. And as leaders, if we stand for truth and righteousness as we ought to, we must face this great problem some day. Every intelligent man recognizes that "righteousness exalteth a nation," but there can be very little righteousness in a nation where the principles of righteousness are not the very foundation of the education of the people. How are we going to ensure such education? It will take long years to get the parents to recognize their responsibility, though we believe that must eventually be done. Meanwhile we must have Sunday School teachers with sufficient interest in the truths they are supposed to present to the growing minds to be willing to devote enough time to its study to make it part of themselves. Only thus can they instruct and influence others. It is a healthy sign to see that the Sunday School teachers of Toronto Methodism have realized the need of greater preparation and have engaged Rev. Dr. Courtice to conduct normal classes for them, in which they take the

liveliest interest. Such teachers must inspire the coming generation with a love of truth and righteousness. It is to be hoped that many of these normal classes will be started throughout our country that teachers may learn to assume the proper attitude toward the great responsibilities laid upon them. And who should be more capable of encouraging and conducting these normal classes than those who have had the opportunities we enjoy?



This youngest of our college societies is showing
THE ALMA beyond doubt that there is a place for it in our almost
MATER SOCIETY. overcrowded life. Already it has grappled with many
much discussed problems, and has shown a power to
meet many needs which have long been felt to be urgent, but which
no existent society was ready to cope with.

One of these was the securing, furnishing and maintaining of general reading and reception rooms for the men students. It was manifestly wrong that a man should have no place to receive friends or to sit down himself, except in the Library, where conversation is forbidden, or in a class room from which he might be ousted at any minute. Especially was the need for such rooms felt in justice to our science students, who seldom or never in their course take a lecture in the college building, and register with us only because of our denominational character, and the unquestioned value of our social life. To keep these men as a broadening factor in our student life, and to meet the charges of some of our ignorant detractors, who claim that we are merely a theological institution, or a ladies' college; the Alma Mater Society has seriously faced the problem, and before the end of the month will have two large rooms in the basement ready for use.

In spite of the fact that the Society has to undertake the whole expense of installing the heating system, and renovating, decorating and furnishing the rooms, it has been decided to do the whole work in a substantial and artistic manner, to inspire the respect of the men and insure against rough usage. The rooms will be heated by hot water; the decorations will be in Oriental style, and the furniture chiefly in weathered oak with upholsterings in pantasote and velours. The total cost will exceed \$1,000. of which about \$600 is expected from friends in the city, while the society is looking to graduates and the friends of its present members to meet the remainder. It is hoped that Mr. J. F. Knight, the chairman of the committee having the matter in charge, may, through the kindness of our many friends, be able to report at the formal opening of the rooms that the whole expense of our undertaking has been met.

A. E. E.



C. W. WEBB, '03, who was in attendance at Queen's last year, is finishing his theological studies at Knox.

W. H. WOOD, '01, is taking a course in the Yale Divinity School.

E. FORSTER, '03, Junior Assistant last year in the Chemical Laboratory, has succeeded Mr. C. M. Carson as Assistant.

J. H. FAULL, '98, University Lecturer in Botany, is now entitled to write the letters Ph.D. after his name, having taken his degree at Harvard. With a view to the requirements of the Botanical Department of the University, Dr. Faull spent some weeks before the year's work began at the Universities of Harvard and Pennsylvania, the Botanical Gardens of New York, and the Marine Biological Station at Malpeque, P.E.I. The classification and labelling of the trees in the University grounds was done under his direction.

REV. A. C. COURTICE, M.A., D.D., was born at Prince Albert, Ont., and educated at Toronto University, where, on graduating in 1880, he took the Gold Medal in Philosophy. On taking his B.D. degree from Victoria in 1885 he carried off the Sanford Gold Medal, and in the same year was ordained to the ministry. He was unusually successful as a pastor and preacher, and occupied important pulpits until he became editor of the *Christian Guardian* in 1894, a position he retained until 1902. He is well known for his literary contributions to various periodicals, and for his interest in social questions.

E. BENSON, M.D., who graduated from Vic's old Medical School in '66, died in the month of September at Winnipeg.

Miss L. E. V. LLOYD is taking her post-graduate work at the Leland Stanford Junior University, instead of at the University of California, as we stated in our account of the class of '04.

HORACE DAVISON, who was with the class of '01, is now Superintendent for the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Company at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

DOUGLAS THOM, '00, is practising law at Regina.

GEORGE MORRIS, who entered with '06 and will be remembered as one of the mighty men of valor in that class when, as freshmen, they battled with the Sophomores, is now ranching and keeping store at Gladys, Alta.

G. B. HENWOOD, '96, is practising law, and is a K.C. at Wetaskiwin, Alta.

GEORGE WATSON, late of the freshman year, is now a commercial traveller in the West, with headquarters at Calgary.

MISS SADIE BRISTOL, '03, has been appointed to the Moderns Department of Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

WE are in receipt of a copy of the *Saskatoon Phoenix*, the managing editor of which is J. H. Holmes, 'c4. We congratulate Joe upon his journalistic enterprise and success.

REV NEWTON BOWLES, '03, of Blanch River, paid a brief visit to college halls just before the Christmas holidays.

ON December 27th, Mrs. Simon Fennell, celebrated her 100th birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. O. Stanton, Montreal. She was born in Ireland in 1804, came to Canada in 1819 with her father, Thomas McCamus, who settled in Cavan, Durham County. In 1824 she was married at Cobourg. Her two sons were students at Victoria in 1857 and 1859, and both are still living, one, Mr. James Fennell, being a hardware merchant at Berlin, and the other, Rev. Joseph Fennell, an Anglican clergyman at Hamilton.

MR. JOHN RICHARDSON, who has for several years represented East York in the Legislature, has retired, and been appointed Clerk of the County of York. He was a student at Victoria in the sixties.

MR. JOHN BELL, K.C., of Belleville, after long years of honored service as Chief Solicitor for the Grand Trunk Railway System, has retired. He was a student at Victoria in the early days of '47 and '48. His successor is Mr. W. H. Biggar, who, though not a graduate of Victoria, has "good connections." His father was the late James L. Biggar, one of the earliest students at Victoria, and his mother, Miss Hodgins, a student of the Academy days, and sister of the veteran Dr. J. G. Hodgins.

REV. DR. DAVIDSON MACDONALD, who died on January 3rd, and who was for forty-one years connected with medical missions in Japan, was a student at Victoria in the early sixties.

SEVERAL Victoria graduates are candidates for the Ontario Legislative Assembly in the elections now pending, viz., J. W. St. John, B.A., '81; M.A., '84, LL.B. (Con.), in West York; W. A. Dowler, '80 (Lib.), in South Oxford; W. L. Brewster, '82 (Con.), in South Brant; and F. M. Field, '84 (Con.), in West Northumberland.

IN our sketch of Senator Kerr in the last issue, we gave the date of his birth as 1836. The correct date is 1829.

REV. ROBERT HUGHES, C.T., '04, writes us that the Victoria graduates of British Columbia are about to organize a "Victoria Club," so as to keep in touch with one another and with their Alma Mater—a good idea, which other graduates elsewhere might adopt. Mr. Hughes was lately awarded second place in a lecture competition arranged by the Victoria League of England, through the *London Times*, for his MSS. lecture on British Columbia. As the competition was open to Britishers throughout the world, Robert deserves congratulation.

THE sympathy of the student body will go out to Miss E. L. Chubb, '06, whose mother died recently in Toronto Junction, of diphtheria, after a very short illness.

MISS ANNIE M. SMITH, '02, is teaching Moderns in Port Perry High School.

Weddings

IN Stratford, on November 9th, Rev. W. H. Spence, of Lake Mills, Iowa, who was for three years a member of ACTA's staff, took to wife one of the most popular and gifted young ladies of the Classic City, in the person of Miss Hope Morris. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Langford, in whose church the bride was an energetic and earnest worker. We are pleased to know that the abilities that brought Will to the fore in college life have secured him a good charge in Iowa, the land of his adoption. ACTA joins Mr. and Mrs. Spence's many friends in best wishes for their success and happiness in their new home.

A PRETTY and elaborate wedding took place in Lima, N.Y., on December 27th, when Miss Alma Clark, of that city, became the wife of Cephis Guillet, B.A., '87, Ph.D., teacher of Modern Languages in the Toronto Technical School. Dr. Guillet, after graduating from Victoria, took post-graduate work at Harvard and Clark Universities, and

is specially qualified on pedagogical lines. Dr. and Mrs. Guillet have taken up their residence in Toronto, and have the good wishes of many friends with whom ACTA begs leave to join.

IN Grace Church, Brampton, on December 28th, Miss Violet Isabel, daughter of Mr. J. W. Main, and Rev. Robert Wallace Dalgleish, B.A., B.D., of Carstairs, Alberta, were united in marriage by Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A. The groom is a graduate in Arts of McGill University, but took his theological work at Victoria in '01 and '02, and proved himself a good college man. His bride was one of the most energetic workers in Grace Church and a valued member of the choir. Mr. and Mrs. Dalgleish are followed to their home in Alberta by the sincerest good wishes of all who know them.

WE are pleased to make good some omissions from the list of summer weddings that appeared in our October number, which lack of space prevented us from doing in our last number.

AT Hamilton, on October 19th, Miss Sarah Mills, of that city, was married to Rev. Thomas Poole, '97, pastor of the Methodist Church, in Sheffield, Ont.

IN London, on June 22nd, Miss Jennie Smith-Taylor and Rev. Amos Thomas, '03, were married by Rev. R. D. Hamilton, of the Wellington Street Church. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are residing at the Methodist parsonage at Kinglake.

ON August 16th, in the Princess Street Methodist Church, Vancouver, B.C., Rev. R. N. Powell, united in marriage Miss L. E. Teresa Ryerson, formerly of Sunshine, Ont., and Lieut. Victor W. Odlum, city editor of the *Vancouver World*. Mr. Odlum spent some three years at Victoria with the Class of '03, and was one of the under-graduates who represented Victoria in South Africa. After a honeymoon spent in St. Louis and Toronto, the young couple returned to Vancouver, where they now reside.

Exchanges

One of the brightest and most ably edited of the exchanges that reaches us is *The O. A. C. Review*. Its neat and tasteful exterior is always an index of good things to be found between the covers. Nor is the subject matter of its articles confined to technical questions only; we find in the last number to hand, among other articles of general interest, a very clear *résumé* of the causes of the Russo-Japanese war,

written by Mr. Nog-Tany, a native Japanese, in attendance at O. A. C. The Christmas number of the *Review* is particularly deserving of praise for its well-written articles and beautiful cuts. An editorial suggestion is that a Canadian College Journalists' Association be formed, after the manner of that recently formed by the editors of American college magazines, assembled in convention at St. Louis. The suggestion is one worthy of consideration though there seem to be practical difficulties in the way of its realization. The college paper is now a recognized institution in every college of any note and its importance cannot be denied. Nor is it to be doubted that college journalism would be improved if editors and business managers could compare ideas and ideals. On the other hand, college journals are not, as a rule, run with any profit and could rarely afford to pay the expenses of delegates to such a convention. Then, too, the *personnel* of the editorial boards changes every year, so that the convention would be composed either of inexperienced men or men about to lay aside the editorial quill. These difficulties, however, are perhaps not insuperable, and we should like to see a further discussion of the idea by our contemporaries.

Two articles that appeared in *The Varsity* a few weeks ago, one of them entitled "Charon Redivivus," and one, "Co-education," excited a good deal of comment among the undergraduates of the University. The former was a clever satire on some members both of the staff and of the student body, written over the modest pen-name of "Oudeis, '05." The publication in *The Varsity* of the reflections on the powers that be contained in this article, is sufficient indication that the dissatisfaction with the situation of affairs in the University, shown in the appearance of a number of letters in the public press, has its counterpart within the walls of the University. The other article, that on "Co-education," is a plaintive plea on behalf of the women students, by "One of them." The writer believes in co-education with the co in large capitals. We do not believe that the majority of women students in Toronto would subscribe to her sentiments, that they chafe in "the humiliating position of co-eds," or that they feel that they are "barely tolerated" because they are not admitted to the men's literary societies and glee clubs. We know that it is not the case in the federated colleges at least. Our distressed Co-ed, disappointed that she cannot debate and sing with the men, perhaps fence and play hockey with them, concludes her article very naively by giving three cogent reasons why a Varsity man should marry a Varsity woman; it would be uncharitable, however, to suggest that this is One of Them's idea of the end of co-education.

WE also wish to congratulate *The Varsity* on the issue of a very interesting Christmas number. An article by Armstrong Black on "The Indebtedness of Tennyson," a story by Jean Blewett, a poem by Goldwin Smith, and a translation into Greek verse of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," by Principal Hutton, are among its most readable features.

THE *Presbyterian College Journal* is published by the students of the Presbyterian College at Montreal, a fact which, perhaps, justifies the exclusively theological character of its contents. The November number contains an appreciation of the late Prof. Campbell, by Dr. Ross, a former colleague. The Argument for Religion, by Dr. Fraser, is logical and will commend itself to those who care for apologetic reasoning. We cannot approve the false economy of the *Journal* in disfiguring with an advertisement a front cover that would otherwise be neat and unostentatious.

WE are pleased to note that *Vox Wesleyana* continues to improve both in size and quality. A commendable feature about *Vox* is the fact that its different departments give an adequate reflection of every phase of college activity, for, in our opinion, the college paper ought to give expressions to all sides of college life. Students who are looking forward to journalism will find, in the December number of *Vox*, some interesting interviews with Winnipeg newspaper men on the value of a university training for that kind of work.

WE gladly welcome as a new exchange the *Acadia Athenæum*. Our Blue nose contemporary is bright and readable.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



The Personal Consecration of the Individual

BY C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, '92.

"Find your place in the world and then burn to the socket."—PRINCIPAL HASTINGS, to his Graduating Class.

THE campaign shall yet be won and Jesus crowned as King from the rivers to the ends of the earth. But victory lingers. The King tarries. The Eastern skies are not yet aglow with the dawn. Nay, midnight is still upon us. Heavy are the burdens and dim grow the eyes of the watchers. And why? As the Lord liveth before whom we stand ours is the blame. We have forsaken the commandments of Jehovah.

His orders are:—"Seek ye first His Kingdom." And we disobey. We seek our own kingdom first. If we have any spare strength or time or loose change left, that goes to His Kingdom. And this is God's truth.

It ought not to be, but every soul redeemed by the blood of Jesus, saved by His sacrifice, born by the second birth into His army, ought to be out and out, body, soul and baggage, in the campaign for the coming of the Kingdom.

The idle and selfish camp-followers do more harm to an army than the enemy's quick-firing or long range guns. Only the soldier who holds himself ready to go down to the firing line, garrison the forts or guard the supplies, as the leader may command, is of value to the flag. All others bring ruin to the army and shame to its banners.

And in the army of Jehovah the conditions in no wise differ. Every soldier ought to be willing to go or to stay, to be or to do, as He commands. When that time comes, then lift up your eyes to the East, for lo! the skies will be lurid with the coming dawn.

Thus, and thus alone, can the world be evangelized in our generation. Let every Christian, yes, or every second Christian, hearken to God's command given through His servant Paul (Phil. 2. 5): "Have this mind in you that was also in Christ Jesus, who, existing in the

form of God, counted the being on an equality with God not a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself."

Let us do this. It is Jehovah's will, for we were foreordained to be conformed to the image of His Son. Let us do it, and oh, what a tale the twentieth century will tell of victory for the Cross.

The first and greatest of Christ's missionaries, who had much of the mind of the Master, said (Phil. 3. 7)—"What things were gain to me these have I counted loss for Christ; yea, I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I suffer the loss of all things and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ.

Before God, my brother, you and I bear as great a responsibility to spread the gospel as did St. Paul.

If we but had the spirit and zeal of that immortal man, the record of shame and unfaithfulness now being written by the Christian Church would end in one grand burst of victory and one eternal hallelujah.

Jesus said (Luke 14. 33): "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple."

"Whosoever" of a certainty includes you and me.

We cannot too strongly emphasize this, for our failure during nineteen hundred years may be traced to the fact that the individual Christian has not felt his personal responsibility to be out and out, body, spirit, soul and baggage, in the campaign. Too many of us, I fear, are like one or the other of two children well known to the writer.

There is a little maiden, barely five, to whom the writer was talking about missions. He told her how Jesus commanded His followers, just before He went to heaven, to go all over the world and tell all the men and women everywhere, and the little boys and girls about Him, and about the heaven He was preparing, so that they might love Him and go with Him to heaven. "And do you know," said he, "they haven't done it, and so there are millions of little boys and girls who have never heard of Jesus."

And then, to interest her still further, he said: "And we are trying to get a number of good men and women to go and tell these little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers about Jesus, so that when you and your little brother and sister, and father and mother get to heaven, all these little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers will be there, too. Won't that be splendid?"

And she raised herself on her elbow, with eyes fairly dancing with joy at the prospect, and said, "Oh, yes; but father, don't you send them all a ticket through the post?"

How like that is to the plan we adopt. We do not send them a ticket through the post, but we Christians who have received eternal life at the pierced hand of Jesus, we give the price of one concert ticket each to save a billion heathen. And the dismal part of it is we are content so to do; nay, rather we are proud of our givings, and seem really to think that we are generous.

There is a little boy who came into possession of a few coppers not long ago and at once set off with a business-like air down the street. To his mother's question as to where he was going, he replied, "To the grocery store for candy."

"But George," said his mother, "hadn't you better save the money for the missionaries?"

Now, he had been well taught, and therefore sympathized with the missionaries, and did not want them to suffer, but he was only a boy, and so wanted the candy and wanted it badly.

He was puzzled. His face showed it. But a bright idea struck him and he looked up with a smile and said: "Oh, that will be all right, mother; I'll tell Mr. Van Luven, the grocery man, to give the money to the missionaries."

And so we wish the heathen well and would like to see them saved, and we are in favor of foreign missions and want more missionaries sent out and all that, yet we do so want the sugar sticks that are so dear to maturer years.

I do not mind confessing that my hope lies, not in the well-to-do and the rich, in the middle-aged and the elderly, but, under God, in the children and the youth of the country.

By middle life a man's mode of thought is fixed, his habits formed, and in many cases avarice has fastened its deadly fangs upon his soul. But the young, like the plastic sea beach of ages past, are open to impressions which time will harden into the solid rock of holy living and unshaken conviction.

Therefore, I write unto you, young men, because you are strong and free from the demon of avarice. Your life, with all its infinite capacities and boundless possibilities, lies before you.

Ah, my brother, this is your day of visitation. This is your opportunity. Not since the days of Peter and John have young men and women faced such a glorious call. No other generation since Christ has stood under such priceless burdens, or had opening before it such visions of wondrous glory.

You have only one life. Make the most of it. Make it tell for the Kingdom.

NOTES FROM ANNESLEY HALL.

Two well-known Christian workers visited the Hall last term—Mrs. Thurston and Miss Rouse.

The former, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, spent some years missioning in Persia and China, and is now a travelling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. The story of her own work and her plea for mission work will not be forgotten.

Miss Rouse, a graduate of Girton, and at present a secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, brought a story of Christian student life and work in many lands. She addressed the women students of University College, Victoria College and several of the ladies' colleges. The residents of Annesley Hall were especially favored, as she made her home with them and was always ready to talk with the girls individually, or in groups.

A. E. D.

John R. Mott was with us again—strong, logical, searching Pauline. He came at the close of the week of prayer. It had been a good week, and we were looking for results to appear. Mott held men's meetings in Wycliffe Convocation Hall on Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, preached the University sermon on Sunday, and addressed the women students on Monday afternoon. Many men will always remember the Sunday evening meeting. It was grand. More than ninety men entered upon a new life.

Every Vic. man and woman ought to attend the College Missionary Conference, January 20th to 22nd. A wider outlook, a larger opportunity, and a truer life purpose are large returns from the investment of two days. Besides, the missionary work has an undeniable claim upon us. Consult the programme.

The Y. M. C. A. has organized a department for evangelistic work outside the college. On one Sunday evening recently the services in three of the city churches were conducted by bands of Victoria men. When possible the men are visiting churches outside the city also, and during the first two weeks of January a successful campaign was conducted in First Methodist Church, London. Mr. E. S. Bishop has the work in charge, and with him are associated as leaders, E. W. Wallace, B.A., and W. A. Gifford, B.A.



THE frost is here, the fuel is dear ;
 The woods are sere, and the fires burn clear ;
 The frost is here, and has bitten the heel of the going year.

—*Tennyson.*

“THE Tempest.”—Resolved, That I will never again absent myself from prayers.—*1st yr. C. T.*

“MEASURE for Measure.”—Resolved, That I will not go to Shea’s any more—after leaving College.—*2nd yr. C. T.*

“COMEDY of Errors.”—Resolved : 1. That I will give up milk diet. 2. That I will skip one lecture a week. 3. That I will have my revenge on ’09.—*Freshman.*

“MUCH Ado About Nothing.”—Resolved : 1. That I will not work between meals. 2. That I will begin to use calling cards.—*Sophomore.*

“AS YOU Like It.”—Resolved : 1. That resolutions are a bore. 2. That I will not make any. 3. That I will be popular.—*Junior.*

“ALL’S Well That End’s Well.”—Resolved : 1. That I will be good. 2. That I will wake up. 3. That I will be dignified. 4. That I cannot get married just yet. 5. That I will decide what I am going to be. 6. That I will take first-class honors ;—and ninety-four others for which we haven’t room.—*Senior.*

“A MID-WINTER Night’s Dream.”—Resolved, That I shall advance by *degrees*.—*B.D.*

WHEN Robby and Boots again partake of walnuts, lemon sour, raspberry tarts, and “nice big, green bulls’-eyes,” all within an hour, the institution hopes to be able to offer better facilities as an emergency hospital.

SOMEONE reports seeing Booth on his way to dinner with a list of Arabic roots in one hand and a dyspepsia tablet in the other.

C. D. H. (packing up)—“There’ll be something doing in the wash tub when I get home.”

DR. POTTS having prayed for rain at the evening service, December 18th, escaped from the city Monday morning before the Rink Committee could register a protest. And it rained.

MR. GEO. G. STEPHENSON, now on circuit, and Rev. Bert Dalglish, B.A., from Alberta, made us a visit lately.

IF the *Conversat* is rightly called *the* social function of Victoria, everyone will agree that we are justly proud of this year's event. The whole affair was conducted with a harmony and charm which reflected credit on the Committee. Especially delightful were the concert numbers. The Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs achieved a brilliant success; the other talent was of a high order and equally appreciated.

AN amusing story is told of a young lady who apparently came unaccompanied. Having purchased a ticket, when the caterer offered to relieve her of it, she cordially grasped his extended hand and was "pleased to meet him."

JUNIOR co-ed (as the bugle announces a new promenade)—"There's the call to arms."

MADAME PRESIDENT (after the *Conversat*)—"I tried so hard to be dignified and to behave myself, but once I went and sat behind a door."

MISS P-TTER-N, '06 (speaking of the Scotch representative)—"Yes, Ned brought him over from Athens." Her Senior Sister—"Oh! is he one of the Egyptian curios?"

THE room where limelight views were exhibited proved to be a popular rendezvous. It was dark there.

SOMEONE to Jenkins—"I hear you're in love, Jenks." Jenkins—"Oh! I know where you've been. Over to the Hall to see Miss——." "No, I haven't." "But you must have been; she's the only one that knew it."

KELLY—"There's a thought which hasn't struck you yet."

THE following bulletin lately appeared: "Notice—A good dog to be given away, suitable to a country home." (Signed) Robert.

ON the night of Wednesday, December 7th, the Woman's Literary Society held its open meeting. The business was good and expeditiously despatched. In the literary session interesting papers were read on "Foreign and British Universities," which received merited appreciation. The event was unprecedentedly successful. The Kid's Corner, as ever, filled in the gaps with happy hits at the Ladies' Gallery.

"RED as a rose is, Stapleford's nose is."

THE Chancellor came back from the front pew to sit in the Corner. They were so orderly.

PROF. ROBERTSON to Dr. Horning (on seeing their engravings facing each other in Xmas ACTA, with the text *re* Dr. H.——)—“ ‘He has the power in an eminent degree of clothing dry bones with flesh and blood.’ How do you do it, Horning? Give me the recipe.”

ON the evening of December 5th the Glee Club and Symphony Orchestra gave a successful concert in the Town Hall, Acton, before a large and enthusiastic audience. It is fair to say that a large share of the success is due to Mr. E. J. Moore, whose home is in Acton.

SEVERAL amusing incidents occurred at the concert. The first number was scarcely concluded when a bouquet of carnations was brought up to the platform inscribed, “F. J. Price, B.A., from *two ladies of short acquaintance*.” These are talented and vivacious members of the teaching profession, who reside at the home where Mr. Price was entertained. Later, while the club was singing, “By the Light of the Moon,” the audience (and Teddy Moore) were surprised by a stanza ending “When we haven’t Teddy any more, Oh my, my, how we’ll weep. By the Light,” etc. Needless to say it made a hit. A little child in the audience sent up a vigorous protest while “Doan Ye Cry, Ma Honey” was being rendered.

OUR estimable Juniors seem to merit beyond all equivocation their distinctive characteristic, originality, self-arrogated as it is. Instead of the stereotyped promenade concert, their annual reception this year took the form of a masquerade. The affair was exclusive, and held at the home of Miss Ashall, who extended her hospitality to the class. Some amusing incidents have come to our ears. Adams, who was masked complete as witch, rode in one of the carriages furnished for the ladies, but gave it away by his chuckling. Gus Shaver, who also was attired *à la femme*, was escorted thither by Mark, whom he utterly scandalized by his unladylike conduct. Boarding a crowded street car, a man (deluded mortal!) politely offered the personation his seat.

THE last meeting of the Union Lit. for the fall term, with a good literary programme, spicy business, election of officers, and “bun feed,” could not but be enjoyable. There was added interest in the fact that several recent graduates were present, Messrs. Aikins, Rees, Gray and Ogden, who, by recounting reminiscences, made bearable the otherwise tedious delay of the election returns. There having arisen a suspicion amounting almost to certainty that the scrutineers,

and others whom we may term bucaneeers, were devastating the provisions deposited in the annex, it was moved that Messrs. Trueman and Bennett be a committee to investigate the alleged piracy. An additional clause was proposed that they be muzzled before being turned loose. The Speaker objected to this for the (spurious) scriptural reason, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox nor the ass," etc. One of the committee named instantly claimed to be the ox, on the ground that Balaam had only one ass; to which it was replied that he, in the nature of the case, must be the ass, because he was the one that kicked.

PURSUANT of the order-in-council of the Alma Mater Society, several consignments of books, bags, etc., were removed from the window at the side entrance. Colliss, '08, (meeting A. D. Miller in hall)—"Who took my books?" Miller (in explanation)—"The notice says——" C. (carried away with indignation)—"If you've got those books, Miller, produce them at once!"

FULLERTON whiles away the time in Dr. Reynar's lectures by writing couplets, *e.g.* (taken directly from his note-book)—"All people that on earth do dwell, Come join in our delicious throng."

TRENCH, '08 (at lecture in Greek)—"Epi—ep—eh— Dad! I don't know what it is."

JERRY was a trifle uncertain regarding the identity of one of the girls who entered the rink with a bunch of freshettes; so looking into the ladies' apartment he caught her eye, and the following dialogue took place: He—"Victoria?" She—"No, Marguerite!"

MISS VAN A—ne, '05—"I wish someone would solve the problem of cold hands" (To a Junior, but she wouldn't let him.)

MILLER, '08 (*re* essay)—"The Prof. said my matter was good, but my *form* poor."

BENNETT (after the Med. Coll. At Home)—"I enjoyed it better after I got into the *swing* of it." How are the mighty fallen!

NANCEKEVILLE (after trip to the Hall)—"Yes, I know the dog, but he didn't remember *me*."

AMONG the ladies Friday, December 16th, saw the closing frivolity of the Michaelmas Term, the '05 luncheon. As the guests entered the reception-room, softly brilliant with myriad lights, dimly shining beneath elaborate decorations of holly, they were received by the President of the class, Miss Walker, and the remaining members, with the exception of Miss Spence, who, in stentorian tones, announced through an improved and artistic megaphone the arrivals. After it

was over, and the last toast drunk (the nectar of the gods wasn't in it with that liquor), as we peeped into the recesses of our snowballs we appreciated the fitness of Miss Thompson's words concerning our hostesses,

"To those who know them not, no words can paint ;
Those who know them know all words are faint."

ARMSTRONG, '07 (to a couple of Sophettes)—"Which one of you wants to skate with me?" (Strange lack of avidity to seize the opportunity. It takes more than an *Army* to capture two Sophettes.)

WHAT might have been. Hurrah for the Rink Committee! However, one plan did not pan out. It emanated from the fertile brain of the secretary, whence many of the other more successful schemes have issued. There was to have been a special hockey rink for ladies' colleges, with a ten-foot board fence. Here in nun-like seclusion the dear girls might gambol while their jealous governesses did picket duty at the knot-holes. Still it is possible that a few secret orifices might have been bored where, for a small consideration, the curious could have enjoyed the peep show. But, after the most fetching letters had been despatched, the replies did not, alas! warrant the prosecution of the scheme.

OVERHEARD on the rink,—"What a luscious armful!" "He skates like a pair of stilts." "She takes the curves like an automobile." "Did you see the ice rise up and smite me." "I could feel her heart beating through my coat-sleeve."

WE copy the following from a post-card: "Kindly send me a prospectus of the Scotch Widow's Fund, and particulars of the Societies Life Assurance." (Signed) M. E. Conron.

THIS year's oration contest was by no means a misnomer. The standard of oratory educed was very high, and the whole affair interesting and profitable. The speakers were: A. R. Maunders, who chose as his subject, "Citizenship"; J. McCormick, B.A., who spoke on "The Power of an Idea"; G. E. Trueman, on "The Rise of Japan"; F. J. Johnston, B.A., on "The White Slaves"; G. J. A. Reaney, on "Our Country"; and E. W. Stapleford, on "One of the Underlying Principles of Missions." The judges, Rev. Drs. Smith and Badgley, and Hon. Mr. Justice Maclaren, awarded the prize to Mr. Reaney.

MR. G. A. ARCHIBALD gave a reception to the members of his class, '06, at his home on the evening of December 15th.

THE prospect of going home, with the world of meaning which attaches to this event at Xmas-tide, set loose the too long fettered spirits of the men on Tuesday, December 20th, when all comers, including the B.D.'s, were initiated into a new order of mysteries by a ride on a broomstick.

It seems that in a moment of apple-pie weakness, Jane made a profession to one of the waitresses at the Elm. Not sitting regularly at her table, when those who do were preparing to give her a Xmas present, Jane's speech cost him 50c. Other men have said less and paid \$5,000.

WE hope the recording secretary of the Woman's Lit. will find her breath before the end of the year. It would avoid a certain amount of bald repetition in the critics report.

HERE'S a tale of the hermit Cohoon,
Who plugs by the light of the moon ;
Said he, "It's a bore, all this classical lore,
But a boon to a coon about June."

THE following representatives were lately sent to outside functions : G. A. Cruise, to the Lady Meds At Home ; W. J. Salter, to the Dental School ; J. S. Bennett, to the Medical School ; W. G. Connolly, to Queen's ; T. P. Campbell, to the Arts Dinner ; J. A. Spenceley, to McMaster Dinner.

THEY were sitting in an ice-cream parlor.

DAVE—"What will you have, Miss ——?"

MISS—"I will take a David Harum, please."

DAVE—"How about a David Hewitt?"—and they had met only three days before.

BUSINESS MANAGER.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



DAME FORTUNE has favored the members of the Rink Committee with a smile which, though chilly, is so truly beneficent that their hearts are beating high with hopes of an unprecedented success. The skating season opened unusually early this year, and the prompt and efficient action of the management in taking immediate advantage of the opportunity is a sufficient guarantee of a satisfactory treasurer's report in the spring. Aside from the present advantages derived from the business-like operations of a capable committee, there is another and more important one—that outsiders, individuals and clubs, interested, will have perfect confidence in the stability and permanence of this annual enterprise, and have assurance of thoroughly satisfactory treatment. The committee has received as many applications for "ice" as they can well handle, and the financial basis thus afforded is a perfectly adequate one.

Victoria's Athletic Union is the wealthiest, or rather the least poor, of her many organizations, and the rink is practically her sole source of supplies, as, unfortunately, her foot-ball teams, unlike those of other universities, are never blessed with the patronage they so undoubtedly merit, and rarely clear more than sixty cents in gate receipts. For this reason let everyone take an active interest in the rink, and talk about it when they are *out*.

The old reliable Jerry is again on duty, and his care of things in general is most paternal. Incidentally, the necessity of a very careful selection in the appointment of the rink committee is quite obvious; the men behind the wicket, the receiving tellers, are marvellous drawing cards, for their ability to smile seems infinite. Surely some of these men have missed their vocation—had a mistaken call.

NOTE.—Robert is plying a brisk trade in sharpening skates. (This is not an advertisement.)

It may be well to say here that the proceeds from the rink will be of material import in the erection of a gymnasium should one ever be built. In this regard it is hard to express doubt, and yet what else can be done when it seems that various members of the student body

and of the faculty believe that the installation of Whitely exercisers in the rooms of the various students, and of a large wash-tub in the dressing room, would meet all requirements. We might at least add a lung-tester and a sponge.

It is to be devoutly hoped that Varsity's recent victories over Yale presage for her a dignified hockey campaign this year, just to relieve a little the humiliation suffered last winter. Of course, we cannot tell whether she has undergone a change of form or simply met a second-rate antagonist in the American College, but let us hope for the former.

Surely the editor of this column will be pardoned if he refrains from all prophesying in connection with the hockey team. Owing to some misunderstanding, a slight mistake was made last fall with regard to a Rugby championship, by which he was proved a false prophet, and the feeling of chagrin has not entirely passed away. However, it is safe to say that prospects were never better, for pucks and sticks are even lower in price than they have been in the past, and so there is no pecuniary reason why the boys should not win out.

A vast amount of interest is centred upon the Ladies' Hockey Team this season. From varied and interesting conversations we learn that the Misses McLaren, Hunter, and Bearman are attaching new glory unto themselves every day, and that these, together with our other tried and proved players, should constitute an absolutely invincible seven. For some occult reason there is evidently some misunderstanding among three of the boys as to who is the real coach of the team. We understood that W. G. Connolly had resigned the position—an almost impossible action—and yet he seems to be taking much more than a passive interest in it. Reggie Davidson is the legal trainer, yet it appears that his rights have been usurped by S. G. Mills; Stan. admitted that he had on several occasions been handing out gratis hints on scientific checking to the fair stick-handlers. We would suggest that these three gentlemen come to some definite understanding by mutual self-sacrifice.

Mr. Douglas Henderson has just had installed a plant for heating his locker. It is not of ordinary construction and yet we cannot believe that it is altogether new, for we have memories of a remote past in which similar contrivances were used. We welcome the innovation joyously, as it forms the one bright spot in the dressing room, and Mr. Henderson is generous enough to allow us to watch it. Besides the dressing room is very cold, and this machine looks so really and truly warm that, with a strong imagination, one can almost believe himself comfortable. Talk about progress.

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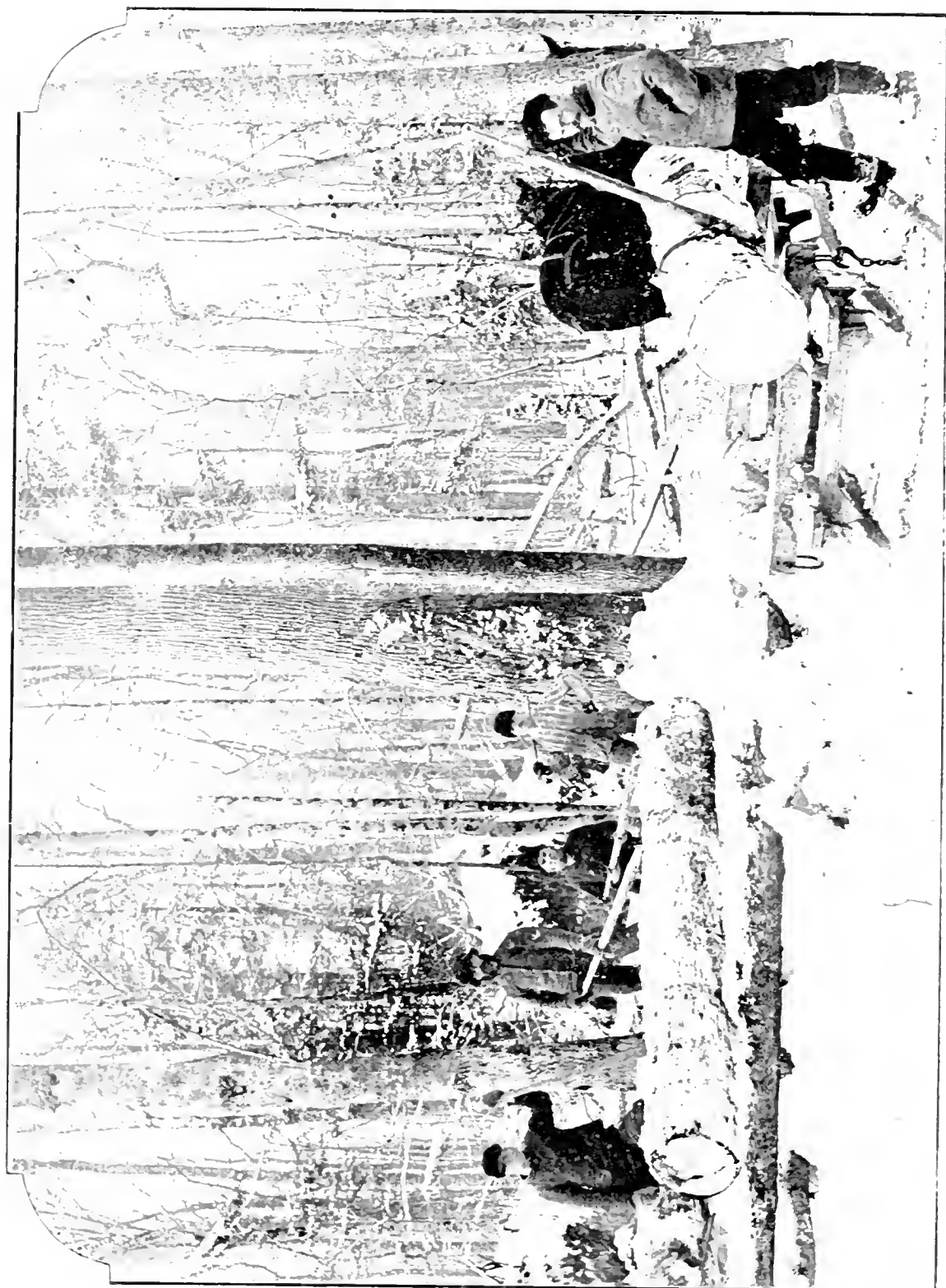
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IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.



ACTA VICTORIANA

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Neighbors

All day within the mine's deep grave,
Amidst the heat and gloom he bore
Right valiantly, a willing slave,
And won a little heap of ore.

His neighbor on the hill-top stood
And let the winds blow on his face,
Or roamed within the silent wood,
Lost in the beauty of the place.

Of nature's handicraft a few
Frail blossoms gathered by the way,
Some grasses and a shell or two
Were all he had at close of day.

Adjudge, ye wise, which of the twain
On that sweet summer day won most.
How shall we measure loss or gain?
On what achievement make our boast?

Oh, is there not a place for each?
One wins his soul by sweat of brow,
Another by the inner reach,
And God hath need of both, I trow.

C.

The War As Seen from Hiroshima

BY WM. ELLIOTT.

HIROSHIMA (he-ro-she-ma), a city of 130,000 people, is situated on the south-western coast of the main island of Japan, about half-way between the well-known "treaty port" of Kobe (ko-o-bay) and the famous Shimonoseki (she-mo-no-say-ke) Straits. It is built on the delta of a seven-mouthed river, which empties, more than a mile beyond, into a bay of the beautiful Inland Sea. The deepest part of this bay consti-



IN FULL KIT.

(Drawn by Japanese boy of fifteen years.)

tutes the harbor of Ujina (oo-je-na), where large steamers can come close up to the coast to a village of the same name.

Both the city and the port assumed unusual importance with the outbreak of hostilities last February. And, in fact, before that: for, as everybody now knows, the clash of arms was by no means unexpected on this side of the Japan Sea. Almost simultaneously with the first war news—of the exciting fate of the *Korsets*, *Varyag*, and other Russian vessels—we learned that our harbor was already full of transports, and its village

enlarged and enlivened by the erection of six large storehouses and the filling of them with tons of rice and other provisions; that enormous quantities of horse-fodder had also been accumulated and placed under cover; that whole regiments of soldiers had been sent through under our very noses, but so secretly and quietly that the fact broke upon us like a revelation.

With the first report of naval success, however, and the formal declaration of war, military activity became open, and, though never noisy or spectacular, very stirring and impressive in both city and port; for this is the chief point for the muster, training and despatch of troops. The Fifth Division—the local garrison



ARMY AND HOSPITAL SURGEONS AND NURSES.

(The nurses are both American and Japanese.)

—welcomed in rapid succession the Imperial Body Guard and three other divisions, so that at one time there were nearly 100,000 soldiers here, quartered on the citizens and in barracks, hotels, temples, everywhere, until every available space was full to overflowing; while thousands of horses pawed and whinnied in temporary stables or tied to posts in the open; and parade grounds, school grounds, and many other places specially utilized, were covered with field guns, pontoon boats and their waggons, and other waggons bearing electrical fittings, ammunition, and all the varied apparatus of modern warfare.

In a few weeks Hiroshima and Ujina were joined by a mile of new shops and other buildings erected on either side of the main road. At the latter extensive docks and freight sheds, also recently built, are alive with men and women almost day and night, transferring goods from trains to junks, from which they are passed on to the transports. To us one of the most interesting sights is the hoisting of horses by cranes from the junks up over the sides of the transports, and the lowering of them down within. Their feet are covered with woven straw, so that they may inflict less injury on each other.

The good order and respectful bearing of our swarthy knights of the gun is marvellous, surely unexcelled, if equalled, the world over. The social evil, no doubt, prevails to a considerable extent—at least, did prevail early in the campaign, before strict regulations were put in force to stop it. But drunkenness is quite rare; and even when drunk the men are wonderfully harmless. Foreign women walk freely along past thousands of them on the streets, and almost never, even when off drill, are they guilty of any objectionable utterance or suggestion. How far this is due to a supposition that all these foreigners are English-spoken, I know not. Certain it is that just now the Anglo-Saxon peoples are in their eyes “all right.” This sometimes comes out in unexpected ways. On a recent Sunday, while on my way from church, a stranger soldier overtook me, and suddenly shot me with—

“Igrisu?” (English?)

“Hai” (yes), I said, thinking it unnecessary to be more explicit as to my native land. Immediately he gently pressed my little girl’s hand out of mine, and heartily shook it—my left hand—as it hung by my side, before I fairly realized what he was doing. It was only a few days later that my wife was suddenly accosted, in a railway station, by a tipsy marine:

“Are you Englishman?”

“No (tentatively): I’m not a man at all. I’m a woman.” This, however, proved too deep a plunge into English for the daring fellow, and he simply rejoined, “I am very like Englishman” (fond of Englishmen), and went on his happy way.

It is simple justice to say that Japan never forgets her alliance with England, and her duty to try to live up to it. Even the boys think of it constantly, with pride and high purpose.

Japan's care of her sick and wounded is a first study by many at home, as well as by an unusual number of globe-trotters here. Happily it is a first study also with the local government; and, happily for Christianity, the chief organization is the Red Cross Society. Not, indeed, ostensibly chosen as a Christian organization, but practically Christian nevertheless, and a mighty John the Baptist to the larger coming of Jesus Christ to these islands. Not strange, then, that its Hiroshima head is a Christian, and that all its chief nurses sent to the front are Christians. In fact, it may be parenthetically added, all the official interpreters belong to the same class, deliberately selected by the



DR. M'GEE, WOUNDED OFFICERS AND NURSES.

military authorities, because in the campaign ten years ago many interpreters proved too susceptible to alcoholic persuasion and gave away too many army secrets.

The Red Cross Society here is an imperial institution, supported partly from the national treasury and partly by private subscription. There are many life members, who pay a single fee of \$12.50, or ten annual fees of \$1.50. The president and all the chief officers are of high rank, and the society is rich, strong, and finely equipped and managed. It has two excellent hospital ships of its own, which were ample at first to bring

home all who had been rendered unfit for service; though, later, more than twice as many more were chartered, and, still more recently, in addition to what all these can accommodate, each transport, on its return journey, has brought hundreds of pitiable heroes from the field—enough to more than crowd all the military hospitals in the land. The delectable glories of war!

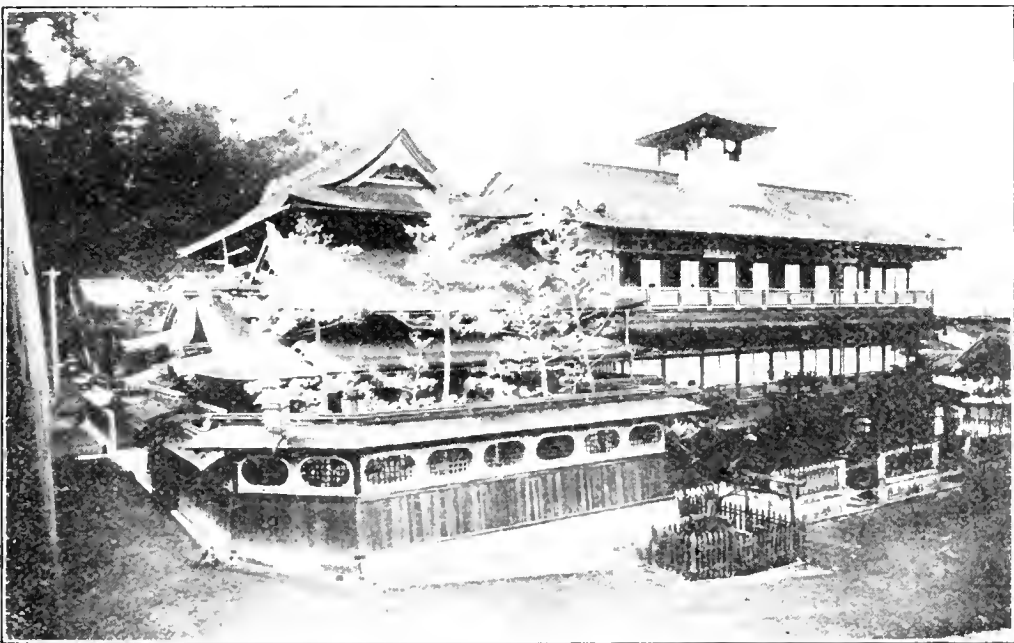
The Hiroshima hospital consists of eight divisions, in various parts of the city, each of which has from ten to fifty wards. These are single, separate buildings, with cots for between forty-five and fifty patients. What impressed me most—next to the pitiable glory aforesaid, and I have not been into even the ante-chamber of the “hell” of war—is the roominess and cleanliness, the thoroughness and efficiency, manifest everywhere, whether on hospital ship or in city ward. The directors have been sadly puzzled to find room for the newer buildings: yet, resolute against anything like half measures, they keep right up to date, and challenge the admiration of everybody: including, among others, Dr. McGee—daughter of the well-known astronomer, Newcomb—and the nine American nurses associated with her. And they have had the best opportunities for judging. They have all been as far as Manchuria by hospital ship, and have just completed their six months’ engagement—most of it in practical everyday work—seven days a week—in the wards of this city. Each woman is quite proficient in her own line, and they are thoroughly competent judges of what is being done. Their praise of it is unstinted.

It has been a rare privilege to be in close touch with these ladies socially: while to see them dressing the head of this grateful Japanese, the knee of that, or the poor riddled body of another, has been a beautiful object lesson in what is at once the best in humanity, and the final test of acknowledged fellowship with divinity. “Inasmuch as unto these least, unto Me.” Their doing has evidently been very largely unto Him.

A very happy thought, indeed, the sending of these nurses, and one that has worked out very smoothly and successfully! Enthusiastically welcomed and feasted when they came, they are now, in the middle of October, being most warmly feasted and farewelled. It is by no means simply a question of help rendered the local Red Cross, though that, too, will bear close inquiry. It is the fact that America and Japan are further

bound together by one of the strongest bonds, the noblest philanthropic principles given an outstanding illustration, the world-spirit broadened and bettered.

Earnest, systematic effort is being made to utilize a unique opportunity for Christian work in the hospitals. Books, Scripture portions, tracts, flowers, etc., are given, and special services are held. Now, a baby organ is taken from ward to ward, and a little playing and singing is done; then the patients who are able are gathered into the "social room" to hear short, crisp addresses and prayer, in addition to the music; and, again, personal heart-to-heart conversation is held with the men in their



MINERAL BATH HOUSE, MATSUYAMA.

(For Russian sick and wounded.)

cots. Most of the patients are very grateful. A few days ago, as one of our ladies approached a poor, emaciated fellow, he strained eagerly towards her, tears ran down his cheeks, and after an effort, she caught the words, "Sambika—ga—arimasu—ko?" (Have you a hymn-book?)—it is close to the Bible in the estimation of the Japanese. Not that he was a Christian, but he knew a little about "the way," and was hungry to know more.

A few days earlier I had something like the following conversation with an officer:

"Can you speak English?"

"Yes, a little."

My wife then handed him a Christian paper from Canada. "Thank you," he said, heartily. "We are very glad to get reading matter to pass away the time. I am a graduate of a mission school in Tokio. Later, I graduated from the Sapporo Agricultural College; and I am now, when off duty, a teacher in the Yamaguchi Agricultural School. My name is Koma. I am a nephew of Count Hirose. I've been here about three months. I've lost a leg," and he showed us a very short stump. "But I am nearly well now, and will soon be out."

"What mission school did you graduate from in Tokio?"

"The Azabu Toyo Eiwa Gakko, connected with the Canadian Methodist Mission."

"Oh, indeed! We are Canadians and Methodists, and know that school very well. Did you know Dr. Cochrane?"

"Yes; and Mr. Large, and Mr. Whittington, and Mr. Saunby." And we found that he was a faithful Christian—good fruit cultivated by noble men who were wont to sow beside all waters.

Most of the Russian prisoners are not far away—at Matsuyama, in Shikoku. They are well cared for, and are given much freedom. I have not seen them. But I saw here, through car windows, over five hundred men, of those gallantly rescued by Admiral Kamimura after the sinking of the *Rurik*, and I have also seen over a hundred army prisoners. The former were fair, average-looking men, but the latter appeared unexpectedly coarse and ignorant. Hundreds of Japanese keenly eyed them, too, but there was not the slightest sign of hate or even reproach; only a rather expressionless look, or one of pity.

Some of us had hoped that Port Arthur would have fallen some time ago, or that we might even have seen the last of the war by this time. But the mighty fortress is still holding out most stubbornly, and both countries are making elaborate preparations as if the terrible struggle were to be indefinitely prolonged. But "God's in His place," and we look to Him, that a genuine peace, with justice to all concerned, may soon and long prevail.

A Backwoodsman's Graduation.

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

A COLLEGE course is largely a glorified sort of farming. Readers of the "Georgics" will remember that Virgil said a lot of velvety things about farm life. Some of these "grateful" passages have made us sweat under the landlady's reluctant gas jet many a midnight when the *miseratus agrestes* down on the old homestead were already in the third hour of sleep. Many a time have we sighed for the plough-handles and pitchfork again. We got insomnia, likewise neurasthenia; our vest lost its comfortable snugness; water-lilies bloomed in our cheeks that once wore July roses in the hay-mow; and at bed-time there was, alas! no pantry.

Failing to carry the spirit of farming into our studies, and aspiring to a share in the foibles and fashions of city life, we became the victims of our own caprice, often destroying one day the pleasures of the next. Let us, therefore, discover a few analogies between the farm and the college, and, in the contemplation of these, driving out the forensic shouts of Cicero, listen in fancy to the limpid cadence of the hooting owl on the old oak in the lane.

We shall begin with a logging. Back again to the old five-acre "slashing" which our strenuous dad had chopped into "jam-piles." Here many an evening we rambled, when we were but "knee-high," hunting the cows. And one spring, just when our voice was turning, we drove the horses to log that slashing. Dad and the hired man wielded the handspikes. We ourselves lifted on our print shirt-bosoms. When the bottom logs were soggy, "Pick 'er right up, Johnnie!" said dad, and we did. Then with a clammy shirt we went back and forth, carrying chunks to the log-heap, while the men chopped the log-lengths for the next.

That done, we turned to the resting team again, wishing that we, too, were a horse. The double-tree caught in a stump, and the clumsy nigh horse backed up on to it. What a satisfaction it would have been could we have sworn at him. But we did not, for dad was a class-leader. We merely jammed the "big hook" under the log, and tore our fingers in the act. "Whoa, back!" we yelled in a young rooster baritone; but it was of no avail. The horses were on the other side of a cradle-knoll with a pond beneath it, and there was nothing else to do but let out the chain. We did so, and, before we

had the lines well in hand, the brutes started with a jerk. One line fell in the pond, and we grabbed it just in time to get our leg-boots full of water and make a high jump over a black ash top. Our straw hat falling off, we snatched at it, but, losing our footing, fell down in the brush and let go the lines. The horses dashed on with the log, which nearly went over our "dry goods," till dad yelled "Whoa-oa-oa!" We scrambled up and longed for the dinner hour, but in vain; the sun showed it only eleven o'clock.

Is there a Freshman in Victoria this year who already, standing before the "jam-piles" of his own profound ignorance, has not wished that his cognomen had been Hercules? If there be, let him not go to bed until he has started to log up. If he does not, he may find that procrastination does not make the work lighter, and be found burning log heaps in the smoke in '08 when he ought to be hauling in corn.

Ploughing among the stumps was our next circus specialty. This was not easy. Dad required "a land" fourteen feet wide. We paced it off, and stuck up a pole with a paper semaphore at the north end. Then keeping our left eye on the white spot we started the horses and stuck in the plough. But there were at least seventeen full-grown stumps in that virgin furrow. The plough-point dug under the roots and the horses "straddled" a stump. Being rather "big-feeling," we yelled, with a flip of the reins, "Get down to it, Bill! What in the Sam Hill?" Then there was a crash as the white ash double-tree went all to pieces and we, with the lines about our back, were hauled hastily over the plough-beams. Then we walked to the barn to get the waggon double-tree, thinking out on the way the version of the affair which we should rehearse to dad at dinner.

When we were ready to go on again there was a root on the plough-point and the off-horse had his off-hind foot over the trace. Four rods farther on the horses jumped a little pond and we let go the plough to go round. With seventeen stumps, three cradle knolls, four "subterranean" soggy logs, and a cow-trail all in our wake, we headed into the semaphore. That inaugural furrow in his corn-field made dad (class-leader though he was) say "darn," and really the proverbial dog's hind legs were not to be compared with it for crookedness.

Are there any young men of the Second Year who put their hand to the plough and do not figure on the snags and the water-holes? Do they deem it a "cinch" to jerk out green habits by the roots? Do they pack whole chunks of crude knowledge into their craniums, and

think they have obtained wisdom? In the Third Year they will look back on this year's furrow, and lo! they become dismayed, cross eyed at the prospect. Wherefore, "Doth not wisdom cry?"

Planting and cultivating, a one-horse job, came next. Usually we were allowed the slow, old, flatfooted roan mare for this purpose. Gazing at the old, wooden cultivator in the hot sun made us sleepy, so we left the ragweeds and foxtail close to the corn-hills untouched. "Dad would never notice them," we thought. But in hoeing-time we were obliged to bow our backs and pull up the ragweeds by sheer strength, for were they not too big for the hoe? This was slow work. The corn grew knee-high long before we were through and the haying was upon us before we were half done. In harvest-time we found those ragweeds half as high as the corn, and the pigweeds large and tough as young trees.

Many a young man in his Third Year, failing in his cultivation, finds some hard scrabble hand-hoeing in his work. Let him guard well the seeds of truth, of knowledge, of industry and research, let him tear out the sprouting weeds of falsehood and presumption, of radicalism and of indolence, and his will be a happy and successful harvesting.

Husking was the final test. Dad took one side of a shock and we the other. We were amused as the old dog snapped up the mice, and pleased by the blackbirds that lisped their ABC's over in the snake fence. The days had the balmy charm of Indian summer. The partridge drummed in the woods and the shot-guns cracked dreamily after the distant quail. In a neighbor's lane a wagon rattled peacefully along as he hauled in the yellow pumpkins to save them from the October frosts. But when the shock was husked and the fodder bundles were tied father's words were clear and chilling. "Only half a bushel an' most 'v 'm nubbins," he said, "'D orta been a bushel an' a haf. Young man, such work as you've made of this cornfield 'ud not be long a-starvin' you."

Are there any Seniors and graduates of Victoria who are finding their husking a disappointment? We hope not. Yet it is whispered that there are some graduates running ranches and insurance offices out West—some, too, in more menial employments—who at the Fourth Year examinations were able to husk out only thirty-three per cent. And most of that was "nubbins."

Running the Gauntlet.

BY AL. MARR.

THE sun sank low in the western sky. Great masses of cloud hung all about it, their deep purples and grays just tinged with yellow light, and all betokening the coming of a dark and stormy night. Yet the stillness of evening in the vast, primeval forest permeated the soul. The perfect serenity of the lake's surface, unbroken by laughing ripples, or leaping fish, or swimming bird, inspired a deep sense of solitude. The long line of richly timbered hills along the west, unrelieved by clearing, house, trail or any other sign of human habitation, increased the same impression. Beneath their darkening shade stalked ghostly night, silent and wrapped in a misty coat of gray gloom. The sun disappeared, the shadows deepened and with a gathering rush night came on apace.

Suddenly out of the silence came the shrill uncanny laugh of a loon. I started involuntarily and in the act I became, in turn, a subject of alarm. I caught a passing glimpse of a fox's brush as he vanished over an uprooted pine; beneath me there was a single summoning bleat of a startled doe before she was lost with her tiny, spotted fawn among the cedar scrub; then came quiet—complete, all-embracing, dark.

With a shudder I turned and peered at the imperfect path, and thought of the five miles of unbroken forest that lay between me and the little clearing where was my temporary home. What a fool I had been to loiter here while the sun was up! A stranger, a green youth, fresh from the city and ignorant of the bush and its denizens and their ways,—why did I tarry for nothing more than a mere quiet evening scene? Why did I not realize then as now the grim dangers of that dark, lonely way. I was startled anew at the unfamiliar sound of the whistling flight of an invisible flock of wild waterfowl; then laughing at my fears, rallied my fainting heart, struck up a religious tune, and decided to brave the darkness.

One hundred yards from the entrance I was in pitchy blackness. Trees, dense and towering, shut out every glimpse of the sky, every ray of starlight. Even a white handkerchief held aloft was quite invisible. Yet I trudged on rapidly, almost breathlessly. Then a queer sniffing and a rustling of decayed leafage fell upon my ear. Some animal was directly in my path and I stopped abruptly. What could it be? Not deer, for the gait was too shuffling; it was more like bear, but at this distance he would be moving more rapidly than that, one way or other. Presently the noise changed to a scrambling one,

and began to mount rapidly upwards, and concluding that it was only a porcupine, I pressed on, singing in a loud but quavering voice the courage-quickenng, martial strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Somehow the weird and ghostly calls and the great gleaming eyes of those old owls and the shrill piercing cry of a distant wild-cat, while they startled, did not prey upon the imagination so much now. The song died away, but the silence was not long continued. Only a few yards from me there was a sudden stirring of brush followed by much beating of wings upon a dry old log. Some reynard had chosen a partridge for his evening meal.

Weary and excited I found it impossible to shake off the depressing effect of this incident. Perhaps the darkness had a similar fate in store for me. There was that hillside just ahead, of which Don, my host, had warned me. Two months ago it had been the scene of a tragedy. Was there to be another to-night? That runaway was the general highway of the wild animals of the district. Should I brave it, or sit down here and await the light? Suddenly I came upon a bit of slippery, springing bog. The special danger zone was just ahead. I faltered; then, with a wild nervous whoop, started up "The Campbells are coming" in a pitch to frighten every grizzly within two miles, pressed on across the morass and gained the opposing slope.

At its crest a blood-curdling snarl bursts upon the ear, there is a sharp gnashing of teeth, and a hot breath on my cheek, and in the darkness bruin and I are face to face. Yet I am not now unnerved. Every fibre is under command. Mindful of Indian custom I leap to get my back against a tree and avoid the fatal hug. In an instant my great knife is out and open. "You may exult in victory, but not without a struggle," I think with lightning despatch. A snapping twig betrays his advance. My knife is raised for his reception. There is the crackle of a parlor match, a little blaze of light, and Don's eyes meet mine.

But what a transformation did that momentary glare reveal. A merry, mischievous face grew foolish, then pallid with emotion. We were both glad when it went out, and silent, side by side, trudged home. "That might have cost my life and your fair name," he said passionately after a long pause, and I could only reply with my hand upon his shoulder, as we broke into the clearing five minutes later, "Well, forget it, Don, my good fellow." But Don never forgot it, and has often declared that next time he goes to meet a belated city youth in the wild woods' depths, he will take along the Highland pipes and make hill and valley scream afar with the martial strains of "The Campbells are coming."

Some Oxford Types

BY PROFESSOR MAURICE HUTTON.

I PREFACE these few words I have to say of some Oxford types, as I have known them, by the warning that I am not pretending, or intending, to describe the Oxford of to-day, or any other Oxford, except the Oxford of some twenty-seven years ago. There were, I think, roughly speaking, three main currents of thought in those days converging to form the river of University life.



PRINCIPAL HUTTON.

There was first and foremost, the school which had resisted and reacted from the so-called famous Oxford movement, and the teaching of Newman; the school which had outlived the Oxford movement, and more than any other single school, dominated Oxford: the Rationalist School, of which the best known names were Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and Pattison, Rector of Lincoln; often the name of Mr. T. H. Green is added, though he was perhaps too many-sided, too actively beneficent, too practically devout, to be in entire sympathy with its negative dialectic and sterile criticism. Not,

of course, that the ordinary undergraduate saw much, if anything, of these great names. Jowett and Pattison were elderly men, and the latter in particular had withdrawn in a great measure from the work of teaching; but it was their influence which had moulded most of the men he did see. Besides, if he did not see much of them, he heard a great deal; he knew all that there was to know about them, and a great deal more; more even than the angels knew; that is, not only more than the bald historic facts, but more also than the unrecorded facts or even than that illuminating fiction, which is often spiritually and

ideally truer than fact; for there had gathered a vast accretion of legends round the name of each, many of them neither literally nor spiritually true. Than the rapid growth of such myths nothing is more curious or interesting, unless it be the antiquity of some of them, which yet purport to be historical accounts of quite recent events and persons. Jowett himself on one occasion asked a friend for the anecdotes told of him, and after listening quietly to a long list, "All of those," he remarked, "were told by me and my contemporaries of my predecessor except one, and that is not true of me." However—as Herodotus would say—I am not bound to believe all the legends I heard in Oxford, I *am* bound to record them.

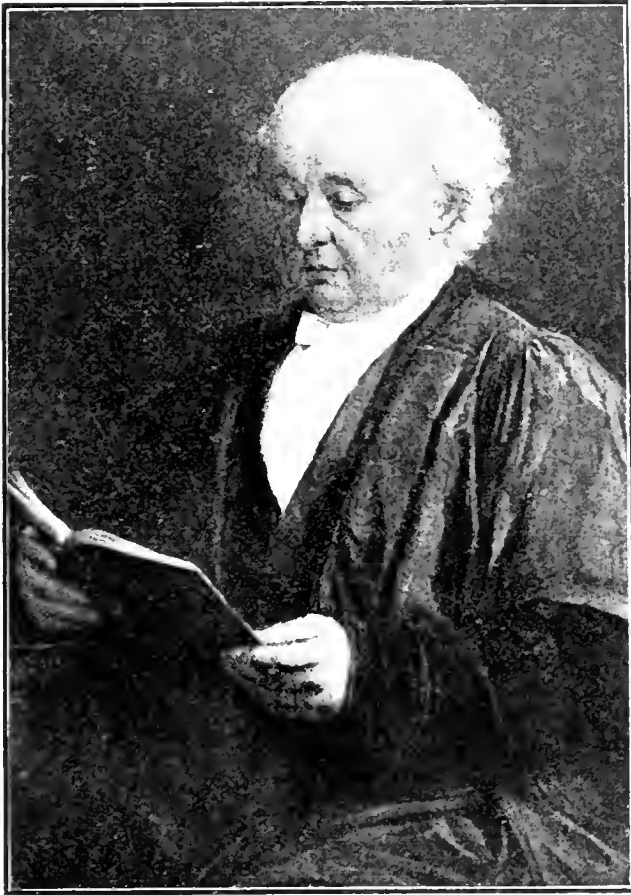
Of Pattison, then, it was told that he never spoke to undergraduates unless they showed marked ability, but he made one exception, in favor of anglers. With an undergraduate of either of these types he would walk and talk of philosophy or of fish, but even with them he was austere. One of them, more ambitious than the rest and determined not to sink below the level of the occasion and the Rector, began the conversation one day the moment they issued through the college gateway with the sufficiently abstruse remark: "The irony of Sophocles, Dr. Pattison, is finer than the irony of Euripides." "Quote," was the dry retort, but quotation came there none, only in its place a silent walk. A weaker mind when engaged in the hazardous joy of a walk with Jowett—says another legend—lost its self-possession in presence of his silence, and exchanged silence for vacuous speech: "It is a fine day, Master," stammered ingenuous youth. For answer came a reproachful look, but no further speech on either side to enliven or belie the peaceful prospect of nature till, as they reached the College gate again, after the student's constitutional was finished, came a parting echo of the unhappy overture: "That was a foolish remark you made." Nor did the voluble and self-possessed orator always fare better. One such there was who talked, and talked, and talked, only to reap at the walk's conclusion the chequered verdict, "That will do, but too much conceit." Yet another had the bad taste and the bad judgment to suppose that the Master would welcome cheap second-hand agnosticism, and he finished a lively discourse in the style of Col. Ingersoll to find his companion gently humming, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." This was indeed one of the most interesting and charming features of Jowett's character, that he never paraded religious difficulties, or talked of them except in sincerity to persons who could appreciate and understand. He never gratified the sensation-loving superficial public by oratorical fireworks of this kind.

The fashionable world flocked from London and the provinces on a summer Sunday into Oxford and packed the University Church, all agog to hear or to tell some new heresy. Then would the Master in his piping voice pronounce a mild eulogy upon friendship, or read an essay on the lost art of conversation. His contempt for affected and precocious infidelity showed itself again on another occasion when some flippant youth reported that he could not satisfy himself of the existence of Deity. "You will satisfy yourself by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, sir, or leave College," was the unsympathetic answer. A deeper answer was granted to well-meaning irreverence of a deeper type. "Master," said a converted pupil, "I have found the Saviour." "Then don't tell anybody," was the quiet rebuke. Another anecdote, not less characteristic of this side of his mind—the theological side—was told of an occasion during my own term in Oxford: A student of the College went to ask him for the use of the College Hall for a meeting to promote missions to the Hindoos. "Certainly," said the Master, and added to his visitor's alarm, "I will take the chair myself," which he did with an opening address delightfully frank and typical. "A missionary's career," he said, "appears to me a singularly attractive one; it gives to a man so admirable an opportunity of studying the picturesque religions of the East." It was this open-mindedness to religious systems other than Christian which formed the basis for another anecdote by no means so authentic, according to which a distinguished Hindoo—a convert of the missionaries—after hearing the Master preach, announced himself reconverted to Buddhism.

Jowett was much more of a man of the world than Pattison, and aimed far more at completeness of life and interest. He was not so intolerent of small things. "I must apologize, Master," said a youthful philosopher, who had been deputed, very much against his will, to approach, or reproach, the Master concerning the quality of the potatoes served by the college cook, "I must apologize for distracting your attention to such trifles." "Don't apologize," was the unexpected answer of the philosopher more mature, "life is made up of trifles"; and so, on another occasion, he astonished a particularly laborious and hard reading student, who sat with straining ears expecting some aphorism on Plato, with the eminently practical and worldly advice, "Be young, my young friend, be young." Again the sceptic's apprehensiveness, which has played so large a part in the lives of scholars, and sometimes—in reference to marriage and its perturbing risks—a part so tragic, was, if another anecdote be true, unnecessarily keen in even

Jowett's mind on one occasion. "Dr. Jowett," said a young lady to whom he had shown great kindness, and who was encouraged thereby to hope that he would grace her approaching marriage, "Dr. Jowett I have a great favor to ask of you ; will you marry me ?" "Perhaps we should not be happy," was his hasty and irrelevant ejaculation.

He was a great friend of George Eliot, and she, too, in a pessimistic spirit was accustomed whenever she heard of an approaching marriage



BENJ. JOWETT.

in her circle to say softly, "Yes, he is very good, and she is very good, but will they suit ?"

I have left myself little time for notice of other schools of thought, but other schools of thought there were. One second in influence to this Rationalist and Classical School was a Theological School : the school of Oxford High Churchmen, the school of which Dean Church, and Canon Liddon, and Canon King were the leaders, the two latter living largely in Oxford. The school included Churchmen of every degree of Anglicanism and Ritualism ; it covered also—

therein lay its strength—not merely the moral fervor and apostolic devotion which has gathered hundreds of men and women in the squalid slums of great English cities into Anglican or Ritualist churches, but also almost invariably a breadth of view and a liberality of thought which had once been associated only with the names of Dean Stanley and the Broad Church. Nor was this the only point of contact between the High and Broad Churches. There was a second: they both loved moderation and sweet reasonableness, and they both disliked ostentation and the slightest approach to advertisement or publicity. This is where even Cardinal Newman fell short of the ideal of these Anglicans; he was too fanatic and extravagant (especially in his “Loss and Gain”), I had almost said ribald. They believed emphatically in the trivial round and the common task: they disliked intensely all sensational and dramatic changes; their real type was Isaac Williams, the unknown, self-obliterating country rector, or John Keble, rather than Newman, still more than Ward, the most extravagant and whimsical and self-opinionated of men. In short, all the arbitrary and high-handed action which attracts the world offended these men of the student type, just as other worldly considerations offended other students. The spirit which moved Keble, in fact, was the same spirit at bottom as that which—in another department of thought—marked Henry Smith, the Oxford mathematician, a most singularly accomplished man of Jowett’s generation. In addition to his extraordinary breadth of interest, he made some discoveries not inconsiderable, I believe, in mathematics, but his especial satisfaction in them was this—that there was not a farthing to be made out of them by hook or by crook; they belonged just where they professed to belong, to pure mathematics; they were golden, but not with the gold of this world; rust and exposure could not tarnish *them*, thieves would never care to break through nor steal.

But to return to the High Churchmen, the men whose names are now well known in the Church, Holland, and Gore, and Jayne, and many others belonged to this school. Its influence has spread not over England only, but to this continent, perhaps especially the influence of the highest of its High Churchmen, Canon (now Bishop) King, who exercised in Oxford then, as he has exercised since over a wider field, a marvellous personal charm, whom but to see was a religious education. If the Dean of St. Paul’s was at that time the brain of the School, and Canon Liddon its eloquent tongue, Canon King was already becoming its heart and soul.

And last, and perhaps in point of number least, there was in Oxford a remnant of the old Evangelicals, fallen on evil days and with a scanty following, with their principal stronghold of old, the most beautiful college in Oxford—Wadham College—wrested from them by an upstart handful of Positivists, who, of course, ran the college down to the ground, whence it is only now painfully uprising. There were never, by the way, more than thirty Positivists, I suppose, in England, all told, and they have had three disruptions I am informed, and are now divided into four churches—three, that is, besides the original church (the church of the Marrow, let us call it). At their worship it is understood they solemnly commemorate “Space,” a euphemism, I conjecture, for the solitude which they wrought in the quadrangles of Wadham, and in those gardens where for long years after the cedars of Lebanon wasted their sweetness on the desert air.

And yet the old Evangelical School—as I, at least, am especially bound to remember—still had their saints in Oxford. In Dean Burgon’s book, “The Lives of Ten Good Men,” one of the first lives is the life of Richard Lynch Cotton, Provost of Worcester College. If the other nine men were, all taken together, as good as Dr. Cotton the world was not worthy of them. For the Provost of Worcester was an adorable old man; he used to tell us how Dean Burgon once stooped down and kissed him on the top of his head. I do not think we were merely amused to hear it; he was a very little man and Dean Burgon was very tall, but in fact the feat was easy for moral as well as physical reasons. Apropos, however, of his smallness of stature, by the way, Mr. Goldwin Smith has told me that his keenest recollection of the Provost was on the occasion of the Prince of Wales taking his degree. There was a great function and the Provost—as it so happened—was Vice-Chancellor that year. Mr. Smith beheld him in his scarlet robes standing in the Natural History Museum between the front legs of the giraffe.

He was a man of the most unaffected and simple piety it has ever been my good fortune to meet; so pleasant is the memory of it that I should be sorry now to see his pre-eminence challenged by younger men. It may be there is no fear of that. With the newly-elected scholar, fresh, perhaps, from a small country grammar school and country rectory, green, and young and hopeful, launched upon the world like a lamb among wolves, he would begin the academic life with a few words of private prayer between them two only—or, at least, I mean between them two and One Other, whom, as Herodotus would say, it is not lawful for me to mention—such prayer rose naturally to his lips

and therefore fell naturally upon his hearer's ears. From this first introduction to him to the end of one's course he left the same impression on one's mind, that of one who never neglected his college duties as he conceived them, but was as faithful a Provost as any in Oxford. Foremost among these duties in his opinion was to send for any one whose attendance at chapel left something to be desired. If on these occasions one chose to go to him in the morning hours one would find him studying the Bible, generally, I think, the Old Testament.



DR. COTTON.

Elaborate but futile endeavors were made to calculate the number of verses which he covered in a morning's reading. In the afternoon, on the other hand, he seemed usually to relax his mind with Davison on Prophecy; he gave me a copy of the book, and thereby hangs another tale. He had once printed a volume of sermons in his younger days; they had not been financially a success; in point of fact the edition was left on his hands. Ultimately he disposed of them by presenting one copy as a gift to each freshman as he entered the college. When

the edition was exhausted he did not like to withdraw from the precedent established and he was too modest to print a new edition and Davison succeeded to the vacant place. I wish I had been before the days of Davison; I would rather have had his own sermons; they would have recalled more vividly the once familiar scene of the college chapel, with the white-haired old man sitting in the corner, holding a lighted candlestick askew upon his knee, to follow better the reading of the lessons for the day, and dropping wax over his white surplice; or again, on a warm summer Sunday afternoon preaching to a recumbent and somnolent audience discourses of which the toothless utterance prevented a large part thereof from reaching our ears, though ever and again one would catch the name of Aristotle sandwiched between those of the Apostles.

Nor was he less careful of lighter and less solemn duties. He asked us all to breakfast every year, ten or twelve at a time. At these same breakfasts he retailed personal anecdotes manfully, often under great difficulties, often across the coffee pot and the whole length of the table to the senior man at the other end, when the freshmen near him, as happened not unfrequently, kept silence even from good words. His anecdotes were entertaining, but he was not a man of varied accomplishments; his ideas of music in particular were elementary and his own. One of us died in my time, and we had a funeral service in the college chapel and the Dead March in Saul was played; as we emerged said the Provost to the Vice-Provost, "What an inspiriting air." He had the most pathetic and the most sincere belief in the efficacy of these chapel exercises. "Stupendous," he once said to me (it was one of his favorite epithets), "stupendous, is it not, the influence of chapel? I always know what a man's character is when I look at his chapel list. Most remarkable! (another favorite epithet); do you know I received yesterday a request for a testimonial from a man I had not seen for thirty years. I could not remember his face or anything about him, but I turned to his chapel list and found he had been a regular attendant, so I sent him, with full confidence, a hearty testimonial; most excellent young man." On another occasion I recollect he sent for an athlete, a very worthy fellow, fonder of running the secular races set before him than the apostolic race to chapel, as the Provost conceived it. "I don't see, Mr. Provost," grumbled this young gentleman, "the use of all these chapels." "Oh, Mr. Holt, Mr. Holt!" said the Provost, grieved beyond expression, "How can you say so, Mr. Holt? What will you do in heaven, Mr. Holt? It is one endless chapel there."

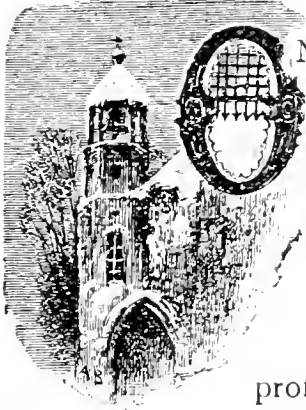
Naturally his belief in the goal at the other end was not less uncompromisingly literal. It is reported that on one occasion, having an offender before him, he solemnly lighted a candle and held the offender's finger for an instant in the flame, with the laconic appeal, "It will be worse than that." The younger Dons loved to draw him out about Dean Stanley. He was perfectly polite to them, but very non-committal. "Yes," he said on one occasion, "there was much I liked about his sermon : he quoted very many beautiful texts."

So, then—in conclusion, to revert for a moment to the two types of men of whom I have said most, in the one case because they were most influential, in the other because I happened to see most of them—there were in the Oxford of those days, so far as my college was concerned, the three men and the two types (if we may regard the Master and Rector as varieties of the same type), the Master, the Rector, and the Provost ; the Humanist, the Sceptic, and the Pietist ; the Man of the World, the Cynic, and the Saint ; Wisdom, Learning, and Religion ; and the most eminent of these was the first, the Master of Balliol ; the most characteristic of his times was the second, the Rector of Lincoln ; while the third, obscure and without special gifts, toiled patiently after the Christianity which his system of thought set before him as his goal.

Each filled his place and realized—as far as a man does—his type. The first two were names throughout the land, echoing—shall we say ?—as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But the third enjoyed at least this compensation, that he was enabled both by his temperament and by his school of thought to retain through all the depressing disillusionments of life a larger measure of those very elementary and yet invincible graces which seemed to ebb away or flicker out of the lives of his more gifted colleagues, the three graces of the Christian dispensation ; and, therefore, because the weak things of the world, as we know, are apt to confound the mighty, and revelations have been made to babes which are denied to the wise and prudent, I doubt whether, after all, the Provost was not the best beloved and the most missed in his college, and whether, after all, it is not his acquaintance which his college looks forward with the liveliest interest to renewing in another world : if ever, that is to say, they are tempted to hope that even for the least of his disciples, and those who are not worthy even to be called his disciples, his prayers and his piety may furnish a passport to that "endless chapel" of the Heavenly Jerusalem upon which his imagination loved to dwell.

*Things we Want to Know about Early Man**

BY DAVID BOYLE.



ONE of Toronto's professors is down for a lecture this winter on "Palæolithic Man." This being a subject about which most students know little, and care less, it is earnestly hoped that as many of them as possible will go to hear Dr. A. B. Macallum. To the ladies, man of somewhat recent date might prove a more alluring topic, but even they cannot fail to profit by giving a little consideration to their extremely remote ancestors, for the subject can scarcely be more than alluded to in a single lecture, while a thousand two-hour-long discourses would fail to cover all the ground.

It is mainly in view of the latter condition that one is driven to wonder how *he* would tackle "Palæolithic Man" in a single lecture if he had the temerity to think himself capable of doing so at all.

What should be the starting point? When is it safe for us to say that man became man? Was it when he assumed the erect position, or when he acquired the power to articulate? Or, was it at a still earlier period when instinct became fairly well-advanced reason, or even before that, just where reason begun and when, in all probability, he walked quite as much all-fours as upright? Queries of this kind may be brushed aside as trivialities, but it must be admitted that until we have not only settled when man became man, but whether there was at first only one kind of man, or were more than one, and, if the latter, whether one kind had precedence, or all appeared about the same time, we cannot, in a truly scientific sense, discuss "Primitive Man." The fact is that the expression "Primitive Man" has never been defined either directly or inferentially, and we are, meanwhile, satisfied to accept the lowest known conditions of human society as those which characterized man primevally.

Physically—and this, too, inwardly as well as outwardly—there is much that distinguishes the savage from ourselves, and mentally there is still more. It has been pointed out that considerable modification in the proportion of arms and legs, in the vertebral column, and in the organs of respiration and digestion must have resulted from the moment that our far down ancestors began to walk on two, rather than on four limbs, and it is allowable to assume that some corres-

*By request of the Editor.

ponding changes affected the intellect. But the physical differences between uncivilized and civilized man, are, as a rule, in favor of the savage, because his mode of life tends to maintain a higher, general standard of muscularity. Mentally, the conditions are reversed, and it is altogether with these that the study of palæolithic man, or even the more recent savage, is concerned.

How did he think? This is all we are trying to find out.

We are tolerably sure that he has always been a social being—more or less gregarious—but we are unable to say whether he was a monogamist or a polygamist, and we are profoundly interested respecting the origin and development of his religious or supernatural notions. In accordance with the theory of evolution it is utterly impossible that he could have come even by his fetishistic ideas as a result of inheritance; and how did he reach the higher planes of religious thought? How came he to conceive of the existence of good and bad spirits—preferably of bad ones—and what could have suggested to him that it was possible to invoke the favor of the former by the performance of certain acts and to avoid the influence of the others by means of charms?

Perhaps disease, accidents and natural phenomena had something to do with it. If there was no visible agency there must be an invisible one, or if the symptoms were visible but inexplicable, then, too, the “trouble” must have been brought about by something that could not be seen. Success or non-success in procuring food might have suggested occult interference, but we know not.

Primitive treatment of disease has probably always been conducted on the supposition that evil spirits, or other malignantly disposed beings, were at the bottom of the mischief, and power has been exerted either to frighten the spirit away, or to remove the object it has placed in the body of the patient. “Absent treatment,” too, is sometimes employed, and specimens of the talismans used for this purpose in Africa may be seen in the Provincial Museum, as part of a shaman’s complete “outfit.” Only a few weeks ago the newspapers contained an account of a peasant woman in Ireland, who was conducting a make-believe wake over a straw man, whose form she had filled with pins and splinters of bone. She said the straw man represented a thief who had taken some of her belongings, and that, whoever he was, he would suffer on account of her treatment, for she was going to bury the effigy, and as it decayed, the thief would become ill and speedily die. Surely this was an inheritance from paganism, although part of her performance consisted in reading one of the psalms backwards.

Again, what of tabuism and totemism? Notwithstanding all that has been written regarding these institutions (they are really worthy of being so dignified) no thoroughly satisfactory explanations have been offered. Governed by a belief in the former, it was highly reprehensible to eat particular foods, or to perform certain acts; so much so that at times the death penalty followed; and according to totemic rules (a comparatively moderate form of tabuism) family relationships were rigidly prescribed.

Ceremonialism and symbolism are of vast importance in primitive society. In the very lowest stages of savagery they exert a powerful effect on every-day life, and we desire to know the why and the wherefore. They are usually associated with dancing and feasting, and all of them seem to possess some so-called religious significance, although the connection is not often very clear.

It might be difficult to find a people so low, socially and otherwise, among whom gambling in one form or another did not, or does not exist, and, strange as it may appear, the latest authoritative opinions ascribe its origin to divination. It is needless to say that practices of this kind are not now confined to primitive peoples, and it is equally superfluous to remark that gambling is no longer conducted with any religious motive.

Volumes have been written, and there is room for many more, on the birth, manhood, marriage, and mortuary customs of primitive man as we know him, but of these, and of many others as carried out by departed peoples, we shall remain forever ignorant.

One would quite naturally suppose that the language of primitive peoples would be little better than jargon, but the student soon discovers that the forms of speech employed by even the lowest are rich, often too rich, in niceties of declination and inflection; and an examination of the methods of counting may be regarded as a diversion fully as much as a study. It is often in the matter of numeration that man's lower or higher estate may be estimated, for when we find people who cannot count beyond two, and some not higher than ten, we may rest assured that they are not philosophers, in the Newtonian sense.

These are a few, among many subjects, that await conclusive discussion relative to early man, and perhaps the lecturer will refer to some of them, if only cursorily. In any event, it is satisfactory to know that so scholarly a gentleman will do all that can possibly be done in the short time at his disposal to arouse academic attention along lines which ought to prove fully as attractive and instructive as is the anatomy of a crawfish or the annulation of a worm.

Grunt the Fourth

PERHAPS the medical profession provides more room, and therefore offers greater temptation than any other, to practice popular humbug. Not long since a gentleman fearing sciatica consulted a well known physician, who, after a long and apparently careful examination of his patient's left hip, said, "well, of course you know, sciatica is possible, but in the meantime, I can find nothing but an acute affection of the seventh nerve." At another time a lady from a distance called on his sapiency for advice respecting a pain in her shoulder, neck and the side of her head, when she, too, was informed that she had "just caught a little cold, and the seventh nerve was somewhat affected." During the last month other two cases have occurred, in which the trouble came from the seventh nerve, one being in the right sole, and one in the right forearm.

Akin to those who believe in palmistry, psychiatry, astrology, osteopathy, absent treatment and the like, are those who feel a certain amount of satisfaction, not only in being able to inform their friends that the doctor says, "all the trouble is with the nerves," but to add, "and it's mostly in the seventh nerve." Seven has always been regarded as a sacred number, and in some inexplicable manner people who think themselves affected in this way, seem to regard the trouble as one that connects them with the book of Revelations!

OBSERVER.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



Temiscaming District

BY H. L. KERR, B.A.

ONE of the most interesting and important parts of New Ontario is that region popularly known as Temiscaming District. A great deal has been written of recent years, chiefly in Government reports, setting forth the various valuable resources of this part of Nipissing. The following article does not attempt to deal with any of the subjects treated excepting in the most cursory manner. For those desiring fuller information I would recommend the report of Dr. A. E. Barlow, published in Vol. X., Part 1, of "The Geological Survey of Canada," as well as reports which will be out in the spring, by the Geological Survey and Bureau of Mines. Most of the information given below was obtained while doing geological work during the summer.

That part of Nipissing about which I speak more particularly may be roughly defined as embracing most of the country adjacent to Lake Temiscaming, north of the Montreal River and taking in the watershed of the White River.

At the present time there is in building a railroad from North Bay to meet the Grand Trunk Pacific in the neighborhood of Abitibi. This road has been completed within the past few months as far north as New Liskeard, the largest town of the region and the centre of the chief agricultural district. The old route by C.P.R. by way of Mattawa to South Temiscaming and thence up the lake by steamer, was, particularly during the warmer weather, a more enjoyable, though longer journey. From Mattawa to the foot of the lake the road follows the Ottawa on the Quebec side, and here, as well as on the lake itself, the scenery, though perhaps monotonous, is most picturesque.

After leaving South Temiscaming, the first stop of importance was made at Haileybury. Here is a good Government dock, which, unfortunately, owing to the unprecedented high water of last spring, was covered by three feet of water when we arrived. This made

landing in a rough sea rather exciting work. Since then the dock has been raised beyond the possibility of inundation. New Liskeard, six miles further north, is as far as the larger steamers go. However, there are three or four small boats that do a big business carrying passengers and freight from here to Tom's Town on the White River. This small village, the head of navigation, is between twenty-five and thirty miles north of New Liskeard, and about three hundred miles from Toronto. If one wishes to go farther by water, he must take to the canoe. Two miles above the village the first rapid is met, and from here on, on all the branches of the river, the rapids are frequent, and some of the portages long. Until the completion of the railroad farther north, all supplies for surveyors and contractors must be taken in by canoe. Good portages are cut through the forest at all the rapids. Some of them have probably been used by the Indians for thousands of years.

Recent discoveries of valuable mineral deposits within five miles of Haileybury have brought this place prominently before the public. It is a village of two or three hundred people, and, besides the Government dock, boasts of an excellent school, good churches, fair hotel accommodation and a weekly paper. Here, too, is situated the most southerly Hudson Bay post in that part of Ontario.

The mines are about five miles south-west of the village, in the township of Coleman. All the deposits, so far reported, are within a radius of a mile-and-a-half to two miles of Cobalt Lake. All those being worked are close to the lake, and within a few hundred yards of the new railroad, over which shipments of ore have already been made. The first discovery was made by a blacksmith, working on railway construction, near a rock cut on the right of-way. This property, which is probably the most valuable of all, is known as the La Rose mine, being named after the discoverer. The ore here is chiefly niccolite (NiAs) and native silver. Besides, several other minerals occur in lesser quantities, smaltite (CoAs_2) being the chief.

Silver nuggets may be picked up quite frequently in the talus at the base of the cliff. One nugget found during the summer weighed nearly five hundred pounds. Of course this one was altogether unique. The niccolite and smaltite, both very valuable ores in themselves, are here literally full of small stringers and leaves of native silver. A shaft has been sunk over sixty feet, and the vein seems to be improving with depth, so that this promises to be one of the most valuable properties in the country. It is, as the owners term it, a poor man's mine, as it costs so little to realize from it. The first shipment of ore

to New York averaged \$1,900 per ton, the twenty tons bringing \$38,000 to the owners.

Besides this there are four other locations near the lake, from which ore has been shipped. Two properties, in one of which the ore is smaltite, in the other silver, have recently been sold, I have been informed, for \$250,000. The latter is known as the Little Silver Mine. An average sample of the sand and mud on the lake from



THE LITTLE SILVER MINE, COBALT.

another of the mines assayed 750 ounces per ton in silver alone. From another property, for the expenditure of the first \$10,000, made up largely in putting in equipment and buildings, \$100,000 was realized. These figures speak for themselves. If the deposits prove at all extensive Cobalt will be one of the most valuable mining districts of the world. Other discoveries have been made in the neighborhood of

Giroux and Cross Lakes. None of these are being worked, but some of them bid fair to be quite valuable.

Undoubtedly, many more discoveries will be made during the coming summer. Last summer the prospector, with his hammer and "specimens," was ubiquitous. All through the forest they could be seen, hammering away at every rock in sight and eagerly looking for traces of nickel and cobalt stain. These stains, by the way, are very noticeable, the former being a vivid green—annabergite, $\text{Ni}_3\text{As}_2\text{O}_8 + 8\text{H}_2\text{O}$ —while the latter is a bright pink—erythrite or cobalt bloom, $\text{Co}_3\text{As}_2\text{O}_8 + 8\text{H}_2\text{O}$. Many spent weeks prospecting and found nothing; a few, more fortunate, spent only a few days and found a fortune.

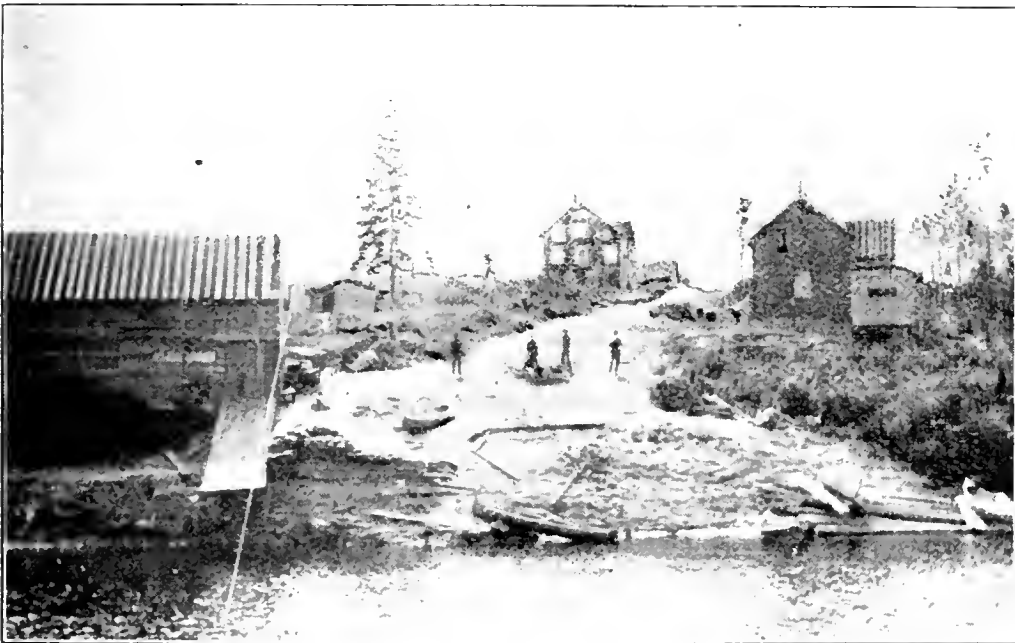
Rumors of similar ores being discovered near Round Lake have reached us. Iron occurs near this lake in Boston Township, which is about seventy miles north of Cobalt. We do not know as yet how valuable these deposits are. There is also a copper mine upon which work has been done on the north branch of the White River. It is apparent, then, that from the mining standpoint, the country possesses great possibilities.

As stated above, New Liskeard is the centre of the chief farming district. This is a wide-awake town of probably from 800 to 1,000 inhabitants. Everything in the place is modern and up-to-date. Although a larger town than Haileybury, the shipping facilities are not so good. The Wabigoon River, which flows through the town, fills the bay so quickly with sediment that constant dredging must be carried on to keep a channel open for the larger steamers. The country is settled, more or less, from twenty to thirty miles back from the town. Radiating through this settlement are a number of splendid government roads to which more are being constantly added. The soil is principally clay, which in places is overlain by clayey or sandy loam. There are here and there in the heart of the farming land areas of rocky or gravelly country unsuited for agriculture. On the trip from Haileybury to Tom's Town, settlements are seen on both sides of the river. Beyond Tom's Town, after the first two miles settlers are more scattered, although they occur as far north as Round Lake. When properly opened up this promises to be one of the important farming communities of Ontario. The latitude is about the same as that of Southern Manitoba or Northern Minnesota, so that with the clearing of the land and proper cultivation all the ordinary crops of the rest of the province may be grown. Good crops of hay and oats were seen during the summer. No wheat is grown as yet. Some of

the best land seen during the summer was between Round Lake and Kenogami ; so that there is still plenty of room for more settlers.

In addition to the arable land there are large areas unsuited for agriculture. On this land, however, some of the best timber in the world grows, and by proper conservation of the forest, it must always remain a large asset in the wealth of the province. The folly of denuding such lands of forest is proven by the abandoned farms in many parts of the Eastern States. It is the duty of the Government to see that such mistakes are not repeated.

Until recent years the only industry of any importance in this district was lumbering. This is still extensively carried on. Large tracts of practically virgin forest still exist. On the other hand large areas



TOM'S TOWN—HEAD OF STEAMER NAVIGATION ON WHITE RIVER.

have been burnt over during the past few years, and on the far northern branches of the White River a great forest fire did much damage thirty or forty years ago.

The most important trees from a commercial standpoint are the white and red pine (*Pinus strobus* and *P. resinosa*). During last winter much of this kind of timber was cut in Coleman township, in the neighborhood of the mines. The abundance of waterways all through this district furnishes extremely cheap transportation. In the spring months during high water all the rivers and tributary streams are carrying logs down to the mills by the thousands. Lumbering employs hundreds of men all through the winter and spring.

Another tree frequently encountered on the more rocky and barren soil is the Jack pine. It is of little importance commercially. Other common trees are white and black spruce, cedar and the balsam. A few scattered elms were seen as far north as the township of Catharine, while the soft maple (*Acer rubrum*) is present in considerable numbers as far north as the head of the lake. One of the most important trees, from the Indian's standpoint, the white or canoe birch, is of very common occurrence. Three varieties of poplar (*Populus balsamifera*, *P. tremuloides* and *P. grandidentata*) are found throughout the region. Occasionally they gain considerable size and form stately forests, as, for instance, on the north of Round Lake.

Of the larger trees those mentioned are the chief. Others occur but are unimportant. Many smaller trees and shrubs of interest are found, but those we must pass by. Of the wild fruits the blueberry is perhaps the most abundant, but the red raspberry, wild strawberry and high bush cranberry are frequently met.

Game is abundant throughout the forest and large numbers of sportsmen from other parts of Canada and the United States visit the district annually. The moose is the most plentiful of the larger animals, and is the chief attraction for outside sportsmen. These animals were commonly seen in the lakes and rivers. In places their tracks along the shores of the rivers were as thick as those of cattle in a barnyard. The red deer, although not encountered very often, are nevertheless numerous, but they are more timorous than the moose and thus harder to see. Several splendid specimens of the black bear were seen. Although no wolves were encountered during the summer, they are quite plentiful throughout the forest, as is also the Canada lynx or wild cat. Of the more valuable fur-bearing animals, the otter and beaver might be mentioned. The close season for the last few years has led to the large increase of the beaver. Their work was seen everywhere along the rivers and streams. Of the birds, various species of wild ducks and partridges are common. Most of the lakes and rivers abound in fish. The lake and brook trout, perch, pickerel, pike and black bass are all exceedingly plentiful.

Many other interesting features of the district might be dealt with, but space will not permit. Its beautiful clear water lakes, teeming with fish, and surrounded by forests full of game, made it an ideal place to spend a summer's holiday. With its splendid resources of mine, forest and farm, its future is assured and we shall soon be able to point to Temiscaming district as one of the most prosperous portions of our province.

Jottings

A FRENCH watchmaking firm has just completed for Count Monteiro, of Lisbon, and Rio de Janeiro, the most complicated watch ever devised. It gives the time in hours, minutes and seconds, shows the phases and ages of the moon, the day of the month and week for the next four hundred years, the year for the next one hundred years, the seasons, the solstices and the equinoxes. It has a chronograph that records fractions of a second; on pressing a spring one may hear a bell announce the hour and minute; touching another spring informs us at what time the watch was last wound. The watch also gives the mean solar time, the equation of time, the hours of sunrise and sunset at Lisbon, and the time of day in one hundred and twenty-eight different cities of the world. One might think these accomplishments sufficient for any watch, but this marvel shows also the nightly position of five hundred and sixty stars visible at Paris, of six hundred and eleven visible at Rio de Janeiro, and of a similarly large number at Lisbon. In the same watch-case are a mariner's compass, a hygrometer, to show the moisture of the air, a thermometer and a barometer, and an altimeter to show the height above sea-level.

The case of the watch is as elaborately beautiful as the best jeweller of Paris could make it. In view of the fact that seven years were required to make this watch, the price—four thousand dollars—seems moderate. The happy possessor of such a time-piece would scarcely need a copy of Mother Siegel's Almanac.

ANOTHER French firm has introduced a novelty in bicycles, a two-speed wheel. For one speed the rider pedals forward, and for the other one, backward, which is said to be the more effective direction.

It is an old saying that Nature abhorreth a vacuum, but few know how strong her abhorrence is. Only quite recently Prof. Gates, of Washington, succeeded in making what is claimed to be the first perfect vacuum. He poured a hot, hard glass tube, closed at one end, full of melted soft glass, heated it for thirty hours, and sucked out the softer glass with a pump. As it retreated from the closed end of the tube, it left an absolute vacuum behind it.

As so many of our departments include lectures on light, many of our readers will be familiar with the luminiferous ether by name. Mendelejeff, the eminent Russian scientist, states his belief that the ether is really an element, a million times lighter than hydrogen. It would thus be so light that the force of gravitation would scarcely affect it, and it would spread through all space.

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Editorial.

Within a few weeks we shall again have selected
COLLEGE those into whose hands we desire to commit the
ELECTIONS. management of our local affairs for another year.

The matter is one which does not, we think, always receive from the student body the attention it deserves. We cast our ballots very often with little consideration for the adaptability of the men to the offices concerned. Let a man be a "jolly good fellow," a personal friend, a member of our year, or perchance one of those unfortunates who go down to defeat many times, and our sympathies are aroused, and though he be pitted against one who is eminently fitted for the office, we give him our vote, and thus often cripple the machinery for the whole year. That system may be permissible where there is no great responsibility attached to the office: but many of the positions now in control of the students are growing in importance every year, and the holders of them should be selected with the greatest care. Efficiency and willingness to perform the duties involved should be our criterion in deciding between candidates. Let men stand or fall upon their merits.

Yet here again caution is necessary. Very often a student comes to college a perfect stranger to all, and, through natural timidity, fails to give his fellows a chance of testing his metal. The consequence is that, though of sterling ability, he passes through his course without more than a very few discovering his true worth. Thus the college loses a useful man because of the lack of a little "prospecting" on the part of some who ought to have done it. On the other hand, a man

may come well known by a few, who at once begin to "work" him, and his course is a triumphal march through college, even though he may have less ability than the other. for even college students are deceived at times by appearances. The consequence usually is that twelve or fifteen men do the greater share of the work and get all the practical training, but at the same time are not able to devote themselves to their intellectual development. The unfortunate result is revealed in June. Surely where there are two hundred men there is no need to heap three or four duties upon the shoulders of one man, as has been done in the past. By all means let us have efficiency, but may we not with that secure also a more equal distribution of honors?



Once more our Missionary Conference has brought before us the great need of workers in the various fields our Church has entered. Those who were sufficiently interested in these things to attend the meetings must have felt to some extent that this was a personal matter. Many, doubtless, who had previously mapped out a course in life which was most in harmony with their inclinations have had their ideals shattered as there came to them that old but still powerfully persuasive appeal, "Follow me." And now, in the secret chambers of their lives, they are facing once more the great and serious question of their relation to the great problems of life. For many there will be a mighty struggle before there comes the calm of an unshakable resolution.

Meantime it seems to us that it is the duty of our Church to remove every obstacle in the way of a right decision. But is it doing so when it sends men out to our home mission fields and then does not provide them with sufficient means to live honestly before all men? A layman of our Church not long ago cited an instance which came under his own observation, where a young man was sent to a mining region in British Columbia, and when he had paid his moving expenses, he had \$245 to live on for a year, in a place where men were obliged to pay one dollar a day for board alone. Is this fair? Few men in Victoria who have offered their services to the Church are asking for large salaries and lives of ease and luxury. Most of them have forsaken walks of life which held out large inducements, because they realize that "a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" and that there is something to them more worth while than the laying up of treasure on earth. Nevertheless, in this matter-of-fact world the problem of finance will insist on intruding itself, sometimes rather rudely, and always in a way to enforce attention.

And a question which many are asking themselves is, why is it that our Missionary Society can pay \$800 a year and provide a house for a man in China while the men on home fields are forced to struggle along on a starvation salary? The cost of living cannot make the difference, nor is the work more arduous. That is generally admitted. If the Society really cannot pay these men better salaries, why does it continually open up more fields and so make the difficulty greater? These are live questions among young men to-day. There is no spirit of carping criticism. We recognize that the leaders realize the difficulty and sympathize with the men, and we would do nothing to make their task more irksome. But surely until some new system is adopted which will adequately meet the actual needs of the home missionaries, the Church can hardly be surprised if there is a constant need of men. Let our Church demonstrate that it does take an intelligent interest in the young men and that it is prepared to deal justly with them, and there will not, we think, be the same difficulty as of yore in securing the very brightest and best of them to enter the very hardest fields. Surely it is still true, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."



Considerable discussion has been raised lately by THE DECLINE OF THE CHURCH. articles appearing in the *Christian Guardian* under the caption, "The Dangers and Needs of To-day." Inasmuch as in its later developments it has affected our own College, we, as students, are peculiarly interested. For some years the friends of Victoria have been trying to convince our Methodist people that there is here no hotbed of unbelief, nor any disposition to undermine the foundations of Methodism. Young men and women are here surrounded with influences which tend only to the upbuilding of the strongest Christian character. Consequently anything which will prejudice the minds of the people against our institution will be justly resented by the majority of the students. And there have been impressions conveyed through pulpit and press, whether intentionally or not, which are certainly misleading. Rev. Mr. Hincks, in his recent letter to the *Guardian*, inferred—and in his sermons, we are told, more explicitly stated—that our colleges were losing the evangelistic spirit, and that the young men sent out were unable to lead men to Jesus Christ. It was rather strange, to say the least, that, while he was giving utterance to these sentiments, a band of young men from Victoria were conducting in one of our largest churches an evangelistic service in which a large number, kneeling peni-

tently at the altar, were directed into the way of salvation. Moreover, anyone cognizant of the life here, knows well that there is a strong spiritual atmosphere which is not confining itself to our own narrow circle, but is expanding and infusing itself into the life of many of Toronto's churches. Many a young man and woman have the students helped into that life which means so much to us. This is said in no boastful spirit, but merely to vindicate our college in the minds of our friends. There is here no heresy nor idle controversy, but only a holy zeal to extend the kingdom of Christ.

And is not this the secret which the Church needs to-day? Did such a spirit animate the members of our Church, would men now be crying out that Methodism is on the decline? Nay, rather, she would be going with flying banners from conquest to conquest. And if we have read aright that very excellent paper by the Rev. Mr. McMullen, it is just such an end he has in view when he sounds the clarion note for deeper consecration, and the placing of first things first. The average minister's time and energy are so expended in attending to the great multiplicity of duties devolving upon him that he enters his pulpit with a great many minor details of policy, but with no great message for the intelligent men and women whom the preacher of to-day must face. So instead of wheat he gives them chaff. Under such conditions, how can a man stir men? Let men be filled with the Spirit, let them be swayed with a mighty enthusiasm to preach Christ, and lead men unto Him, let them be free to employ every faculty in that great work, let them be willing to go anywhere only that they may bring to this degenerate age the old message, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and everywhere men and women will be crying out, "What must we do to be saved?"

This seems to us to be the stand Mr. McMullen has taken, and a most reasonable one it must appear to most thinking men and women. But Rev. Mr. Hincks does not seem to be satisfied with that conclusion; or else he has mistaken Mr. McMullen's idea. It may be, indeed, that we have misinterpreted his letter; for it scarcely gives the reader a clear grasp of his position. The latter part would almost appear to contradict the first statements. He begins by regretting the decline of the old type of evangelism and ends with apparent rejoicing that it has been replaced by a more effective one. Moreover, his statements with regard to God in creation do not, we think, represent correctly the views our fathers held, and are surely not an indication of those of the writer. We are, we confess, at a disadvantage in not having heard the two sermons of

which the letter is a synopsis. But we are in the position of the vast majority of the readers of the *Christian Guardian*, and, like them, we must draw our conclusions not from what ought to have been in the letter, but from what was.

Now, in this letter it is certain that to a great extent Mr. Hincks charges home upon the Higher Criticism the blame for the decline of the evangelistic spirit. After asserting that the colleges adopting that method owe it to the Church to show how to evangelize under the changed conditions (a challenge which displays a lamentable lack of interest in our college life), he goes on to give in *three* short paragraphs "*sufficient* of the results of Higher Criticism to reveal what a different book this school of interpretation proposes to give us as our weapon in evangelism: and to compare it with the book with which our fathers wrought the glorious evangelism of their day." Later on he refers to "the extreme wing of Higher Criticism" with no word of qualification to cause the reader to infer that *our* colleges do not advocate any such views, but only those of "the moderate wing."

Now, one cannot but be surprised that any fair-minded man should offer as the basis of a discussion a few disjointed facts as "sufficient of the results" of an opposing system. It is easy to appeal to the *prejudice* of people by entirely destroying the spirit of an opponent's work: but only calm, persuasive argument, which presents fairly all the pros and cons, will appeal to the *judgment* of reasoning men. We have passed by the age when men will unhesitatingly accept every word the preacher says. Mere declamation can no longer supersede argument. Thus to state that our fathers believed a thing to be true is not a sufficient guarantee that it is true. Surely Mr. Hincks does not believe, as he says our fathers did, that all the Psalms were written by David, nor all the Pentateuch by Moses.

The age is past when men are going to believe every statement in the Bible merely because it is there. If it does violence to their reason, it will undoubtedly be rejected. Hence many intelligent men, who knew no method of interpretation save the old one, have cast aside a great part of the Old Testament as unworthy of credence. Even some of our own ministers apologize for it, and congratulate their congregations that they never take a text from its records. But there is no need for that. Could Mr. Hincks and others who are so alarmed about our college training sit for a while at the feet of some of our teachers in Victoria, they would find new cause for enthusiasm for the old Book, and believe more truly than ever that it is indeed the inspired Word of God. Every day it would become more pre-

cious, as it revealed more fully the true character and will of God. These very books of the Old Testament which Mr. Hincks declares have, under the new treatment, lost all their efficacy, would be seen to be throbbing with life and to be vitalized by the same living Spirit of Truth that gives potency to the New Testament writings. So the Bible becomes one book, fused into one harmonious whole, revealing with growing clearness, as men were able to receive it, the Divine attitude toward His creature—man. Here, then, is something which we can present to men as worthy of their best thought—worthy of being incorporated into their highest life. Acting under its inspiration, students to-day as never before—not only in Victoria, but the the wide world over—are facing life and its responsibilities with a complete consecration of all their powers to the intelligent service of God and man.

“To grow old holding fast whatever has proved itself to be good, and at the same time to give the new a fair chance to prove itself also good, is the truth-seeker’s ideal” (Bosworth). Then let us have the Truth whatever it may cost. “The Truth shall make you free ;” and if Higher Criticism has anything to give us to reveal more truth, let us have it by all means. And if in simplicity of heart we follow after the Truth, we “shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.” At any rate let us not be too hasty in discarding the spirit of wise old Gamaliel : “If this counsel be of men, it will be overthrown, but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God.”

In his eagerness to criticize those who are earnestly, reverently searching after truth by means of every aid that the thought of the centuries has revealed, Mr. Hincks apparently has failed to catch a vision of the need of the Church. It is not a reversion to old methods of interpretation and work that we need, but, as Mr. McMullen well and sanely points out, a return to the old spirit which animated the workers, and sent them forth with irresistible power. Ministers and people need again and again, in the humility of the penitent Psalmist, and out of “a broken and a contrite heart,” to pray his prayer :

“Create in me a clean heart, O God :
And renew a right spirit within me.
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation :
And uphold me with a free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways :
And sinners shall be converted unto Thee.”



REV. E. A. WICHER, '95, late of Kobe, Japan, has accepted a call to St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, St. John, N.B.

MISS M. L. BOLLERT, B.A., '00, M.A., '02, lady principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, is resigning her position there to accept a fellowship in Columbia University, New York.

W. H. WOOD, '01, was successful in capturing a prize scholarship of the value of fifty dollars at the Christmas examination of Yale Divinity School.

AT Glenwood, on November 16th, Rev. A. E. M. Thomson, B.A., '00, M.A., '02, B.D., was married by Rev. H. F. Uren, of Tilbury, to Miss Hattie Estabrook, daughter of William Carey Estabrook. ACTA offers its congratulations.

ON October 26th, at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Katherine Van Arnem, of Havelock, Ont., and Rev. A. E. Hagar, of Portage du Fort, Que., were married by Rev. J. M. Hagar, father of the groom. Though an Arts graduate of Queen's, Mr. Hagar took his Theological training at Victoria, and is followed by our good wishes.

FOLLOWING the practice instituted by preceding editors of this department, and beginning at the point where they left off, we propose to give, as we have room, the names and addresses of the graduates of successive years. In some cases our information is incomplete, and anyone who can supply the missing items or correct any inaccuracies there may be, will do a favor not only to the editor but also to the College authorities, who are desirous of keeping a full and accurate catalogue of our graduates.

The Class of '95.

Miss H. S. Albarus.

J. W. Baird is preaching at Sarnia.

Jos. Barnes is Methodist minister at Ameliasburg.

R. H. Bell has charge of the Hickson Circuit.

J. F. Boyes is at Red Deer, Alta.

W. A. Chant is living in the city, at 34 Howard Ave.

M. R. Chapman is looking after the interests of Methodism at Graham, Ont.

W. G. Clarke is at Honeoye Falls, N.Y.

W. J. Conoly is preaching at Leduc, Alta.

A. W. Crawford, M.A., '98, Ph.D. (Cornell), '02, is Professor of Philosophy and English and Dean of the College Department in Beaver College, Beaver, Pa.

H. E. Ford, M.A., '00, is Professor of Romance Languages in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

P. D. Harris is in Winnipeg, his address being 714 Croydon Ave.

G. R. Hazen has charge of North Street Methodist Church, in Goderich.

C. E. Hollinrake is practising law at Woodstock.

Mrs. G. M. Jones (*née* Miss C. Horning) lives in Hagersville.

Mrs. L. E. Horning's home address is Cobourg.

T. J. Ivey is Science Master in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, this city.

J. McNiece is a high school teacher at Welland.

L. W. Patmore.

C. W. Service, M.D., is a missionary of the Canadian Methodist Church at Kiating, China.

S. Shannon is in Atwood, Ont.

R. A. A. Shore, M.D., is a practising physician on corner of Robert and Bloor Streets, this city.

W. J. Sipprell, B.D., '97, is Principal of Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

H. S. Spence, B.D., '98, is the Methodist minister stationed at Bath.

Miss M. H. Sutherland is at 132 East Ave. S., Hamilton.

A. J. Terrill, B.D., '03, is preaching at Cambray.

A. J. Toye, B.D., '99, is stationed at Ravenna.

F. W. Varley, M.A., '96, is the Methodist minister at Sutton West.

H. E. Warren, M.A., '96, B.D., '98, is preaching at Lennoxville, Que.

E. A. Wicher occupies the pulpit of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, St. John, N.B.

F. W. White preaches in the Methodist Church at Grafton.

The Class of '94.

Mrs. Hogg (*née* Miss J. M. Barber) lives at Preston, Ont.

J. Bowering has charge of the Methodist cause at Kelowna, B.C.

F. H. Clarke is teaching in the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, this city.

A. C. Eddy, B.D., '99, is minister at Springford.

W. K. Foucar, M.A., '02, is head master of the Bradford High School.

B. J. Hales.

Miss M. E. Henwood is at Welcome, Ont.

F. W. Hollinrake, B.D., '99, preaches in Dundas Street Church, Woodstock.

H. T. Lewis ministers to the Methodists of Cobourg.

E. E. Marshall occupies the Methodist pulpit in Ingersoll.

R. G. Martin, M.A., '99, B.D., '98, has charge of the church at Ems.

T. J. Parr, M.A., '98, preaches to the people of Dublin Street Methodist Church, in Guelph.

A. J. Paul, B.D., '96, is stationed at Elmvale.

A. A. Shepard, M.B., is a practising physician at Sault Ste. Marie.

The Class of '93.

J. G. Bowles, B.D., '96, is stationed at Huttonville.

C. M. Burwash, M.A., '97, B.D., '03, is private secretary to the Chancellor of Victoria University.

E. W. Hayden, M.D., is a physician at Roseneath, Ont.

E. B. Hutcherson, M.A., '02, is at Regina, Assa.

J. F. Kay is Methodist minister at Glenallen.

Mrs. J. L. McDougall, Jr. (*née* Miss F. Gertrude Kenny), has her home in Ottawa.

W. T. Keough, M.A., '97, is pastor of the Methodist Church at Hartley, Que.

R. S. E. Large, B.D., '99, is one of the associate pastors of Elm and Agnes Street churches, Toronto.

M. L. Leigh is preaching to the people of Glenora.

W. R. Liddy is head master of the Port Dover High School.

G. H. Locke, M.A., '96, B. Paed., is on the staff of the University of Chicago.

A. Y. Massey, M.D., C.M., is a medical missionary at Benguela, West Africa, though at present on furlough, visiting in Great Britain.

J. H. McBain has charge of the Methodist cause at Stoney Creek.

G. A. McIntosh, B.D., '95, is preaching at Marbleton, Que.

W. F. Osborne, M.A., '01, is a professor in Wesley College, Winnipeg.

M. C. Peart is the Methodist minister at Arkwright, Ont.

T. E. E. Shore, M.A., '96, B.D., '96, is pastor of the Toronto Junction Methodist Church.

A. B. Wallace is at Enderby, B.C.

A. G. Wilson, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.L.A., is on the staff of McGill University in the Department of Geology.

Obituary.

THE wife of Rev. J. P. Wilson, '72, of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, and President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, died at her home on January 19th.

VICTORIA has special reason to mourn the departure of Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, who died of pneumonia at her home, 439 Sherbourne Street, this city, on January 22nd. Mrs. Cox has always been noted for her earnest devotion and for her active interest in all forms of charitable and philanthropic work. To the erection and equipment of Annesley Hall as a ladies' residence for Victoria, she gave lavishly, not only of her means, but also of her time and energy. We offer to Senator Cox and the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy.

REV. J. F. GERMAN, B.A., '64, M.A., '67, D.D., has been called upon to mourn the loss of his father, Rev. Peter German, who died on January 29th, at the ripe old age of eighty-eight years. He was one of the pioneers of Canadian Methodism, into whose labors we of to-day have entered.

REV. DAVIDSON MACDONALD, M.D., whose death on January 3rd, we noted in our last issue, had the honor of being one of the first pair of Canadian missionaries to set foot in Japan, which was the first foreign field the Canadian Church invaded. He was born about sixty-eight years ago, was converted in 1857, and entered the work of probation in 1860. He subsequently took a medical course at old Vic.'s medical school, and graduated in 1873. Japan had just been opened to Western civilization and the situation required great tact and judgment on the part of the foreigners. The choice of the Church was justified by Dr. Macdonald's success in the new field. His integrity of purpose, purity of motive and professional skill won the confidence of

the Japanese, and at Shidzuoka he built up what is still the strongest church in Japan. As Superintendent of the Mission at Tokyo he showed great executive ability, and he also acquired a large practice in the capital city, whose poor he treated freely. Generous, modest and capable, he was a fine type of Christian gentleman. Both his pioneer work in a new and foreign field and his high personal character entitle him to be remembered by the Church with gratitude and honor.

Exchanges

THE *Queen's University Journal* presents its readers with a special Endowment Number for January, with cuts and letter press giving a comprehensive picture of the Queen's of to-day. While we may not be of one mind with our Queen's friends as to the wisdom of their refusal to enter with us into the federated University of Toronto, we may admit that the semi-independent position has not been without its advantages and we can heartily congratulate them on the story of growth and progress which the *Journal's* Endowment Number tells. A very interesting series of cuts shows the different buildings occupied by the University, from the modest frame house of 1842 to the present group of beautiful stone buildings. Naturally the name of the late Principal Grant figures prominently in this story of Queen's, its present position being due in no small part to his energy and ability. Queen's men, who are noted for their attachment to their Alma Mater, may well be proud of her progress and her position in the educational world of to day.

ON reading *The Student*, the journal published by the students of Edinburgh University, one concludes that student life and feeling is much the same in the land o' cakes as it is on this side of the herring-pond. There are the same student organizations, the same spicy local happenings to be recorded, and it would appear that there are also "plugs" in a Scottish university. The *Student* is a good reflector of Edinburgh life and contains a number of readable skits.

WE are always glad to welcome the weekly visit of our exchange from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, namely, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. The *Scholastic* is a bright and readable paper and is to be the more commended in that its articles are almost entirely contributed by undergraduate students. Verse, short stories and literary criticisms, all of no mean order, testify to the valuable work a college journal, when properly conducted, can do in the literary educa-

tion of its contributors. In the last number to hand we note especially the appreciation of the poet Bryant.

THE journals published by the students of the large American universities make fiction a much more prominent feature than do those of Canadian colleges. The January number of *The Columbia Monthly* contains a number of short stories of a good grade, presumably contributed by student writers. An article on "The Habit of Responsibility" is one that most college men might read with profit. College is a proper place for the formation of habits, says the writer and the readiness with which some men accept new positions in college life without definitely thinking whether they have the time for the work entailed or are willing to make the time for it, does not contribute to the growth of this habit of responsibility which is so essential in and out of college.

THE January number of the *Manitoba College Journal* is a class number, in which the novel plan is adopted of devoting a separate part of the *Journal* to the contributions of each class. The result of the emulation of the classes is an abundance of racy material. The *Journal* is growing in size and improving in quality, and appears in a tasteful exterior. There appears in the current number an appreciation of the late Principal Caven, of Knox College.

WISE JUNIOR—"I guess I know a few things."

Proud Freshman (not to be outdone)—"Well, I guess I know as few things as anybody."—*Ev.*

At the Reception. Charming Freshette (emerging from crush in rendezvous room)—"Oh, my, I was nearly squeezed to death."

Second Freshette—"So was I: let's go in again."—*Queen's University Journal*.

SCENE—A country church.

Minister—"Deacon Jones, will you lead us in prayer?" (Deacon still snores peacefully).

Minister—"Deacon Jones, will you lead?"

Deacon (waking suddenly)—"Taint my lead, I dealt."—*Ev.*

"You say your washerwoman reminds you of a good preacher."

"Yes; she is always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."—*Yale Record*.



The Great Learning

A Testament of the Throneless King.

BY J. L. STEWART, B.A.

IN these days when we are striking away the superstructure of superstition which admirers of ages have builded about past moulders of history, and are asking solely for the man and his message, it should be of no small interest to us to inquire into the testimony as to the meaning of life's mysteries by the so-termed Throneless King of China, Confucius. The treatise termed "The Great Learning" may well serve this purpose, at least as a primer, since the Chinese commentators themselves put it first, glorifying it as "Virtue's Gate."

To understand in a measure the message of this work, we must first review tersely the man and his times. In a paragraph, then, the formative facts seem these. Like many a youth of meditative mood, Confucius was fond of poetry, and this, as in others, led readily over to a love of ceremonial movement and music. But poetry for him had more than harmony. It held up to hero worship or warning the history-makers of his country's past. It told, as in many another nation's dreams, of a Golden Age, and in it of how men fell and rose by following or being rebellious to the great rules of righteousness.

Now the life lot of the Teacher fell in days of faction and friction. They were the old feudal days of China, the times when the then tiny Empire was divided into at least thirteen smaller squabbling states, in each of which in turn the great families fought for preference and power. Confucius could not but contrast his own evil times with the brave days of old, nor help but feel that he held in the history of the past healing for his country's ills. His preponderating purpose, then, seems to have been the peace and perfecting of his people, teaching them to revolve in rhythm and harmony in their various spheres of

life like the poetry of the sages and music of the songs he so loved. This he deemed could be done, as of old, through the careful culture of the persons of the rulers and the alchemy of their influence.

Feeling, then, that his mission was primarily to the rulers, his message is also principally to them, but in practice it was to permeate all ranks in the realm. Let us turn to the treatise. The key paragraph reads :

“The ancients—*i.e.*, rulers—who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the Kingdom first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their own states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.”

We have, then, but to reverse the reading to trace the teaching from the stage of a youth aspiring to be a ruler seeking truth, to the climax in a realm where all ranks have grown great in virtue, and peace and happiness reign. The process thus viewed may be readily divided into two parts, namely, steps in character-culture and investment of influence.

STEPS IN SELF-CULTURE.

To each of these a short chapter is given explaining and exhorting. We turn to the first step.

1. To extend knowledge to the utmost. Chu Shi, the authority since the twelfth century, thus construes it : “We must investigate the principles of all things with which we come in contact, for the intelligent mind of man is pre-eminently formed for knowing and there is not a single thing in which its principles do not inhere.” He, however, presses this to an extreme when he says that, after long investigations, “the qualification of all things, whether external or internal, the subtle or the coarse, will all be apprehended and the mind, in its entire substance and its relations to things, will be perfectly intelligent.” It seems reasonable rather to interpret it as urging that as a first step the student ruler investigate things in general, possessing himself as far as possible of a knowledge of their principles. In doing this he will secure correct criterion and a proper point of vision to see as in perspective while cultivating the second prerequisite urged, *viz.* :

2. Make his thoughts sincere. That is, he must allow no self-deception, but have his thoughts cleave clearly between right and wrong. To attain to this, “the superior man is most watchful over himself

when alone," living constantly as though "ten eyes beheld or ten hands pointed him out." He knows that "what truly is within will be manifested without": that true men will see through him as though they saw his heart and veins: while for his encouragement he realizes that "as riches adorn a house, virtue adorns the person, that by it the mind is expanded and the body becomes at ease." This accomplished,

3. He must rectify his heart. That is, he masters his emotions; otherwise they will master him, and bias all his judgment. We know well "when the mind is absent we look, but do not see: hear, but do not comprehend: eat, but do not know the taste of what we eat." Somewhat similar is the man sidetracked through emotion. Sorrow, distress, fond regard, terror or passion overpower him, and his conduct is accordingly incorrect. He must master his emotions.

These, therefore, seem the three simple yet all-essential principles in the so-styled "upbuilding of the body," or, as we have termed it, the three steps in self-culture. This completed, there opens out to the ruler-reformer three successive stages for the second great secret of successful government, viz.:

THE INVESTMENT OF INFLUENCE.

The key to all influence in upbuilding the state is, as already developed, first, last, always, *TO BE*. Other things all follow naturally from example. The first stage for this example is that great institution the wide world over, the home.

1. The Home. He regulates his family—that is, the Oriental family. We would possibly say, the clan. Here, then, he must avoid self-deception. He must master his emotions, for in few places as in the home will he be impelled to partiality, by conflicting passions. Avoiding all such proneness to partiality, let him with vigilance cultivate the home virtues. Each holds in embryo later essentials. "There is filial piety—therewith later the sovereign is served. There is fraternal submission—therewith elders and superiors should be served. There is kindness—therewith the multitude should be treated."

2. The State (that is the small feudal province). He orders well his own state. This is, of course, if he has already shown his capacity for such by properly regulating his family, for "it is impossible for one to teach others while he cannot teach his own family." If he has done this well, he is not really entering a radically new sphere. Here one has simply to apply family discipline on a wider scale. Moreover, most emphatically in assuming the control of the province he does

not step out of his own family. He brings it and its all-powerful influence with him. Therefore, his previous investment here will bring compound interest. "From the loving example of one family a whole state becomes loving, and from its courtesies the whole state becomes courteous, while from the ambition and perverseness of the man the whole state may be led to rebellious disorder. Such is the nature of influence."

3. The Kingdom. The whole kingdom becomes peaceful and happy. Here again he enters by no means alone. He comes with home and state trailing clouds of accumulated influence. As before, personal example is the supreme sceptre. For his guidance in this he has a great principle, a negative Golden Rule, "What a man disliked in his superiors, let him not display in the treatment of his inferiors—what he disliked in his inferiors let him not display in the service of his superiors: what he hates in those who are before him let him not therewith precede those who are behind him; what he hates in those that are behind him let him not therewith follow those who are before him; what he hates to receive on the right let him not bestow on the left; what he hates to receive on the left let him not bestow on the right; this is what is called the principle with which, as with a measuring square, to regulate one's conduct. Here, then, is the ancient and ageless invitation for the "Man Wanted." Let me have but one minister, plain and sincere, not pretending to other abilities, but with a simple, upright mind: possessed of generosity, regarding the talents of others as though he himself possessed them, and where he finds accomplished and perspicacious men, loving them in his heart more than his mouth expresses, and really showing himself able to bear them and employ them; such a minister will be able to preserve my sons and grandsons and black-haired people, and benefits likewise to the Kingdom may well be looked for from him. "Only such a truly good man can without fear raise men of worth to office, or banish bad men far off among the barbarous tribes determined not to dwell with him in the Middle Kingdom."

In all things, therefore, virtue is the root. Many a ruler, mistaking the fruit for the root, seeks wealth, later to find that "if he make the root his secondary object, and the result his primary, he will only wrangle with his people and teach them rapine. Accumulation of wealth is truly the way to scatter the people." In short, to lose virtue is to lose the people, and to lose the people is to lose wealth.

But more disastrous far than losing the people is to lose the decree of heaven by which he holds right to rule. Let him who thinks he

holds it by other right listen. "The decree, indeed, may not always rest on us. Goodness obtains it. Want of goodness loses it." The pulse of heaven is the people's heart. "Before the sovereigns of the Yin dynasty had lost the hearts of the people they could appeal before God. Take warning from the house of Yin. The great decree is not easily preserved." From all which the conclusion is plain. "In a state prosperity will be found in righteousness."

One cannot but feel as he reads this and other writings attributed to Confucius that the sage never intended they should be a national philosophy of religion. His fault was rather that by them he thought religion would be unnecessary. His mission and message were mainly to the rulers and would-be rulers of his time. From that point of view it is open to wholly different criticism, namely, that of inadequacy. Example is truly a good government. So far as the treatise touches upon ethics we may accord freely our admiration. That man has in him possibilities for virtue, that virtue can be cultivated, that the influence of the individual is the root factor in society, that public opinion will uphold the righteous ruler, that the right to rule is conditioned on the will of the people, that good government and the peace and happiness of its citizens is a great goal—all these we appreciate and applaud. It is when we probe these sayings for a philosophy of life, a source of life power, that it seems weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Should we pause to ask what might be the real aim of this strongly urged process we are told "To illustrate illustrious virtue both in ruler and people till all rested in the highest good." By this he means our aim must be to bring out the best that is in us till all attain "peace and happiness." Should we seek a step further back and ask when this capability for virtue comes, how it is man has good in him to be illustrated, he is vague or silent. He takes it for granted that all agree it is there. It seems to be from heaven, but whether such a term is personal or an impersonal, impassive essence is indefinite, and purposely so. He has no firm religious foundation of a Father all-wise, all-powerful, all-compassionate, whence we are and after whose likeness and image we are formed. Should we further press him as to the climax of this social perfectioning which he preaches, he again is dumb. He has no whither bound. The system seems almost solely one of political ethics. Again, he has no vision of a Father in whom we live and move and have our being, and to whom, through life's polishing and perfectioning, we are growing. Lacking these his system, though clear and beautifully practical, lacks the very vision which alone could

give it power to push from behind and allure from before. There is no strain sublime in strength encouraging the struggler after self-culture to—

“ Speak to Him, then, for He hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet :
Closer is He than breathing
And nearer than hands and feet.”

nor thoughts to throw a vast horizon before the ruler-reformer seeking his people's happiness,

“ When that which came from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.”

China herself has written the true commentary on all this in seeking religious foundation in Buddhism and Taoism. These, too, have failed to provide the power sought, until too often to-day the sayings of the sage are but mere phrases and platitudes which no one thinks to personify. For Confucianism, then, as Christians, we come in the main not to destroy, but to fulfil. We seek to show what is before and beyond illustrious virtue and good government, the Father whose is “ the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory.”

NOTES.

The College Missionary Conference, January 20-22, was the best within our memory. Among the speakers whom we have not had in other years were Rev. R. B. Ewan, M.D., on furlough from Sz-Chuan, C. B. Keenleyside, B.A., '92, and Harlan P. Beach, M.A., F.R.G.S., Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Dr. Ewan's reminiscences of hospital work in Chentu were illuminating and touching. Mr. Keenleyside, who is a hindered volunteer for the foreign field, speaks as a college man to college men and women, and his words were searching and moving.

And who will forget Harlan P. Beach, missionary statesman, educator and author? We have had no more graphic, comprehensive and stirring descriptions than his of Chinese condition, of missionary work and method, and of the compensations of the missionary's life. Dr. Beach dwelt much on the compensations, and to him they are many and great. He pleaded particularly for an immediate effort to provide teachers for the Chinese. Such appeals must bring results in any body of Christian students.

The happenings around Chentu, the centre of our mission in Sz-Chuan, are startlingly rapid. The Mission Room recently received a copy of the first issue of the Chentu *Daily*—probably the first daily paper in China west of Shanghai.

An accompanying translation by J. L. Stewart, '01, is significant of the awakened interest in foreign topics, and the strategic importance of educational work. Two things are immediately before our Church—she must equip a school for the training of a native pastorate, and she may, if she will, provide teachers for those who in the next generation will be the officials of the province. What relation this would establish between Christianity and the governing body of Sz-Chuan must be apparent. Already Mr. Stewart has about him the brightest youths of Chentu. Teachers are wanted for mathematics, physics and chemistry, natural science, and practical science. The failure to find men, women and funds to seize such an opportunity could only be adequately explained by some such word as *decadence*. And we think our Church is not decadent.



The work carried on by the students under the direction of the Evangelistic Band Committee of the Y. M. C. A. is being conducted with vigor and success. Several churches of the city and suburbs have been visited, and the visits have been a great source of inspiration to the churches visited. As mentioned in January ACTA a Band of eight men conducted a campaign covering three Sundays in the First Methodist Church, London, and the stamp of the divine approval was unmistakably put upon this work. The students are lending to this work a very hearty support and it is they who are receiving the greatest amount of good from it. During February, services will be held in some of the larger city churches.

E. S. B.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



GIVE me a home in the Northern Zone,
 Where the zephyrs breathe through the forests lone,
 And the sunbeams dance in the grassy glades,
 And the brook's sweet murmur swells and fades,
 And the song-birds carol the livelong day,
 And the twilight lingers to hear their lay.

Give me a home in the Northern Zone,
 Where the wild winds roar and the forests moan,
 And the sunlight gleams on the snowdrifts deep,
 And the lakes are locked in the ice king's keep,
 And the sleigh bells chime on the winter air,
 And the skates ring sharp on the frozen glare.

D.A.H.

THE delicious languor of the summer, with "the ping of the mosquito and the June bug's merry pong," seems very far away from us at this strenuous winter season, but it's coming. Who said "New Year's resolutions?"

SPEAKING of skating, what glorious sport it is! especially with the inspiration of good music. Why do *all* rink orchestras, good, bad, and indifferent, persist in playing in such impossible time?

SOMEONE (at the mail box after Christmas vacation)—"It would be a great boon to the H's if Hunter would come back. Here are two love letters overdue, and a dunner, and several ads." Another—"Possibly the dunner is overdue also."

SOME wag placed the sporting section of the Milwaukee *Sunday Sentinel* on the same file with the *Christian Guardian* in the reading room, bearing the inscription, "Compliments of the Sec. Bible Study Com."

THE first meeting of the Union Lit, with the prospect of a jollification, induced a large attendance. The following honorary degrees were conferred: E. L. Luck, Ph.A. (Phenomenal Artist); J. F. Knight, W.W.N.S.T.L. (We will now sing "'Tis Love"); R. J. Davison, D.D. (Dolly, Dear!).

WE subjoin a partial list of officers for the Spring Term : Pres., W. J. Salter, '05 ; 1st Vice., G. E. Trueman, '06 ; 2nd Vice., F. W. H. Armstrong, '07 ; Critic, J. S. Bennett, '05 ; Ass't Critic, E. W. Morgan, '05 ; Cor.-Sec., Homer Brown, '06 ; Treas., W. G. Bull, '06 ; Rec. Sec., W. L. Hiles, '07 ; Leader of Gov., A. M. Harley, '06 ; Leader of Op., J. G. Hunter, C.T.

JANE, while at home at vacation, attempted to sell tickets for the Glee Club concert at Oshawa to an old lady. Said she, "A glee club ! eh ? Are they colored ?" Salter (promptly)—"All colors, madame !"

THIRD Year Classics (to Secretary Rink Committee)—"How much would it cost for me to skate some afternoon this month ?" Puzzle—"Who was it ?"

THE library is daily crowded by students ostensibly keeping New Year's resolutions. The ostentation becomes apparent about four o'clock—if the ice is good.

THE report of the '05 class meeting which comes to us is about like this, "It was wild." Some of the officers are : Ass't Marshall, W. F. Green ; Chaplain, J. A. Spenceley ; Chaperone, Miss E. H. Patterson ; Prophet, J. A. M. Dawson ; Hockey Capt. (*n.b.*), A. D. Miller ; Curator, A. E. Elliott ; Ass't Curator, W. E. James.

LUCK (trying to make rhymes)—"Curse the elusive muse !"

NOT often brothers contemporaneously hold the highest offices in two academic year associations. J. G. Brown is President of '06 and his brother, W. T. Brown, President of '07. Someone has suggested that these years are engaged in a "brown" study.

MISS H—M—LL, '07 (Jan. 19th)—"The College is like the deserted village since the Glee Club went away."

THE annual tour of the Victoria Glee Club and Mandolin-Guitar Club this year, under the energetic management of Messrs. Robertson and Campbell, may be described as a progression of artistic triumphs. Mr. McNally and Mr. Chase were engaged as conductors, and gave their best interest to the work. President Connolly spared no pains in the development of a creditable repertoire. The places visited were Oshawa, Peterborough, Lindsay and Stouffville.

OUT of the many incidents of the trip worthy of mention we select the following : At Oshawa about thirty young ladies from the O.L.C., Whitby, with Miss Rose Cullen, '03, as chaperone, occupied the front seats, much to the conductor's annoyance, because of wandering eyes in the chorus numbers. After the affair one hostess remarked quite

in earnest, "I never knew Dr. Hare played a mandolin"—*re* Ned Burwash. One called Bishop "Mr. Organ," remembering that his name had some ecclesiastical connection. Another designated Moore as "the grinny man," and little Johnstone "the choir boy."

AT Peterborough Mr. Whitney spoke to an audience of men the same night, with the result that the concert audience, though large, showed a plurality of the other sex. This gave rise to a remark from Lane, that as at Oshawa the audience was "mostly men," and at Peterborough "mostly women," he expected "mostly children" at Lindsay, inasmuch as there the entertainment was under Collegiate Institute auspices. It was at Peterborough, where Ernie Jolliffe lives, that he was victimized by a bogus newspaper reporter (Connolly), to whom Ernie gave a detailed account of the concert by telephone. At Lindsay the concert evoked immense enthusiasm.

THROUGHOUT the tour that old favorite, "By the Light of the Moon," was hard worked to supply local hits on members of the Club whose home happened to be at any of the places visited, and on matters in general, *e.g.* :

"The Whitby girls are here, my boys,
We'll see them home to-night,
By the light," etc.

"Oh my ! what sweet delicious joys,
When we get out of sight !
By the light," etc.

RETURNING to Toronto on Saturday the boys fell in with the editor of the *Globe* and gave him three cheers prefixed by a "What's the matter with Macdonald? He's all right !" etc. Later, acceding to their request to make a speech in the private car he assured them that it was indeed comforting to learn "that he was all right ; he had begun to have grave doubts about it." This was prior to the election.

"ONLY a woman's hair !" was the remark of one of our venerable seniors, as he drew it tenderly out of a book he had taken home before Xmas.

FORD (at the '07 reception)—"Sorry we have no more ice cream ladies, but to-morrow you will be cream on the ice."

VICTORIA was pitted against Trinity this year in the debating series. Mr. G. A. King and Mr. G. J. A. Reaney, both of '07, defended the affirmative of the proposition : Resolved, that Canada would have a greater development by being an independent nation than by continu-

ing her colonial relationship. Trinity was supported by Messrs. Allen and McMillan. Mr. Fraser, in giving the judges' decision in favor of the negative, offered the criticism that the affirmative indulged in too much assertion and too little argument.

WREN (reporting for the '07 refreshment committee)—“At our first meeting we did little business as we were in the dark.” (Instant objection on the part of the lady members.)

SOPHOMORE.—“Did the Chancellor forbid your reception?”

Coliss, '08 (politely)—“Excuse me, but you're a Soph and we are not telling our business to the Sophomores.”

It is truly marvellous how many cogs the machine found for its wheel from the student body in Victoria. Messrs. Harley, Archibald and Hewitt acted as deputy returning officers: Messrs. W. G. Connolly, C. F. Connolly, Woodsworth, Smith, and Wells as poll clerks; Messrs. Lamb and Shaver as constables; Messrs. Rutherford and Luck as scrutineers; and over all as grand canvassers and organizers were Messrs. W. G. Connolly for Blain and J. R. Davison for Nesbitt.

THE night of the election the Glee Club were engaged to give a concert at Stouffville. A private wire brought the returns of the voting to the music hall, with the result that partisan enthusiasm quite eclipsed musical appreciation. After the finest numbers a frequent response would be, Hurrah for Whitney! or something similar.

THE Women's Oration Contest for the prize awarded annually by Dr. Bell, took place in the College chapel before a large and appreciative audience, on the evening of January the 19th. The contestants were Miss E. H. Patterson, '05; Miss K. R. Thompson, '06; Miss E. M. Keys, '06; Miss N. M. Dafoe, '07. The judges, Profs. McLay, Young and Keys, decided in favor of Miss Patterson, who spoke on the subject: “The Value of Ideals.”

THE Sophomores held their annual reception on Friday evening, January 27th. The programme consisted of several musical numbers, and bright addresses from the various representatives present. The host and hostesses were untiring in their efforts to entertain, and the event passed off most felicitously.

STRANGER (from across the park, to Freshette)—“May I go home with you?” She—“Certainly. I'm staying at Annesley Hall.” He—“Well, I guess you can go that far alone.” And she went.

APROPÓS of the above, we have it on the best authority that after every reception this year there were ladies of academic distinction and

personal charm who were compelled to go home alone. And they didn't live at Annesley Hall either. Gentlemen!

MISS L—D—N, '07—"I plugged mathematics all holidays, and I think if there had been three weeks more I might have had some idea of what a straight line was."

PROF. LANG (meeting a couple of Seniors distributing Y.W.C.A. literature)—"Is this a Xmas box?" Seniors—"Yes, Dominion Ties." Prof. L.—"Oh, a new kind of neck wear."

KNOX, '08 (referring to the prospective Freshman's reception)—"Now, we must not act like children in *this*."

IN the Study (Miss M—s—n, '08)—"Does the president take the vice-president to the Senior Dinner?" Junior—"Are you vice-president, P.?" Miss M-s-n—"No, that's the point; I wish I were."

SHAVER (in Church History)—"Dr. Reynar, before you leave purgatory, will you tell us some more about it?" Later—"It isn't such a bad place, after all." Beware, A. W.

MISS W-L-CE, '08—"Oh, all those fellows are engaged when they come up here from the country, but—they don't remain so long."

MR. A. E. ELLIOTT (to Miss H-lt-n, '05, at Peterboro' depot)—"A very merry Xmas, Miss P-tt-s-n!"

MISS GRANGE (to Miss H rr-n)—"No, I wouldn't want you for a sister-in-law." Miss H. (turning in defence to Miss Woodsworth)—"Now, wouldn't you like me in that capacity?" and she wondered why they laughed.

AT the Hall (Freshette No. 1)—"Have you paid your fees this term?" Freshette No. 2—"No, my last cheque vanished into thin air, since a laugh is bid up to ten cents."

THE girls of '05 gave an informal skating party to the men of their year, on Saturday night, January 28th, serving light refreshments at the Hall afterwards.

AT the Hall.—"I shouldn't like to wear an engagement ring about college. Think of the jollying one would get." Miss M-kl-d, '07—"I wouldn't mind the jollying. Think of the sweet inner consciousness!"

THE Senior Dinner Committee has been constituted, as follows: Pres. J. G. Brown. From '06—Heber Mahood, W. E. Galloway, Miss Proctor. From '07—G. B. King, M. D. Madden, Miss Cunningham. From '08—C. F. Connolly, A. Foreman, Miss Parlowe. From B.D. class—R. W. Hibbert, B.A.

The date of the Senior Dinner has been fixed for Friday, February 24th. The attention of graduates is called to the preparation of a table for their special use. Those desiring to attend would confer a favor on the Committee by notifying the Secretary, Mr. W. E. Galloway, at their earliest convenience.

THE B.D. class, at their meeting to elect officers, gave themselves eight days in which to contemplate the advisability (or perhaps, we should say, the feasibility) of holding a reception. We fear the matter will end in contemplation, although several who have been "baching it" on circuit volunteered to make sandwiches.

G. E. T., '06 (singing while attiring himself)—"Sweet hour of prayer, . . . And shout while passing through the air"—blinkety blank it; there, I've broken a collar-button."

THE following representatives to attend outside functions were recently appointed by the Alma Mater Society: E. V. Ruddell, to the O.A.C. At Home; Clio Jackson, to the Trinity College Dance; F. J. Rutherford, to the McMaster Dinner; Homer Brown, to the Vic. '07 Reception.

DR. REYNAR (viewing the new Alma Mater Society Club Rooms)—"This furniture is gorgeous, Mr. Knight. I fancy I see Dr. Potts and Dr. Carman enjoying a smoke in these easy chairs."

THE burglary at Annesley Hall appears to have been a very daring piece of business. The thief entered ostensibly as a plumber with a bag of tools on his shoulder, walked upstairs, and proceeded in a most deliberate fashion to investigate the contents of the ladies' rooms. Discarding jewelry, as open to suspicion, he appropriated only such treasure as bore the image and superscription of the powers that be. In all about \$25 in cash was stolen, the heaviest loser being one of the maids. It was not long after his entrance, however, before the culprit realized the awful hazard of his attempt. Alone and defenseless in a woman's residence! Overpowered with visions of himself hairless, and strangled in a sheet, with his mouth full of castor oil, he struck for life and liberty, and escaped.

SOMEONE had evidently been taking notes from a missionary address on the back of a hymn book. After cataloguing the various religions of the world, the equation was set down: Christianity = Sunlight. This opened up new possibilities to some wit, who proceeded to equate the other religions, as follows: Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mahommedanism = Gaslight. Shintoism, Fire-worshippers = Candlelight. All others = Matchlight. Where is electric light?



A PROPOS of Victoria's undignified position in athletics in general, and more particularly of her poor record last fall, we have for some time been in receipt of a letter from one of the college's most esteemed graduates, a man greater in wisdom than in years, and one whose interest is unimpeachable, namely, "Jimmy" Wallace, the "Boy Professor." Jimmy's grasp of local conditions is comprehensive, to say the least, and any suggestion on his part is worthy of our most serious consideration. The idea he has so recently formed has probably been developing in Brother Wallace's gray matter during these last three or four years—great ideas are not the products of a momentary convulsion, as the famous inventor of "Chalk Talk" would say—but the immediate cause of its publication was the disastrous result of the Mulock Cup series. Every year we have regularly sought for the *reason why*, but now Mr. Wallace offers a remedy, which, though probably not feasible at the present time—we have not yet made an exhaustive enquiry into the matter—still seems reasonable and quite possible. Would not a Methodist preparatory school solve most of our difficulty? The question is almost too broad for this column: in fact, the prominence given it here is for the purpose of gaining for it a more worthy position. Victoria has but one preparatory school, Albert College, and we are quite safe in making the unqualified statement that the influence of that institution does not tend toward the building up of all-round university men. Had Methodism in Canada an up-to-date academy for the training of her youth, corresponding to Ridley or Upper Canada, there could be no doubt but that Victoria would be more representative of the church, and as such rank much higher in every department of work, not excluding athletics. Our material comes to us absolutely raw, and so our teams are always two or three years behind in experience.

Mr. Wallace assures us in most poetic language, that on receiving news of our contest with Senior Arts last November, his breast heaved with great waves of sorrow. The editor of this column admits

that he was almost flooded himself upon that occasion, and, lest any drowning accidents should really occur in the future, he prays that all concerned will spend some time in contemplation of the proposal.



We most penitently, abjectly and profusely apologize to Mr. Douglas Henderson for an article published in our last issue to the effect that that worthy gentleman was responsible for the innovation in the dressing room. We learn on most positive authority that the Junior in question, like Dr. Nesbitt in *that other regard*, merely countenanced the proceeding, having neither dictated it nor subscribed to it. ACTA is always anxious that justice be done, even though the Rev. Macdonald is not at the head of the Board.



A few days ago, at a meeting of the class of '08, their annual reception was voted down and out. We understand that since that time there has been a reconsideration, recount, or something whereby the issue has changed front, and there is general rejoicing. One may wonder why mention is made of this on this page; exactly, it is a wonder. Has it occurred to any one that the attempted burial of this time-honored custom was largely due to the influence of a certain very independent and important member of the class who last fall attempted all by himself to exhume Association football from its newly-made grave, and then failed to capture a place on the intermediate team, the result of his efforts? Can any one affirm that the age of miracles is past while one Freshman can accomplish the burial of one college custom and the resuscitation of another, all in a scant five months?



The hockey boys made good in their first match, having the pleasure of administering chastisement to our old enemy, Senior Arts. The game, though rather scraggy and under form, still meant a victory for a newly-formed team, and we extend to the players the heartiest congratulations. The seven lined up as follows: Goal, Salter; point, Robertson; cover-point, McFarland; rover, Hamilton; centre, Oldham; right, Campbell; left, Davidson. Mr. Joe Gain officiated as referee, and proved himself efficient and fair. As the final score, five to two in favor of Victoria, plainly shows. As shown in the line-up, two new players are wearing the crimson and gold this year—Davidson and Oldham. Both men are on the forward line, and are ambitious and capable; they form a much-needed addition to the team. Of the old men it is hardly necessary to speak; "Jane" Salter still wears his impregnable smile between the posts, and Eobbie is as heavy as ever.

Is it not rather significant of retrogression when we reflect upon the fact that, of the seven men on the team, five are '05 men? This means that the last three years have brought only two men to the front, and that we must depend on the incoming year, for at least five good hockey men.

The hockey season has had a very auspicious opening this year ; not only have the boys excelled themselves, but the team from Annesley Hall has drawn upon itself unlimited praise for the brilliant way in which it contested a tie game with the Havergal seven. Although the result was a draw, and although the visitors seemed to have a wee bit the best of it, still we look upon it as a win, for the Victoria girls evidenced more ability and less practice than their opponents. The two teams were as nearly matched as possible and the play was fast and interesting. For Havergal, Miss Ross the captain, was the bright and particular star, and we rarely have an opportunity of witnessing such skillful stick-handling. The Misses Carman, Harrison, Griffin, Burwash, Proctor, McLaren and Norsworthy held up Vic's side of the argument, and in the face of such an array of talent 'tis hard to particularize. The play of the home team was brilliant but a trifle spasmodic ; a little experience is the requisite. Congratulations, Reggy.

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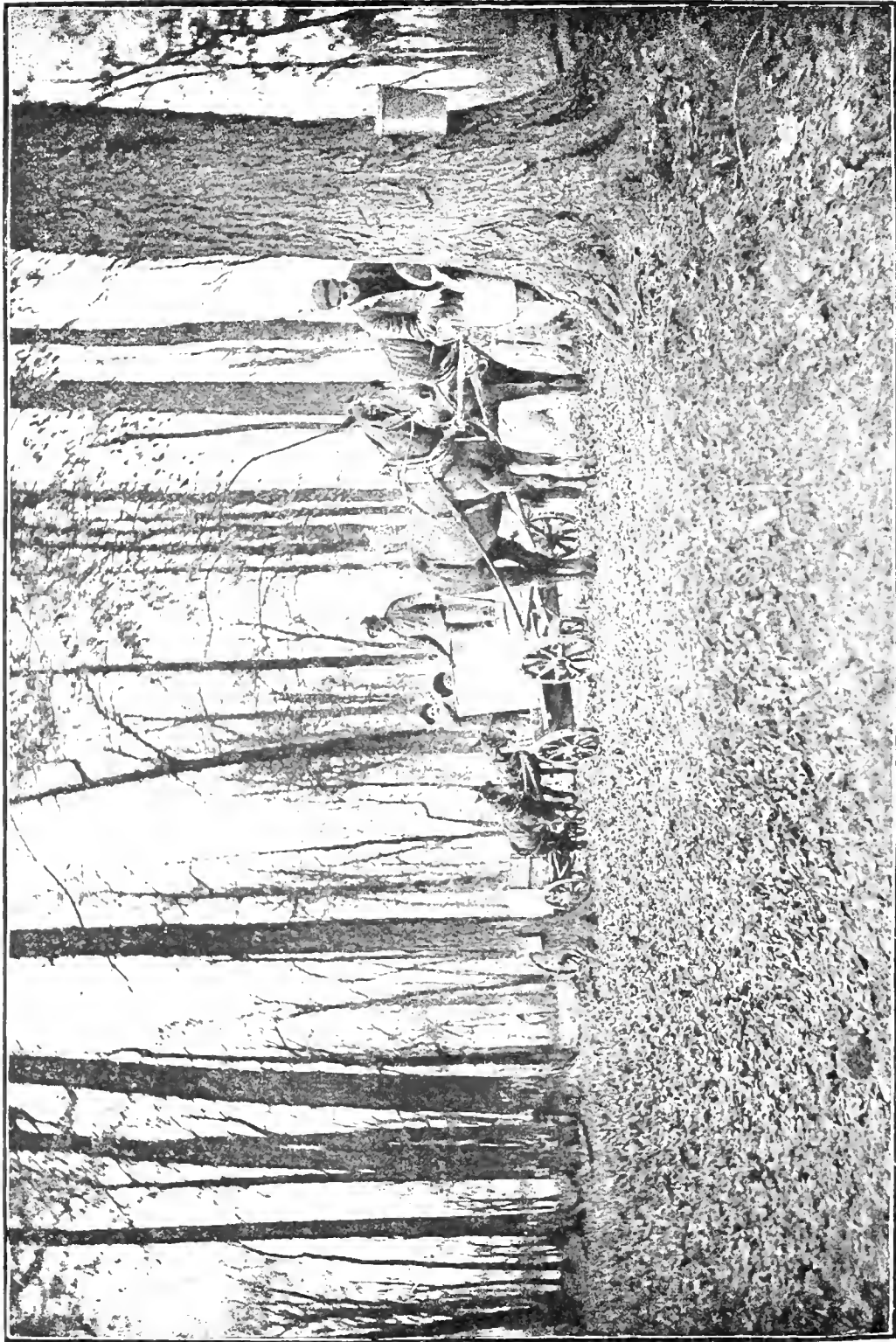
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The Call of the Wild:

The Lament of a Methodist Minister's Son

BY ARTHUR FORD, '03.

WHEN the first mild wind from the sunny south
Blows over the meadows sere ;
When the first gay chirp of the robin is heard,
And I know that spring is here,
My Methodist blood is roused once more,
And I crave to move as in days of yore.

When the streams break loose from their icy bonds.
And the sap stirs in the trees ;
When the world is roused from its troubled sleep
By the touch of a gentle breeze,
My Methodist blood is roused once more,
And I crave to move as in days of yore.

Yes, I am a Methodist minister's son,
And reared in the orthodox way :
Each spring we moved to pastures green,
And still in the month of May
My Methodist blood is roused once more,
And I fain would move as in days of yore.

The Norse of old, when south winds blew,
Set forth across the sea ;
So a restless spirit, a wandering mood
The itinerant system has bred in me,
And now my blood is roused once more,
And I fain would move as in days of yore.

New York, February 2, 1905.

A Month in Scotland

BY F. LOUIS BARBER, '03.

HOW can one describe the feelings of mingled admiration and curiosity with which one approaches the land of Bruce and Wallace or unravels the warp of history and the woof of romance that form the fabric of one's imagination concerning the land and the people that Burns and Scott have touched with their magic wands? And as we cross the border at Berwick-on-Tweed on the east, and pass into the kingdom of the Tartans, it is like waking from a dream to find that the people of dreamland, the wonders of their lives and the beauty of their surroundings, have a foundation in real fact. Then, when we cross the Esk and pass into Carlisle on the west, we go back to dreaming of the beauties of sleepy lochs and angry cairns, rugged Bens and ivied castles.

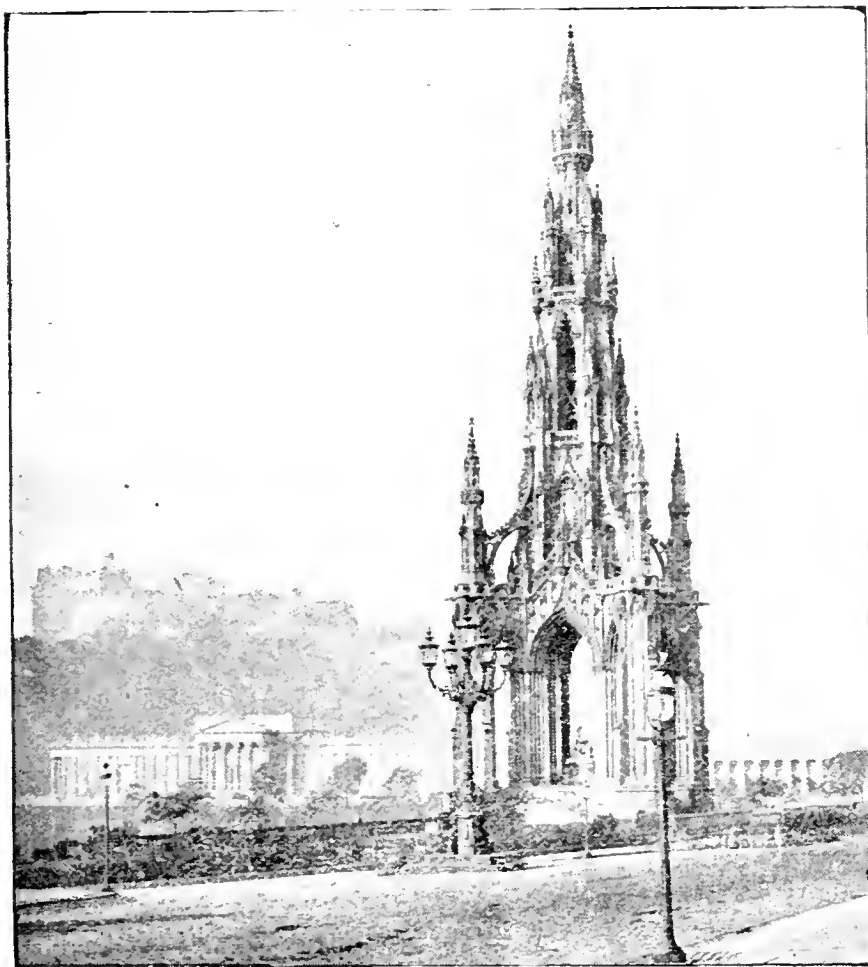
To begin our tour. We step into a compartment at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and settling down into the cushions are soon rolled smoothly into the other land—the land of our earliest admiration. The train skirts the coast, so that from the small window we have a fine view of the sea and the rugged shore. Before reaching Berwick we pass that part of the coast off which lies Farne Isle—home of the brave Grace Darling.

Between Berwick-on-Tweed and North Berwick we passed the Roxburn, where Cromwell defeated the Scots at the Battle of Dunbar (1650). Battle-fields are numerous in Scotland, so we do not stop here, but, changing at Drem, go north to the coast where, three miles east of North Berwick, is Tantallon Castle, the Douglas stronghold Scott describes so minutely in "Marmion." Just off the shore here is Bass Island, upon whose rugged top stand the ruins of the castle prison of early English prisoners and Covenanters, now visited only by solan geese—and tourists. Back to Drem and on to Edinburgh we go, the rolling hills of the "Bride of Lammermuir" to the left and the broad Forth to the right. Just before we reach Prestonpans our attention is attracted by a monument, quite near the railroad, erected to Col. Gardiner, who fell at the battle of 1745, the main part of which was fought on the other side of the track.

In a few minutes we hurry by the castellated prison at the foot of Calton Hill, and pass under the roof of the great Waverley Station. The hurrying crowds and the rushing porters tell us that we are

NOTE.—The cuts in this article are used by permission from "A U. E. Loyalist in Great Britain."

somewhere. We hurry up the steps to the right and, as we look west down the long, wide main street, we get our first view of Edinburgh. After the first strangeness has passed we stroll into the gardens adjoining the North British hotel and feast our eyes upon this most beautiful of cities. Here is Princes Street. The Scott monument in the foreground reminds us, too, that it was and is the home of men of letters. Beyond, in the valley, lies the park and farther the "Mound,"



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

with its Grecian-styled National Gallery and Royal Institution. Behind us stands Calton Hill, from whose heights we can get a fine view of the city, which Nature and art have combined to make beautiful. One cannot see everything in a week, nor can one describe in a paragraph what one sees in a week. Simply to mention the names of Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, Chalmers and David Hume fills us with the desire to know more of the scenes of

their labors. Personally, we had always a peculiar desire to see the tomb of the philosopher in whose consistent mind Locke received such a sifting. So on our way to the brow of Calton Hill, where, amid the monuments to Burns and Nelson, stands the expensive and unfinished imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, popularly known as "Scotland's disgrace," we steal into the quiet old Calton burial-ground, off Waterloo Place. Within its quiet walls stands the monument to the Scots who fell in the American Civil War, and near by



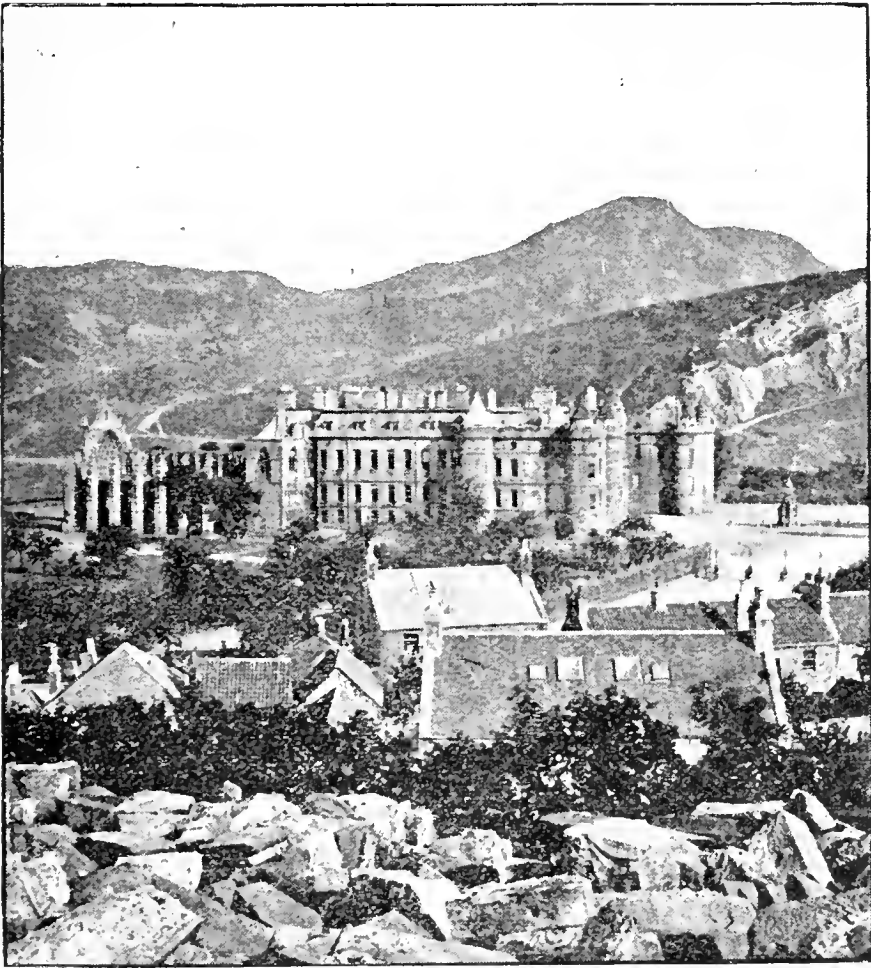
EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL.

the tomb of Hume, a two-storey hollow circle of grey stone. But nowhere upon it would one expect to find the sarcasm :

“ Within this circular enclosure,
Commonly called a tomb.
The Ideas and Impressions lie
That constituted Hume.”

Out from the “silent city” we pass into the busy street, and, climbing the stone steps of the Scottish Acropolis, stand wondering at the

beauty of the scene. As we turn our back upon the broad Firth and the sea-coast lined with the smoke, the houses and the docks of Granton, Leith, Portobello and Musselburgh, we see the city beneath us and the grey Pentland Hills in the distance. If we follow the course of the Forth for a few miles to the right, we see the angular outlines of one of the greatest modern feats of mechanical skill, the Forth Bridge, whose three great spans cover a mile and a half of

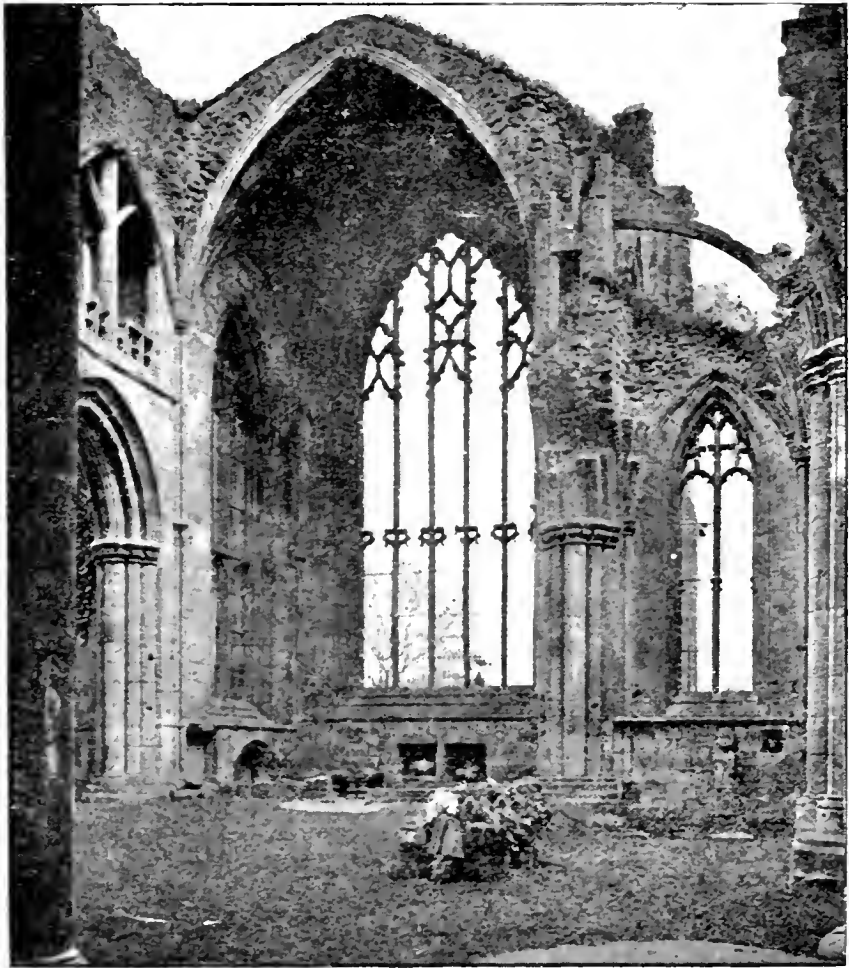


HOLYROOD PALACE.

water. M. Eiffel pronounced it the "greatest construction of the world." From our present position, too, we get a fine view of the gloomy old castle on the cliff to the left. A little lower down on the hill St. Giles Cathedral, the scene of some epoch-making gatherings, raises its lantern tower above the surrounding buildings. Here John Knox often preached, and just outside on the pavement is a rude stone inscribed, "J. K., 1572," marking his grave. Here the Solemn

League and Covenant was signed in 1643. Here it was that Charles I. tried to re-establish the Scottish Episcopal Church, and it was here that, during the service, Jenny Geddes threw her stool at Dean Hanna. From where we stand we cannot see much of the old town; it is just down the hill from St. Giles.

In this section are some houses of great interest. For instance, a projecting building in a narrow street is pointed out as John Knox's



EAST WINDOW, MELROSE ABBEY.

house. Beyond is the University, with its St. Paul-like dome. In the valley at our extreme left stands the battlemented Palace of Holyrood and the ivy-clad ruins of the Gothic Abbey. Beyond this and forming a background of charming beauty, Salisbury Crag rises abruptly, and farther away is the bold top of Arthur's Seat.

A few miles south of Edinburgh is one of the most fascinating parts of the country, the Waverley District. As the train pulls in at

Melrose how strange it seems to hear the guard call out the place that even in our childhood we associated with the buried heart of King Robert the Bruce. Walking from the station we catch a glimpse of an ivied ruin. We hurry to the door of the sacred precincts, where a sixpence admits us within the walls—those walls that David I. built, that Edward II., of England, destroyed; that Bruce, in the Fourteenth Century, restored, and that to-day, even in their crumbling condition, are the finest ruin in all Scotland. The variety of design is remarkable, even the columns and arches varying in position and width, yet in all this there is a fine sense of appropriateness and unity. Passing down the nave toward the famous east window, we enter the transept, the roof of which is richly groined. Sculptured corbels support the ribs, at whose intersections are beautifully-carved groups of flowers.

To-day some of the corbels and fallen keystones lie heaped together near the centre of the chancel. One stone is worn smooth; upon it Sir Walter Scott used to sit and think as he gazed out into the blue sky through the slender carvings of the chancel-window, or at night watched the shadows fall upon the floor, as the pale moon filled the dark corners of the Abbey with romance and strange stories. Upon this seat thousands of visitors have sat since, and, of course, we, too, sat there, looking at the same sky through the same ruined window, but you will not be surprised to hear there is yet but one Sir Walter Scott.

This is not the only memento of the Scotts in this strange old pile. Just at hand is a weird stone figure against the wall, with the inscription: "Michael Scott's Tomb," and as from here I can see the split Eildon peaks, rent by that wizard's power, I recollect the lines:

“ I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bells tolled one, and the moon was bright;
And dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might o'er him wave
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.”

With a glance at the cloister door, whose posts are so delicately chiselled that we can stick a grass-blade between the leaves, and with one more look at the stone over Bruce's heart, we leave Melrose as we found it. But we have changed. We are better for its memories.

From the stones upon which Scott sat and thought we go to the home in which he wrote. It is a beautiful walk of two miles to Abbotsford, where the palatial home of the baronet is open to his

admirers—that means everybody, for who does not admire him? Our photographs are but poor substitutes for a beautiful day spent in these delightful surroundings. Leaving the kind-hearted old Irishman, who showed us around, we stroll through the wooded country lane to the ferry, so that we may get a view of Abbotsford from the west bank, as its turrets nestle among the trees and its lawns sweep down to the water's edge.

Our next side trip from the capital is to Stirling. Space will not



ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE GARDEN.

permit an account of all places of interest passed through, for every spot seems hallowed by brave deeds of love or war. At Falkirk, Wallace was defeated by Edward I. in 1298, and here Bonnie Prince Charlie was victorious over the English the year succeeding Prestonpans. Nearing Stirling the level plain and the blue outline of the Highlands make a charming setting for the bold bluff and castle of that historic city, while the tall lantern-topped Gothic Wallace monu-

ment is a constant reminder that near by, in 1297, the Scottish hero turned back the enemy. We visit the Douglas room of the castle, where James II. stabbed the rebellious Earl Douglas. The panes of the window out of which the body was thrown were replaced with stained glass by our late Queen Victoria. The history of the siege of Stirling by Edward I., and of its recapture by Bruce, and of the battle near the burn of Bannock are too familiar to be rehearsed, but to sit on the "Bore Stone" where King Robert planted his standard, fires the imagination to re-people the plain with contending armies. And how different this from the peaceful memories of Allan Waters a little to the north. We leave Stirling to spend a quiet Sunday in the hills at Kippen. The charm and the peace of the scene and the people on this Scotch Sabbath leave a memory to be revived with pleasure.

The mountains that could be seen from the churchyard at Stirling are now more distinct. Not only Ben Lomond and Ben Venue, but the cloudy peaks of Ben Vorlich and Ben Ledi make us anticipate with delight our Monday trip to Balloch, to begin our tour of the lochs.

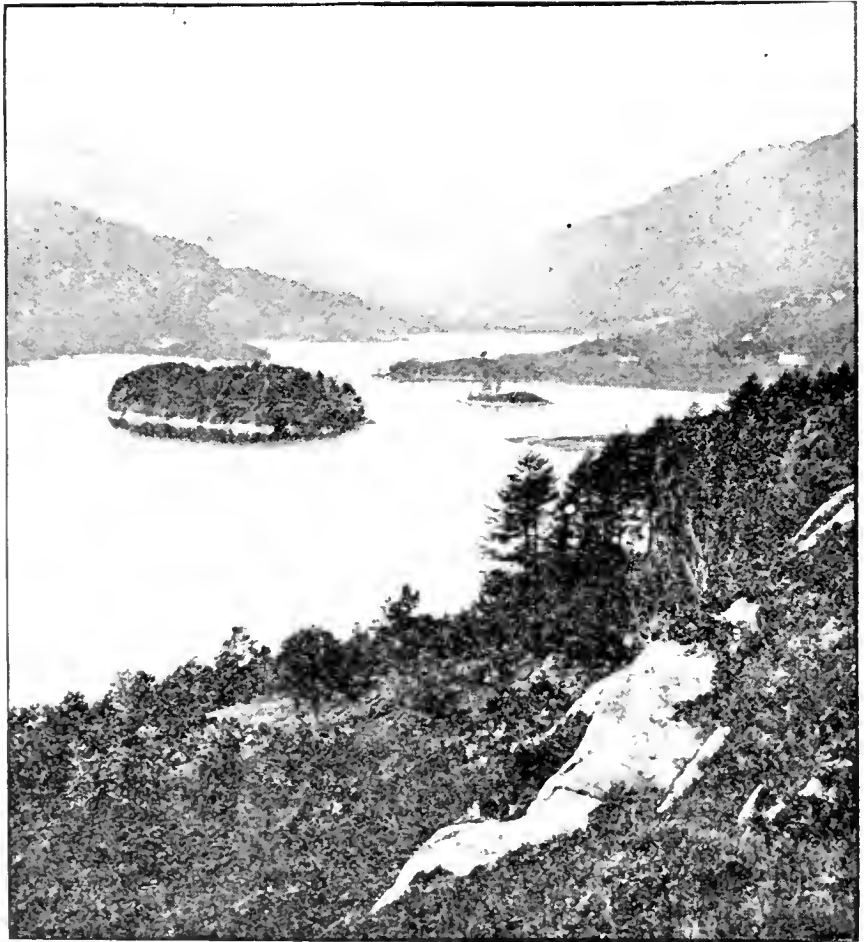
On our way up Loch Lomond we alight on the east shore at Rowardennan for an ascent of Ben Lomond. Rowardennan is one of those places that consist of a name and a hotel. The landlady tells us it is a bad day for the ascent, for we may get lost in the fog which now hovers thick about Ben's head. But we start. Through long winding paths in the bracken wet with the mist, from place to place we climb until the roar of a distant waterfall attracts our attention to where its white spray leaps out from amidst the foliage in the ravine. The music of the cairn and its veil-like folds as it falls from crag to crag for two thousand feet and silently loses itself in the overgrown vale below, takes us back to the times when such were the haunts of the nymphs. In the meantime we realize that we are getting wet, and that in climbing we have ruined our umbrella. So, after taking a survey of the country which, three thousand feet below, stretches for miles like a great raised map, we descend, and we bury one end of our umbrella with this inscription on the other :

" I throw my umbrella
Out upon Ben Lomond rocks
For I've spoiled my disposition,
And have wet my feet and socks,"

to show to the next climber that if he supposes we could not dry our clothes by a true poetic fire, he is mistaken.

The next morning we take the boat to Inversnaid, near Rob Roy's Cave. Here there is another beautiful cairn, of which Wordsworth writes :

“ And these grey rocks,
This household lawn,
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake.”



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

Following the road and the Arklet Water we pass Helen Macgregor's cottage, and come at last to Stronachlachar, from which we go aboard the *Rob Roy*, to cross Loch Katrine, the paradise of Scotland. The lake is surrounded by mountains, and on its bosom rests the little island—

“ Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæian vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower.”

As the boat winds in and out we can picture the Lady of the Lake as she rows the Knight of Snowdown to the Isle. The silver strand cannot be better described than in Scott's own language :

“ From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its steep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying in almost viewless wave,
The weeping-willow tree to lave,
And kiss with whispering sound and slow
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.”

A drive through the Trossachs, along Lochs Achray and Venachar, brings us beyond Rhoderick Dhu's safe conduct, to Callandar. Then from the city of the “ Fair Maid of Perth ” to Glamis, the home of Macbeth, to Kinermuir or Barrie's “ Thrums,” and on to Montrose, gives us a fine trip through the north. The coast scenery is fine on the return *via* Arbroath, opposite Bell Rock Island, the scene of the “ Inchcape Bell,” and across the long Tay bridge at Dundee. Concerning the good time spent in going to Glasgow and visiting Ayr, it is unnecessary to speak, as these places are made familiar to the reader by frequent visitors.



MARBLE CANYON, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The Price of Honor

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, B.A., '04.

THE chief glory of the Happy Lark village was Grandfather Lark. In a land where old age is always honorable, his four-score years and fifteen would have been anywhere a source of pride. But he was not only a very old man—he was the oldest man in his neighborhood, and his long, white beard was the proudest boast of his fellow-villagers. In the neighboring city on a market day one could distinguish a Happy Lark by his jaunty air and his patronage of farmers from less favored villages ; and, sooner or later, into every conversation he interjected a remark about “the most honorable old man, Grandfather Lark.”

The old man had long ceased to engage in any kind of labor, and he spent his days sitting at his doorway, placidly receiving the homage of the passers-by. At his side often rolled a smiling, sprawling great-grandchild, clothed in nature's modest garb. To this child would sometimes appear, in the doorway, a shrill-voiced woman, who would scold it in the heartiest manner ; but when one of his daughters-in-law or granddaughters-in-law addressed Grandfather Lark, her voice softened, in so far as that term is applicable to a Chinese voice. Unlike the prophets of olden-time, Grandfather Lark was honored, not only in his own village, but most especially in his own household.

Now, it happened that a few *li* off was another village, called The Village Where They Wear Pug Noses. Whenever a Happy Lark met a Pug Nose, he added to his usual greeting these words : “And the Grandfather is increasing in years.” Should the Pug Nose be the better man, he repudiated the statement by chastising the Lark ; otherwise he contented himself with shrill vituperation of all the Larks, beginning with the present representative, and extending as far into the past and the future as his breath and imagination could carry him.

Needless to say, these taunts cut. Many vows of retaliation were registered before the family tablets of the Pug Noses ; but it remained for one clever member of the village to discover a way of relief, a solution that promised to deal a crushing blow to the unbearable pretensions of the despicable Larks.

One warm summer evening the usual noisy crowd was gathered in the narrow street of the Village of the Happy Larks. On the gossiping, laughing gathering suddenly fell a thunderbolt in the shape of a

breathless young man, who burst excitedly into their midst and gasped out :

“ The Pug Noses have a new grandfather, who is older than Grandfather Lark.”

Imagine a child—a very small child, if you please—informed on good authority that there existed a greater man than his father. His mingled incredulity and rage and despair could not exceed the feelings of the astounded Larks. A greater than their patriarch! Treason! Assassination! Foreign devils! The good name of their village was gone forever if such a vile slander were allowed to live. The story must be denied at once. But, alas! denial does not necessarily disprove, even when backed by all the emphasis of the Chinese vocabulary and volubility. The story spread that a Pug Nose had returned home from a far off city, bringing with him an ancestor who was so old that the hitherto oldest man in the village declared that as a boy he remembered this man, even then an old man, with a white beard, leaving the Village Where They Wear Pug Noses. No one dared compute his age. He could not be less than a century old. It is true he looked much younger; but the evidence was conclusive enough for those who wished to accept it. The unpopularity of the Larks was shown by the readiness with which the neighboring villages did accept the story. They dubbed one village, The Village of the Little Old Man, and the other, The Village of the Very Old Man.

It was not long before Grandfather Lark heard what had taken place. All his family looked to him for help. Surely he, with his years and wisdom, could discover some means of dispelling the fearful cloud that darkened the fame of the once proud village. He, if any one, could vindicate the surprising magnificence of the Happy Larks. If nothing else could be done, he could at least ———. He was old, anyway, and ———. So they whispered to one another.

For several days the patriarch did nothing but sit in the sun and nod. You would have said the old man was in his dotage and cared not a cash for the honor of his family; but you are not Chinese. His anxious family knew better, and they whispered as they watched him : “ The Grandfather is consulting with the spirits of his ancestors. He will devise utter discomfiture to our enemies and increased glory to our family.”

One evening, at his usual hour, he rose and entered the house. He spent some time before the tablets of his ancestors. Then he climbed upon the big brick bed and soon, to all appearances, was asleep. But later, when the rest of the family had joined him and all were peace-

fully slumbering, he cautiously rose, made his way over the sleeping forms stretched upon the family bed, clambered to the floor, and stole, with cat-like tread, to the door. He paused a moment, silhouetted against the midnight sky, then he slipped out, and was gone.

He had roused all the family but not one stirred, until the old man had left the house. Then they sat up and whispered together, and hugged themselves for joy. The Honorable Grandfather had devised a scheme, and had gone to vindicate his family. No sorrow at the probability that they would never see him again intruded itself to mar their happiness. Through the long hours of the night they slept a peaceful sleep, enjoying in anticipation the coming triumph over their enemies.

Grandfather Lark passed noiselessly down the long crooked street, slowly picking his way amid the refuse and filth that often well-nigh blocked his path. Not a dog barked, not a soul stirred. The gods favored the old man's enterprise, and helped him on his way.

At last he was clear of the village, alone in the stillness of the night. A cold wind swept over the paddy fields. The old man shivered and drew his coat closer to him. Now and then he stumbled into a puddle of chilly water, and his felt shoes became cold and heavy. The road was uneven and treacherous, and more than once he fell headlong, soiling and wetting his garments. The pitiless stars seemed to sting him with their chilly points; the icy moon smiled scornfully on his miserable plight. A more wretched figure could not well be imagined. You would have pitied him could you have seen Grandfather Lark then. Yet he felt the need of no pity. He scarcely realized the discomforts of his journey. Like a great cat drowsily basking in the sunshine, the old man's mind basked in the glow of the supreme purpose he had formed. No need now for thought, or care, or anxiety. The die was cast. His family would be avenged.

Of a sudden he heard confused noises before him. He had barely time to crawl into the water by the roadside before a noisy party came along. They were disputing, and when they came opposite where the old man crouched, one of their number stopped and refused to go farther. It was the old grandfather of the Pug Noses.

"I will go no farther," he declared. "I promised to come and live for you; not to die for you."

"But we hired you to avenge our family honor. In order to do that it is necessary that you die. Do you think they will be able to hold up their heads before us if you are found dead in their village? We did not pick you up off the street—a man with no name or family

—and pay you money that you should merely eat the roof off our house. We bought you ; now, do your part. Son of a pig go on. They still declare that their old man is older than ours. You must prove our superior greatness by drowning yourself in their well.”

The old man protested again ; then he broke out into pitiful whinings and pleadings for mercy. Two of the men seized him. They stuffed part of his old blue cotton coat into his mouth. Then they grasped his arms and began dragging him forward. The others followed to the outskirts of the village, calling him a “pig going to the butcher.” The wretched man was dragged toward the village well at the other end of the long street.

They had nearly reached their destination when a dog barked. Almost instantly the whole village was awake. Dogs, men, babies, children, women, pigs rushed from every house, and the unfortunate Pug Noses were set upon by a crowd of excited Larks. In the rough handling that followed, the gag was torn from the old man’s mouth. He gasped out his story, and begged to be saved from his impending death.

“Ha !” cried the headman of the village, pushing his way to the centre of the crowd, “these snout-nosed swine would force you to commit suicide in our village, and make men believe a lie ! We shall satisfy you.”

He gave a few directions. The three were carried outside the village where the two Pug Noses were forced themselves to put a noose round their “grandfather’s ” neck and hang him to a tree. When the deed was done they fastened a placard to his queue, “The Sixty-Year-Old Pig of an Impostor.” The two Pug Noses shorn of their queues and cruelly beaten and maltreated, were finally turned out to seek their companions.

Bitter was the outcry when they joined the waiting group. For some time they consulted whether they should, few as they were, fall on the village of the Happy Larks and annihilate its inhabitants, or return and rouse their own villagers. The latter counsel, though violently opposed by the two queueless disgraced ones, finally prevailed, and some hours after they had left their own village they began to retrace their steps.

Where, in the meantime, was Grandfather Lark ? When the noisy band had passed him he climbed upon the road and continued his journey. He had not comprehended what the men had said, but some instinct made him press forward more rapidly, as though his time were short. He stumbled on, a feeble, tottering old man, nerved

by the one dominant feeling that in his hands lay the family honor, which he must vindicate. Before him lay a shining goal. He dimly felt rather than foresaw his body honored by his family, his tablet worshipped most reverently of all in their home, his name living on for centuries among the great ones of his line. He could not foresee the bitter feud that this night's deeds were to originate, nor the pitched battle of the following day, when his fellow-villagers attempted to bear him in triumph to his home, nor the many sad events of the years to come. Even could he have foreseen these he would have held to his purpose. All the instincts of his race urged him forward, and no power could turn him. He was about to do the noblest deed of which his creed knew.

He entered the village of the Pug Noses, and crept down the street until he reached the house where the headman lived. He put his hand to the door. It yielded. The men were away, though he did not know it, and the women were sleeping. The old man entered noiselessly and closed the door. Then slowly, carefully he crept, inch by inch, across the earthen floor, until he reached the brick bed. He crouched down beside it with a sensation of comfort in its warmth. He fumbled for a few moments in his clothes. When he had found what he sought he held it aloft in his trembling hand. There was no light to shine upon that sharp blade. There was no light to sparkle in the old man's eye. But he uttered a sigh of complete contentment as his hand drew down across his face and throat, and he fell into a huddled mass at his enemies' bedside.

SEE?

"If A is B, then B is C."
 Prove it! "Well, A is, you'll agree.
 Then if A is, and A is B,
 You must conclude that B is, see?"

—X. Y. Z.

TORONTO, A.D. 1905.

Jingle, jangle, trolley car,
 How I wonder where you are,
 In my house or in my shop,
 Will you never, never stop?

—X. Y. Z.

The American College of the West

BY RUBY M. JOLLIFFE, '03.

IN this article I will try briefly to express a few of my impressions of the American College of the West as typified by Whitman College, and contrast or compare some of the salient features of its life and government with those of Victoria, or the University College of the East.

One of the essential differences is in the course of study offered. The election system in vogue at Yale and Harvard Universities has been adopted very largely by the smaller American colleges. A student upon entering college chooses his major department. In addition, he is required to pursue throughout his course a number of minor or pass subjects, which broadens his course and lessens the tendency to over-specialization. For his major work he elects whatever courses he may wish out of a number outlined in the catalogue. This gives the student greater freedom in mapping out his course, and has been found to be of greater advantage to him than the method of prescribed work, where the electing and selecting is solely in the hands of the professor, whose choice must govern all alike. In a small college every course outlined is not given each year, but only such as are most generally elected. The aim of the college is to provide a broad, liberal education as a foundation, not only for the special, technical education of the University, but for the fuller experience and education which life everywhere affords.

Three courses are offered, leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Literature and Bachelor of Science. The first two stand for almost equal scholarship, the A. B. degree requiring more of the classics. The question is much discussed as to whether the standard A. B. degree, with its world-wide recognition, should not be adopted for all three courses, but at the present time most of the colleges of the United States grant the three distinct ensigns.

Yet, though the freedom in the choice of work be greater, the student is in some ways more restricted than in a University college, where he is under University *régime*. Attendance upon lectures is compulsory and a satisfactory excuse required for each absence. The writer wonders if "ping-pong tournaments," "hockey practices," etc., would have been judged "satisfactory" in the days of '03. Yet *à la* High School as this may seem, the stringency of the requirement is

somewhat mitigated by the fact that the lecturer loses no time in covering as thoroughly and concisely as possible all the work promised in his calendar, so that the student does not find toward the close of the term that two-thirds of the work remains for him to master alone.

Also the plan of daily recitation, which most of the colleges pursue, tends to limit the student within a certain routine of daily study and to prevent individuality in the mastery of his course; but it obviates the necessity, in the student's mind at least, for the final cram. Plug season is unknown! The disintegration of mental and physical powers in May a phenomenon! Aegrotats unheard of! Yet, who of us would not endure the strain for the inner joy and satisfaction of "skipping" and procrastinating?

Yet, in spite of such precautions against neglect of study, every institution recognizes the danger of athletics becoming the "be-all and the end-all here"; of athletics neglecting the "higher branches" in cultivating the "lower limbs." Here the student is encouraged to keep his growth symmetrical by Intercollegiate laws, which forbid participation in a game until his scholarship has reached a required grade.

The spirit of the college is essentially Christian, and, though denominational in its foundation, its development has necessitated a broadening out from and beyond sectarianism. The spirit which is inscribed upon the banner of Victoria, "The Truth shall make you free," is one with that which has made the ideal of Whitman College, "Culture and Character." The Faculty are men and women who have sought and found "the best things," and are endeavoring to show their students where they may find them.

Residence or dormitory life, you will admit, plays a great part in the development of the student. It is within these walls, the home of the student body, that their solidarity and college spirit is fostered. It is here, and not in the lecture-room, that students learn to know one another; it is here a student learns that man cannot live for himself alone and truly live; it is here he finds opportunity to learn lessons which the class-room or library does not teach. For here he can put theory into practice and study life itself. In the dormitory he develops a breadth of character nowhere else attainable. It is only with the help of the dormitory that the ideal of the American college—that of a liberal education—can be realized, and so the dormitory is an integral part of these institutions. Every college in the United States has its dormitories for boys and for girls, and every student not living at home is required to live within them.

The American college also fosters a closer bond of friendliness between faculty and student. This is particularly marked in the West, where the spirit of the college, as of the West itself, seems broader, freer, more independent and more natural than that of the more conservative East. Co-education is more in advance. The faculty do not stand aloof from the students, bending only upon solicitation, but each member shows himself interested in each individual student. He knows each student personally, and the progress he is making. He is ready to reprimand neglect of work, or to encourage and aid those who are in difficulty. He makes the enthusiasm of his own personality contagious, and is in every way a help and guide to those entrusted to his care. So that not only does a student bear away with him the indelible impressions of friendships with fellow-students, but of strong and helpful friendships with those who have gone over the road before.

The college of the West, too, is less exclusive and more democratic in spirit. There are less class distinctions and more independence and freedom from conventionalities among the students. The majority of those who are attending college are supporting themselves. The sons and daughters of wealthy landowners vie with their less fortunate classmates in proving their independence of cheques from home. The college, to encourage such a spirit, offers clerical work, work on the campus and in the dining hall to those who wish to earn their tuition or board. And there are few who do not avail themselves of the opportunity.

The students as a body are loyal, enthusiastic and strong. They have come to college, not because their parents did, not because ambitious parents send them, not because it is the fashion or the passport to society. But they come, many of them struggling against hostile winds, to test the value of an education such as their pioneer grandfathers did not have, to make use of the opportunities, now being so freely offered, of an education which will make them better and nobler citizens of the nation of which they are so proud.

Whitman College,
Walla Walla, Wash., U.S.A.

Idle Letters of an Idle Student

I.

VICTORIA COLLEGE LIBRARY, *February*, 1905.

CHERIE,—You are not to have a newsy letter this week, for you will see Eleanor very soon, and she will tell you all there is to tell. Instead, I am going to have a chat with you about a very idle half-hour I have just spent in the library.

Away down in the hazy depths of my memory is a quotation about eyes being the windows of the soul. This last half hour I have been gratifying my old-time childish desire to peek into other people's windows. Come with me and I'll tell you what I saw.

At the end of my table sits a little Freshette. You would say that her eyes were blue—delicious blue—"violets transformed to eyes," but I assure you they are of a distinctly roseate hue. What a glorious delightful world Miss Freshette sees through her windows, but how unreal! The rosy-colored panes catch and reflect the light in a way distinctly dazzling and bewildering to herself and to us. Blessed little Freshette, with all her troubles to come! May it be long, long, before cruel storms or rude hands shatter the pretty rose windows!

Opposite me you will see a pair of stained-glass windows. They belong to Miss Sophomore, and she has really had a very trying time. She began with rose-tinted panes, but after a year's time the storms came, and the pretty fragile things couldn't withstand the blasts. Here a little crack crept in, and there another, until one day they fell with a crash! Poor Miss Sophomore, in her sorrow she decided to retire from the world, and so she put in blue glass windows. That could not last, however, for her natural curiosity in the life around her revived, and so she tried to remedy matters by putting in little pieces of colored glass—red and yellow, and purple and white. She told me that it was a decided improvement on blue glass, and she is very hopeful of the final result, but at present the whole effect is rather bewildering. She cannot see clearly herself, and "the white radiance of eternity" is all stained and discolored before it reaches her.

The Master Workman came and offered to take out the colored and give her clear glass, but she thought she would enjoy her windows very much better if she made them herself. Perhaps it is better so, but think of all the glorious sunshine she is missing!

I feel still sorrier for a pair of windows farther down the table. Their owner hadn't patience to work with the stained glass, but after her rose windows broke, she just put in frosted panes at once. It is really dreadful, for she can't see into God's great beautiful world at all, and only a pale shadowy sunshine can force an entrance. Perhaps she won't be obdurate much longer. To-morrow I am going to coax her out for a long walk, and I shall grow quite eloquent regarding the cheer and healthfulness of clear glass and plenty of sunshine.

Wasn't it Jo in "Little Women" who used to leave the blinds of their cheery little sitting-room undrawn so that the passers-by might have a glimpse of the inward comfort and light? I always did love Jo for that. There are some little housekeepers like Jo at this very table, and on some of the "days that must be dark and dreary" it *is* comforting to look in and see the cosy warmth and the bright clear fire on the hearth within.

But do you know there are some who insist upon drawing the blinds tight and fast. Perhaps they are afraid of the best parlor carpet or something equally precious, or perhaps—and I shall only whisper it—perhaps some of the little home-makers have spent so much time and money on the hangings and curtains, that if we could see in, we should find an empty House Beautiful. What a pity!

I have saved my best till the last. Dear Lady Senioretta! Nature gave her beautiful silken curtains and hangings, and for four years she has toiled and hoped, until now she has clear, pure, transparent windows.

" True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them."

And how we love her for it! How we love to look in and catch a glimpse of the light shining deep and strong, and feel assured that some day *we* may possess just such a House Beautiful.

Chérie, I have been almost guilty of a sermon, haven't I? But unlike most of those who are compiling sermons near me, it has been written for myself. I am going to have a spring house-cleaning right away. I shall take off my double windows of Prejudice and Indolence, and clear away all the smudges of Conceit and Grumbling, so that the Blessed Sunshine may come in.

I am, carissima mia, ever thy

BETTY.

Book Reviews

The Earthly Purgatory. By MISS LILY DOUGALL. Toronto: Langton & Hall, 1905; pp. 345.

THIS novel, called also "The Summit House Mystery," is the work of the author of "Beggars All," "What Necessity Knows," "The Mormon Prophet," etc., who is, as I have said elsewhere, the best of our Canadian women novelists; indeed, her work is on a par with that of any of our novelists. This last work is the story of a mysterious crime which centres around two young ladies named "Smith," who have left New York and taken refuge in the mountains of Northern Georgia to escape from scenes that were hateful. Neil Durgan, a Southern gentleman who is forced to work, is mining near the "Summit," and gets acquainted with them. His wife had left him and taken up with a Spiritualist medium or charlatan by name of Charlton Beardsley, and he it was that was mysteriously connected with the events, or supposed to be, in the "Smith" family. Even the lawyer, Mr. Alden, who was an old lover of Miss Hermie, had never been able to fathom the mystery surrounding the Claxton (*alias* Smith) case, and the author cleverly conceals it from the reader up to almost the last page. Then we understand what an "Earthly Purgatory" Hermie Claxton has for years endured, and yet we must also feel that it was hardly worth the while. Miss Dougall excels in characterization, searching out the motives of action. In this she is easily our best writer. The descriptions of natural scenery are also in places of the finest quality, and everywhere good. As a tale of mystery the book ought to be popular and successful, and that on its merits.

Monarch, The Big Bear of Tullac. By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. Toronto: Morang & Co., 1904; pp. 213.

This work is a sort of historical novel of the grizzly of Golden Gate Park, or rather, as the author says, "a composite picture," of which the central figure is an abnormally clever grizzly. Needless to say, the story is very interesting, as interesting as it could be were a clever "human" put in the bear's place. Indeed, I don't see any difficulty in doing so, and that is the objection I have to Seton's animal stories. The illustrations are in much the same old Seton style we are all acquainted with. How would a book of his look without them? I fancy we should enjoy a change.

The Nibelungenlied: Translated in Rhymed English Verse in the metre of the Original. By GEORGE HENRY NEEDLER, Associate Professor of German in University College, Toronto. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1904; pp. xxxv.-349.

Dr. Needler's translation is a most excellent piece of work, easily first among English translations and a great credit to Canadian scholarship. There is an introduction of some thirty pages, of which the first part deals succinctly but clearly with the origin of the Nibelungensaga, its northern form, its preservation in the Nibelungenlied itself and the mythical and historical elements. The second part discusses manuscripts, evolution of the poem, the character of the poem, later forms of the saga, the poem and saga in modern literature, modern German and English translations and editions of the Nibelungenlied. This introduction is distinguished by its sanity, the only possible objection being that in the attempt to be brief some parts are so curtailed that they really are of little value. This could be urged against the section on manuscripts and on German translations. Objection might also be taken to the statement, under "The Northern Form of the Saga," that it had early become part of the national saga stock in England because it is mentioned in "Bēowulf" and the "Wanderer." Its mention there is rather due to the fact that both of these poems go a long way back in the history of the English, to the home on the continent, where even then the love of travel, so characteristic of Englishmen, made them the natural news-medium between the northern and southern Germanic tribes.

It is, of course, necessary and allowable to a verse translator to make use of archaic words such as *hight*, *holpen*, *eke*, *ween* (the past tense *weened* strikes one a bit more strange), *mickle* (dialectic), and possibly most unknown of all, *wood* (= mad). Sometimes the archaic quality of the vocabulary, combined with the forced, unnatural order of the words, makes one stop and think before understanding, as for instance in the line—

"The thing, behold, I eke full fain."

These remarks, however, are not to be considered as wishing to decry Dr. Needler's work. They rather prove that the author had a great many difficulties to overcome in giving us a fairly *literal* verse translation in the original metre. He has succeeded admirably, and, as I have already said, the work is a great credit to him. The publishers have done their part, the net result being a very tasty book.

L. E. HORNING.



A Biological Study in Orchids

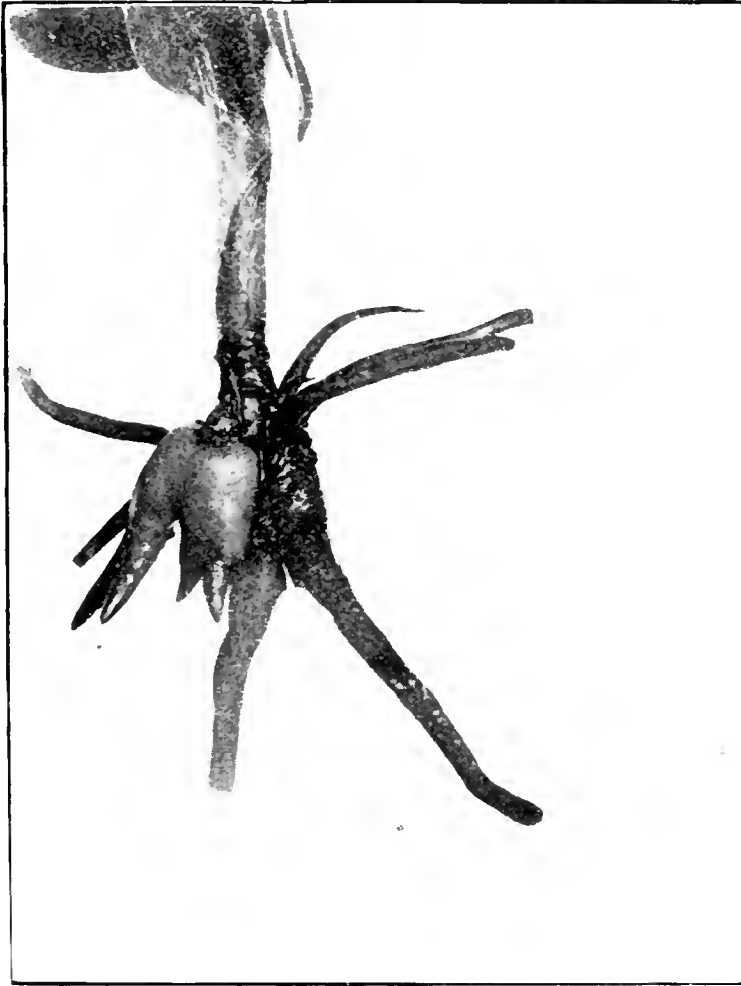
BY J. HORACE FAULL, PH.D.

M^{R.} DARWIN tells us in his "Origin of Species," that on a piece of cleared ground, three feet by two feet, 357 weeds sprang up, and out of these 295 were destroyed in the struggle for existence—mainly by slugs and insects. In another place he observed that out of twenty species growing on twelve square feet of lawn, nine were killed in competition with the remaining fourteen when the lawn was left uncut. He selected in a third experiment forty heads of red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), of which twenty were protected from the visits of humble bees. From the twenty unprotected heads he reaped 2,750 seeds, from the protected ones not one. Now, it is quite evident that the majority of the sixty-two survivors in the first experiment and the fourteen successful species in the second possessed superior qualifications over their fellows, which enabled them to maintain the occupancy of the common station where they happened to begin life together, and that red clover cannot reproduce without the aid of humble bees. The ecologist seeks to find out why these things are so. In other words, he is a student of the social problems of plants and animals or their life relations, and the adaptations that are favorable, or otherwise, in the life struggle.

Orchids provide many opportunities and much material for such research. And once having made their acquaintance, who is there that is not fascinated by them, and once having studied their adaptive structures has not been allured still further, as under a magic spell, to delve more deeply into the mysteries of their existence. The mere species-hunter simply finds an Elysium here, and is ready to go in search of that fabled orchid, whose deadly perfume poisons the breath of its ill-fated discoverer.

From one point of view, orchids have not been successful in the struggle for existence. In structure they exhibit the acme of specialization, but, withal, are found in small numbers. Perhaps their very

specialization should prepare us for this, as being an indication of the severity of the conditions to which they are subjected. Their flowers are shaped, and painted, and scented and endowed with nectar sufficiently, one would think, to attract their favored insect friends. Moreover, if visited, they make sure that their visitors carry off a packet or two of pollen grains. Yet they seldom reproduce by seed, in fruitfulness not to be compared with a thousand humbler plants that have



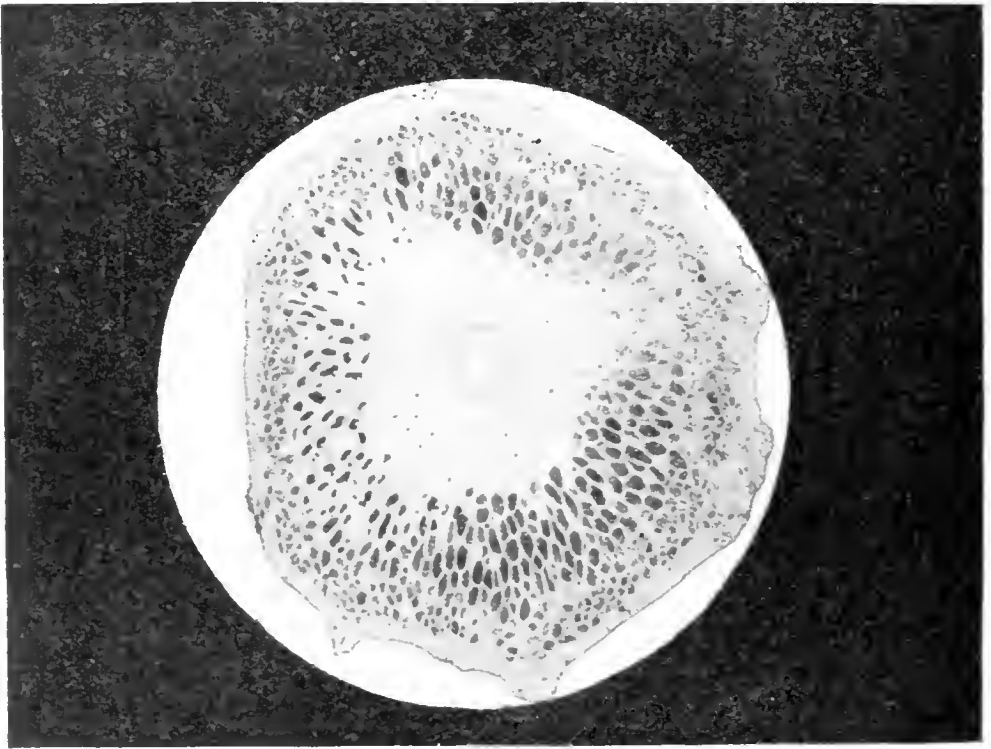
NEW AND OLD TUBERS OF AN ORCHID.

no apparent special attractions. The facts are that pollination is exceptionally successful, and that if fertilization is effected, their seeds are provided with little or no food for the microscopic embryos. Gardeners and horticulturists rarely sow orchid seeds.

Nevertheless, though individuals are scarce, and the naturalists has to search far and long for specimens, the number of species is very great, and from this point of view their struggle has been eminently

successful. Altogether there is the astounding number of 6,000 distinct species, and some reckon 10,000. An overwhelming majority of these are inhabitants of the tropics, few having been able to eke out an existence in colder regions. In Canada and the North Eastern States there are but sixty species. It is, indeed, a prolific family ; in fact, there is but one other family that contains a larger number of species.

Two reasons may be assigned for this abundance of species : First, by vegetative methods of reproduction, nearly every individual is certain of at least one offspring, so that a species once established is



SECTION OF ORCHID ROOT.

(The infected cells are dark.)

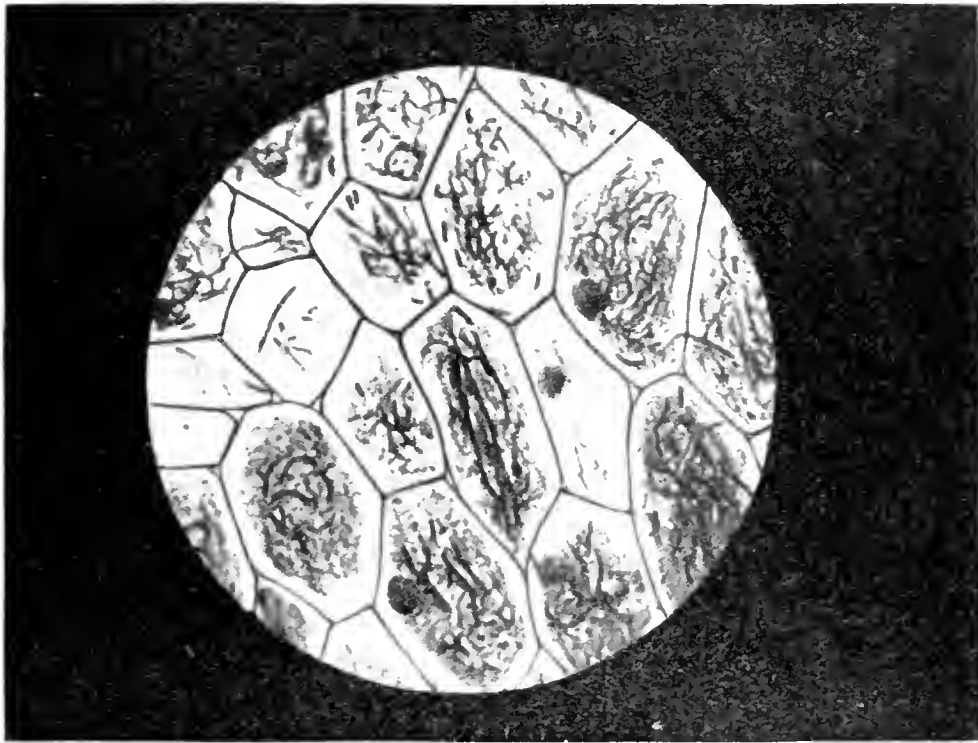
perpetuated, if not greatly increased, and second, they show a remarkable plasticity, adapting themselves to fit into all sorts of places and conditions.

Figure 1 illustrates one type of vegetative reproduction (*Habenaria viridis*). Each year a sort of bulb is produced, which replaces its exhausted parent in the following year, and so preserves the race from extinction in case the seeds are useless.

Every plant, and almost every organ, is an illustration of the plasticity of the family. Many observations have been made,

especially upon the flowers in this connection, but, though less frequently studied, the roots are likewise of great interest, and we shall speak further of them alone.

An acquaintance with orchid roots appreciably broadens our conceptions of those organs, for not only do they fill unusual rôles, but many of them have practically ceased to act as absorbing organs. Thus, the epiphytes possess certain elongated roots that dangle in the air, and that may even contain chlorophyll, thereby serving as organs of assimilation (the work of leaves). Further, the outer layers of cells, the so-called velamen, are so modified as to be able to take up and condense moisture and gases from the surrounding atmosphere.



FUNGUS GROWING IN ORCHID ROOT.

But the roots of our native orchids are equally wonderful, though they are hypogenous. Noticeably they are all greatly reduced, consisting of only a few coarse strands, which are devoid of rootlets—a few inches, or, at most, feet of roots if they were placed end to end, instead of scores or hundreds of yards as in most other plants of equal size. Indeed, reduction is carried to such an extreme that the coral root possesses no roots at all, underground stems functioning as such. How, then, does the plant secure the necessary nourishment from the soil? The answer to that question forms a chapter by itself.

It is with faint surprise that we discover that in some way certain fungi have been induced to make their home in earth-dwelling orchid roots or stems, and that they secure to their host a supply of food. Of course they get a return, and are not unpaid servants. They receive protection, and certainly such carbo-hydrate food as starch. There is, indeed, a true symbiosis between orchid and root fungus or mycorhiza.

The fungus makes its first entrance when the roots are young, and takes up its abode in the cortical tissue, filling up the cells as can be seen in illustration 3, and passing from cell to cell as may be detected in one or two places in the same photograph. Illustration 2 shows the infected area. At the same time the fungus maintains external connections, for a considerable portion of the mycelium is quite outside the plant. Frequently the connection is by way of the root hairs, sometimes their cavities being crowded with hyphæ.

This is an interesting feature, for root hairs are usually only absorbing organs, increasing the absorbing area of roots many times over; but here their formation has been shown in some cases to be connected with the development of the fungus, and their function to serve as a path outward.

With a greatly diminished and modified root system, the plant is very dependent upon its symbiotic guest. Just how it derives its food from this source, however, is a difficult question to solve, but almost certainly in two ways. The external portion of the fungus extracts nutritive salts from the soil and transmits them to the internal portion, where they are traded off to the host. Then the parts of the fungus living in cells, depleted of substances essential to its existence, die, and the remains constitute an available mass of highly-organized plastic food. Its debt is thereby fully paid.

A further differentiation in the system can be seen in illustration 1. The main part of the tuber consists of greatly thickened roots of unique internal structure, that contain quantities of reserve matter, to be used in the following spring by the new plant until connections with its symbiont can be established. The working roots are developed later, and are arranged in a circle just above the tuber. It is interesting to note that the latter house the fungus. Indeed, it may be that the store roots were never intended for its domicile, though it sometimes intruded upon them. It is obvious that if the tuberous organs are storehouses, it would not do to permit entrance to a hungry visitor. How the fungus is so generally kept out is a subject for further inquiry.

Jottings

ONE day Tyndall noticed that the air above a red-hot poker is free from dust. This interested him, and he tried to form a theory to explain his observation, and concluded that the currents of hot air dropped the dust as they rose.

Some years later Sir Oliver Lodge and Lord Rayleigh repeated the experiment, and had all but arrived at the same conclusion when a happy accident suddenly showed them that their theory was wrong; they electrified their poker strongly, and found that it cleared the dust from the air much better. Lodge followed this new clue until he was stopped by lack of a dynamo that would furnish the current that he required. Then he waited, perforce, for some years until one was invented.

Lately he has put his idea into usable form. At Liverpool a high wire, carefully insulated, was charged with electricity at a million volts on a foggy day, and it cleared the fog for a distance of one hundred and eighty feet. Lodge said that such an instalment at each side of a harbor mouth would keep the channel clear of fog and countless accidents could be averted.

Other and equally striking uses have been suggested for Lodge's invention. Workmen in paint and arsenic factories suffer from lead and arsenic poisoning, and many of them die of it. Lodge's invention would lay the poisonous dust and make the air quite wholesome. So the dust of flour mills could be abolished, and if the invention were applied to a factory chimney, it would collect and save all the smoke.

IN the last few weeks automobile races have been held in Florida, and many records have again been broken. Mr. Bowden now holds the mile record, for he covered that distance in $32\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, which is equal to a rate of almost a hundred and ten miles an hour. The car that he used was an imported one, of course, for no American auto has yet covered a mile in less than forty seconds. Brother Jonathan is still far behind his trans-Atlantic rivals in the making of autos.

The auto races were followed by motor boat races at Palm Beach. This form of amusement is newer and more expensive than motoring on land, and is growing fast in popularity. The fastest time yet made by a motor boat was over a stretch of eight miles at the Palm Beach races; the *Challenger* covered this distance at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour.

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Editorial.

The Separate School Question

"It is this double aggression by Roman Catholic bishops and their supporters, in assailing, on the one hand, our Public Schools and school system and invading what has been acknowledged as sacred constitutional rights of individuals and municipalities, and, on the other hand, in demanding the erection and support, at the public expense, of a Roman Catholic hierarchical system, which has aroused to so great an extent the people of Upper Canada against permitting the continuance any longer of the provisions of the law for Separate Schools."—DR. RYERSON.

HISTORY repeats itself; and to-day we can take the words of the revered founder and defender of our National Schools, uttered nearly fifty years ago, and apply them to our own time. For another crisis in the history of our Dominion has been reached. Another of those circumstances has arisen which have in the past so roused the passions and prejudices of men, and have thus been largely responsible for the cleavage which exists between different sections of our Canadian population. Of such circumstances few have engaged the minds of men as much as has the question of Separate Schools.

Indeed, we can safely say that since this question became a vital issue in our political life it has been as fruitful a source of fear, suspicion and jealous intrigue as any which our country has had to face. This statement is fully borne out in a short review of the history of Separate Schools in Ontario, a history almost co-extensive with that of National Schools.

Prior to 1841 there were no well-defined enactments for the regulation and conduct of primary schools. To be sure temporary measures were passed and grants were made now and then, but they were spasmodic and had little influence on the educational life of the people. Consequently the state of education at the time of the Union of 1840 was deplorable, and in the first session of the United Parliament it was determined "to make provision for the establishment and maintenance of Common Schools throughout the Province."

Opposition at once sprang up to the proposed bill, both from the Catholics and Protestants, and petitions were sent to the Houses, presenting the claims of each party to introduce religious teaching into the schools. As the two parts of the new province had equal representation, a deadlock ensued and the bill was referred to a special committee of the House, on which Lower Canada had fifteen members and Upper Canada only eight. The result was to be expected. Acting hastily and under undue external pressure from the advocates of dogmatic religious teaching, the committee amended the bill in many important particulars. Among other things it provided for the establishment and support of Separate Schools "when any number of persons merely dissented from the regulations, arrangements and proceedings of the Common School Commissioners." Thus arose under most peculiar circumstances that principle of Separate Schools which has since given rise to so much prolonged and bitter controversy and discord.

It was soon found that the bill was not acceptable to either province, as it was felt that the grounds for dissent from the Public Schools were too general, and were provoking rivalry and division in many neighborhoods. Consequently a new bill was passed, granting Separate Schools upon a different and much more limited basis. Not until 1852 was any demand made for the extension of the principle of Separate Schools. In that year Bishop Charbonnel, of Toronto, made certain representations on the school question to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada, to which the latter replied, in part as follows: "It is here claimed that the Pope and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church are the

only persons authorized by God himself to direct the education of youth, and therefore that all others undertaking that work are invading the prerogative of God : that all legislation on the subject must have the sanction of the bishops with the Pope ; and that they have done and will do all in their power to overthrow or modify every system of public instruction from the school to the university which is not under their control. . . . The claims set up by your Lordship are not merely for 'religious liberty and equal rights,' but for the absolute supremacy and control on the part of your bishops, with the Pope, in our system of public instruction." This statement, which was not denied, accurately describes the whole attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy from that day down to the present issue, when the Papal ablegate is exerting such sway in our national councils.

Such being the avowed position of the Roman Catholics, one can readily understand how difficult was the task imposed on Dr. Ryerson in doing all in his power "to resist—come from what quarter it may—every invasion of 'the blessed principles of religious liberty and equal rights' among all classes of Upper Canada." Subsequent events fully showed that had there been a less determined and able exponent and defender of our National System of Education, the hierarchy would have made vast inroads into it. Would that we now had a Dr. Ryerson to meet and offset their insidious advances !

By keeping up an active struggle for the extension of the Separate School system Bishop Charbonnel succeeded, in 1853, in securing a revision of the law whereby all supporters of such schools were exempted from local or municipal school rates, and each Separate School was to share in the legislative grant, though not in the municipal assessment. But even yet he was not satisfied, and with unabated vigor continued his agitation for still more generous facilities for the support and organization of schools in order to secure absolute authority over the education of Catholic children. In 1854 the bishops presented to the Government a draft of a bill they wished carried on the subject, which received a careful analysis by Dr. Ryerson, the conclusion of which is worthy of consideration at the present juncture : "The features I have exhibited sufficiently prove that it contemplates the complete destruction of our Public School system, and the subjection of the school funds, municipalities and property, and the whole population of Upper Canada, to a religious domination such as is without a parallel in any age, and is incompatible with the free government or liberties of any country. I doubt

whether the ingenuity of man could devise under meeker pretensions and in fewer words the destruction of the educational institutions and the constitutional liberties of a whole people and their prostrate subjection under the feet of a religious denomination."

Shortly afterwards a private member introduced a bill in favor of Separate Schools, which, owing to Dr. Ryerson's influence, was defeated, "for doing which the Roman Catholic members of the Government and others were denounced and excommunicated by Bishop Charbonnel, who thus employed the highest power of the priesthood to control Upper Canada school legislation and Government."

In this same year Bishop Charbonnel, in a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, said: "Catholic electors in this country who do not use their electoral power in behalf of Separate Schools are guilty of mortal sin. Likewise, parents who do not make the sacrifices necessary to secure such schools, or send their children to mixed schools. Moreover, the confessor who would give absolution to such parents, electors or legislators as support mixed schools to the prejudice of Separate Schools would be guilty of mortal sin."

In 1863 Mr. R. W. Scott, now Senator Scott, succeeded in passing a Separate School Act through Parliament, after it had been greatly modified, but it was done only by members from Lower Canada voting down the majority of the Upper Canada members. Dr. Ryerson gave his consent to the bill, but only on a thorough understanding from the heads of the Catholic Church that the bill would be considered by them to be a final settlement of the question. In two years they were again complaining and agitating.

In explanation of his support of the bill Dr. Ryerson, in 1865, published a narrative of the events leading up to it, concluding as follows: "I affirm, therefore, that the passage of the Separate School Act of 1863 was an honorable compact between all parties concerned for the final settlement of that question; and that the renewed agitation of it, in less than two years, is not only a violation of that compact, but a warning to the people of Upper Canada that if they are compelled again to legislate on the subject, their peace and the safety of their institutions will require them to sweep the last vestiges of the Separate School law from their statute book, and place all religious persuasions in the same relation of equality to their schools as exists in the New England States."

In 1866 another attempt was made to extend the privileges of the Separate Schools, but it proved abortive and Ontario entered into the

Confederation in the condition in which she was placed by the Act of 1863. The education clauses of the B.N.A. Act of 1867 are well-known to all and need not be repeated here. Since that time until lately matters continued much as they were then. During the last few years the exponents of the Separate Schools have again become aggressive in their agitations for larger liberties for the system, as witness the recent Downeyville school case.

We have entered thus fully into these aspects of the history of the Separate School question in Ontario to show beyond doubt what is the attitude of the hierarchy on this great matter of education. A similar study in the case of other provinces would reveal the same spirit at work unceasingly. We have not space here to consider them, but everyone remembers the stand taken by the Roman Catholic clergy on the Manitoba School question, and that there also they did not hesitate to use their spiritual powers to intimidate their people and compel them to fight not for any national ideal, but for the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

The question with which Senator Power prefaced his pamphlet on the Manitoba Remedial Bill is a fair index of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church: "Would the passing of the Remedial Bill be a benefit to the interests of our religion in Canada?" It was not a question as to whether it would be a benefit to Manitoba. The same spirit is manifested in a recent article appearing in *The Northwest Review*, where we read concerning the present issue: "Let no true Catholic allow his political bias to overshadow his religious convictions. Conservatives who are Catholics first of all will understand what we mean."

After seeing so many proofs of the presence of such a spirit among the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, it is not surprising that Protestants should be shocked and mortified to find the Prime Minister of our great free land submitting to the dictation not merely of the Canadian prelates—that in itself would be humiliation enough—but of the Papal ablegate—a foreigner—and that in matters concerning the whole people, and not the Catholics only. Here is the acme of ecclesiastical domination, a domination peculiarly galling in that it is exerted by aliens utterly ignorant of those great principles of liberty so dear to every true Canadian. This principle of outside interference Dr. Ryerson rejected with characteristic strenuousness: "I deprecate the interference of bishops and priests in Lower Canada or their representatives with the school system of Upper Canada, the wishes of whose inhabitants and their representatives are entitled to no less

consideration than those of Lower Canada, especially when the fundamental principle of our school system is equal and impartial protection to all religious persuasions and equal educational advantages for all." On this principle, at least, we think all Canadians should be united, the principle of true autonomy.

When we ask ourselves the question as to whether the law should abolish Separate Schools altogether, we face a serious problem. To do so would be to crush out freedom, the freedom that a man has to have his children educated wherever he wishes. As private institutions Separate Schools undoubtedly have a right to exist in any free land. Perhaps even their supporters ought to be allowed exemption from Public School rates, though many refuse to admit that. In the United States such a privilege, we understand, is not granted. At any rate it does not seem consistent with the public welfare to go farther and make a grant out of the public revenues as an endowment for the exclusive teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. It was here Dr. Ryerson took his stand, describing such action as "never heard of in any free country, and subversive of the right of individual liberty and choice among the Roman Catholics, and inconsistent with the rights of municipalities and of individual property among the Protestants."

Most strongly do we feel that when a country has laid the foundations of a splendid National School system, and raised the superstructure, it would be suicidal to give any encouragement to reactionaries whose whole aim appears to be to place creed first and a strong, united, well educated and loyal nation second. It is, we know, objected that unless some religious instruction be given in Public Schools the morals of the nation will deteriorate. But one cannot well understand how the morals of any people could degenerate to a lower state than those of the European countries where national education had not until recently been introduced. And we feel quite safe in risking a comparison of the moral natures of the children in our Public Schools with those in the Separate Schools of either Ontario or Quebec. Protestants, we venture to say, are quite as anxious about the moral status of the community as are Catholics, and yet they do not hesitate to send their children to the Public Schools. And the advantages accruing from them are enormous. Provided with a mental and social preparation equal to that of his companions, the youth goes out from the Public School into the great struggle of life acquainted with "the habits, views and associations of those with whom his pursuits and fortunes are linked," and

prepared to meet them on their own ground. But, if the children of our land are to be cooped up in separate communities, each representing some ecclesiastical or racial prejudices, it can hardly be expected that they will become amalgamated and learn to respect one another's liberties and views. "We will grow Protestants and grow Catholics and degrade seminaries for the universal mind of the country into rival garrisons of faction." Childhood is the impressionable age, and if the growing population are kept separate until they have reached the age of maturity they will never be able to shake off prejudice and suspicion and unite to advance the interests of Canada and civilization. What, then, could we do with such a conglomerate mass as Canada is yearly receiving into her borders. Almost our only hope of assimilating these into good Canadian citizens lies in the great National School system, wherein "the common lessons of a free citizenship are received, sympathetic relations established between the various elements of the population and a common spirit of patriotism engendered."

Along this line Dr. Ryerson says: "I think that no one will maintain that Separate Schools are expedient for the interests of the State. Nay, those interests are more or less injured by every act of class legislation: and its strength is weakened by every sectional division which its citizens have created by law. . . . It was a source of individual pride and of strength to the State in ancient days for a man to say '*Romanus sum*.' So would it be to us now under a legislation of 'equal rights and privileges,' without distinction in regard to sect or party, for a man to say '*Canadensis sum*,' standing in all respects upon the equal ground of right and privilege with every other man in Canada in relation to the State and to the law. The tendency of the public mind and of the institutions of Upper Canada is to Confederation and not to isolation, to united effort and not to divisions and hostile effort, in the things in which all have a common interest. The efforts to establish and extend Separate Schools are a struggle against the instincts of Canadian society, against the necessities of a sparsely populated country, against the social and political present and future interest of the parents and youth thus separated from their fellow-citizens."

Archbishop Ireland (R.C.), of St. Paul, some years ago said: "It is idle for me to praise the work of the State School of America in imparting secular instruction. It is our pride and glory. The Republic of the United States has solemnly affirmed its resolve that within its borders no clouds of ignorance shall settle upon the minds of the

children of its people. The Free School of America! Withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction!" And, adjusting his words to our own excellent Public School system, we cry "Amen."

NOTE.—We are largely indebted for material for this article to the work of Dr. J. G. Hodgins on Separate Schools in Upper Canada. We have quoted Dr. Ryerson to such an extent because he is generally recognized as the greatest authority of his day on school matters in Canada, and because his utterances are matured and thoughtful, displaying a comprehensive grasp worthy of so great a statesman. And in the matter of Separate Schools, as in many other things, "he being dead yet speaketh," and that in no uncertain or compromising tones.



The judges who have examined the essays and stories submitted in the competitions conducted by ESSAY AND STORY CONTEST. ACTA have awarded the prize in the Essay Contest to Mr. J. L. Rutledge for his essay on "The Prince of Ballad Makers"; and at the same time commended very highly Miss Switzer's essay on "The Gospel of Work." In the story contest, for which a prize of ten dollars was offered by ACTA Board, first place was given to "The Price of Honor," by Mr. E. W. Wallace, B.A., with commendation of "The Transformation of Mary Baldwin," by Mr. A. E. Elliott.

ACTA Board desires publicly to express its gratitude to the Committee of Judges who have kindly consented to act for us in that capacity despite the fact of their time being so fully occupied.

It is a matter of regret that more of our students are not willing to enter these contests. The prizes are offered to stimulate effort, but for some reason they seem to have little effect. Other College journals can secure an abundance of essays and stories from the students, while ACTA has to struggle hard to persuade three or four to enter a contest, even though a fairly substantial reward is offered. On behalf of our successors we trust that the students will see in these contests an opportunity worthy of being seized, to develop their own literary style and at the same time encourage those who are struggling to keep the columns of ACTA filled with bright, readable material.



MISS CLARA M. WOODSWORTH, '01, has been appointed lady Principal of Alma College in place of Miss Bollert, M.A., who goes to Columbia University, N.Y., to enter upon the work of the fellowship lately awarded her. Miss Woodsworth has been on the teaching staff of Alma for a year, and her rapid promotion is the reward of her excellent work.

THE resignation of Miss Bollert also left vacant the position of instructor in modern languages. This has been filled by the appointment of Miss Alice F. Henwood, '99, an honor graduate in that department, with successful experience in teaching.

THE address of D. A. Walker, '04, is 324 East 12th Street, Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Walker is engaged in actuary work.

REV. T. WILBUR PRICE, '01, has taken to himself a wife in the person of Miss Frances Sherwood, of Medicine Hat. Mr. Price is stationed at Elm Creek, in the Manitoba Conference.

P. D. HARRIS, '95, has charge of the History Department in the College Institute, Winnipeg.

Victoria Graduates in Legislative Halls

IN all walks of life the graduates of Victoria are to be found in the forefront. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise to find that when they enter politics they rapidly rise into the very highest prominence. Victoria is now represented by two members in the Ontario Legislature, Hon. J. W. St. John and Hon. W. A. Willoughby, and has also two of her graduates in the House of Commons at Ottawa, Hon. Clifford Sifton and Dr. A. A. Stockton, K.C. We present below a brief sketch of each of them.

HON. JOSEPH WESLEY ST. JOHN, M.A., was born in the Township of Brock in 1854. His education was received in local schools and in Victoria University at Cobourg, from which he graduated in 1881, being granted his M.A. degree in 1884. After practising as an attorney for some years, Mr. St. John was called to the bar in 1894, and has practised ever since in the City of Toronto. He was elected

a member of the Legislative Assembly in 1894, but was defeated in the elections of 1898. He re-entered the House in 1902, and was again successful at the recent elections. He has shown marked ability in the debates of the House, and was one of the foremost fighters of the Conservative party while in Opposition. The Premier has now designated him as Speaker of the Assembly, the duties of which office he will undoubtedly discharge with dignity and honor to himself. Mr. St. John is a well-known Church worker, with a special interest in the Sunday-school. He is also a member of the Senate of Victoria University.

HON. WILLIAM ARNISON WILLOUGHBY, M.D., is, like so many other good men, of Irish extraction, and was born in the Township of West Gwillimbury, in 1844. After the usual Grammar School training he enrolled in the Medical Faculty of Victoria College and graduated in 1867. He entered municipal politics in the village of Colborne, and after serving that municipality in various capacities became warden of Northumberland and Durham. In 1886 he was returned as member of the Legislative Assembly for East Northumberland, and has been successful at every general election since that time with the exception of that of 1898. He soon became known as one of the most aggressive and effective debaters on the Opposition side of the House during the Liberal tenure of power. When Hon. Mr. Whitney was entrusted with the task of forming a new ministry, Dr. Willoughby was chosen by him to enter the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio. He holds the post of surgeon in the 40th Battalion of Volunteer Militia.

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON, B.A., K.C., is also of Irish descent, his birth-place being London Township, Middlesex County. After preliminary training in the London High School and the Dundas Boys' School, he entered Victoria University, from which he graduated in 1880 with the Prince of Wales gold medal. It was while Mr. Sifton was in College that the first number of ACTA VICTORIANA was published, and the name of C. Sifton appears therein as first Business Manager. In 1882 he was called to the Manitoba bar and began the practise of his profession in Brandon. He was created a Q.C. in 1895. In 1888 he entered the Manitoba Assembly as Liberal member for North Brandon, and in 1891 entered the cabinet of Mr. Greenway as Attorney General. It was during the conflict between the Governments of Manitoba and the Dominion over the question of provincial control of education that Mr. Sifton came especially into prominence as a staunch opponent of the coercion policy of the Tupper adminis-

tration. It was Mr. Sifton who introduced into the Manitoba Legislature the resolutions refusing to carry out the Dominion Government's Order-in-Council for the restoration of Separate Schools and protesting against the passing of the Remedial Bill. In 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power as the champion of provincial rights, he invited Mr. Sifton to enter his Cabinet, which he did, resigning his post in the Manitoba Government to become Minister of the Interior under Mr. Laurier. The development of the west is the work nearest to Mr. Sifton's heart, and he has shown conspicuous ability in that field, being recognized, in fact, as one of the strongest men in the Liberal ranks in Dominion politics. That he is a man whose devotion to principle comes before his loyalty to a party leader is seen in his manly stand on the Provincial Autonomy Bill and his resignation from the Cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Sifton has the congratulations of his Alma Mater on his championship of the principle of provincial control of education and his opposition to forcing Separate Schools on the West.

ALFRED AUGUSTUS STOCKTON, M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., K.C., comes of United Empire Loyalist stock, and was born in New Brunswick in 1842. His education was received at the Academy and the University of Mount Allison, where his course was an extremely creditable one. He graduated in 1864 at head of his class, and was granted his M.A. in 1867, and was also given the degree of D.C.L. by his Alma Mater in 1884. After graduating in Arts he took a course in the Faculty of Law, Victoria University, taking in 1867 the degree of LL.B., which was made LL.D. in 1887. In 1868 he was called to the bar of his native province and began the practise of his profession at St. John, where his forensic ability and legal knowledge soon won him an eminent position in the courts. He became a lecturer in Constitutional and Admiralty Law in the law school of New Brunswick, and besides having edited several volumes of law reports, is the author of a number of works on legal subjects. He was created a K.C. in 1891. He was elected to the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick in 1883 and continued to serve the city of St. John as its representative for some sixteen years. Though he had entered the Assembly as a Liberal member he presently found himself out of harmony with the views of his party and was elected as the Leader of the Conservative Opposition in 1892. During his term in the Assembly he was named as one of a commission to examine into and report on the law, practise and constitution of the courts of the province. Entering the field of Dominion politics in the recent

elections, he carried the city and county of St. John in the Conservative interest. Dr. Stockton is a prominent member of the Methodist Church and has sat in the General Conference of that body. In 1883 he was granted the degree of Ph.D. by Illinois Wesleyan University. His wife is the daughter of Dr. Pickard, late principal of Mount Allison University. Ronald Stockton, '08, is a son.

Years Gone By

WE continue below the list of the names, addresses, and professions of our graduates by years begun in our last number. As we stated then, we shall be grateful for any information that will correct inaccuracies or supply the gaps in the list below. In this connection it may be stated that a card catalogue of the graduates, prepared at the cost of no little labor by Professor Lang, has been placed in the Library Annex in the College building, where it may be consulted by those desiring information as to the whereabouts of Victoria's alumni. From our '94 list in the last number the name of Rev. J. A. Ayearst was inadvertently omitted. Mr. Ayearst is pastor of the Methodist Church at Lucan :

The Class of '92.

Gilbert Agar is pastor of Westmoreland Avenue Methodist Church, this city, and resides at 270 Westmoreland Ave.

W. F. Allan is a Presbyterian divine at Innisfail, Alta., N.W.T.

W. H. Barraclough has charge of the Methodist interests at Dawson City, Yukon.

J. Nelson Brown is at Franklin, Man.

H. S. Dougall, M.A., '99, B.D. (Yale), is the Methodist minister at Walkerton, Ont.

Egerton R. Doxsee is classical instructor in Albert College, Belleville.

E. S. Howard is teaching in the Collegiate Institute at Owen Sound, Ont.

A. G. Hudson is pastor of the Methodist Church at Gravenhurst, Ont.

Clifford B. Keenleyside, B.D. (Yale), is in business in London, Ont.

G. E. Kennedy is head master of the High School at Stirling, Ont.

F. D. Kerr is practising law at Peterboro, Ont.

F. J. Livingstone, M.D., is a medical missionary in South Africa, residing at Durban, Natal.

S. E. Marshall, B.D. (Yale), is pastor of the Norfolk Street Methodist Church, Guelph, Ont.

J. J. Morgan is on the staff of the Simcoe High School.

John Robson is Methodist minister at Fernie, B.C.

G. F. Rogers is head master of the Seaforth Collegiate Institute.

W. L. Rutledge has charge of Central Methodist Church, in Woodstock.

C. T. Scott is pastor of Dundas Street Centre Church London. (Address, 484 Dundas Street, London).

B. R. Strangways, B.D., is pastor of the Methodist Church at Parry Sound.

I. B. Wallwin has charge of Empress Avenue Methodist Church, London, Ont. (Address, 1 St. Andrew St., London).

R. Whiting is pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, this city, and resides at 11 Avenue Place.

Norman Williams is practising law at Los Angeles, Cal.

The following members of the class of '92 have died since graduating: Arthur Allin, Ph.D.; Rev. P. H. Allin, W. M. Doxsee, Rev. F. E. Fletcher.

The Class of '91.

Robert B. Beynon is the Methodist minister at Innisfil, Ont.

F. L. Brown has charge of the Methodist Church at Tottenham, Ont.

Miss Nettie Burkholder is lady principal of the O.L.C. at Whitby.

R. A. Daly is connected with the Geological Survey, Ottawa.

Miss Clara De Lany is at Cobourg, Ont.

D. Earl is Methodist minister at Upper Bedford, Que.

T. J. Edmison, B.D., is stationed at Brighton, Ont.

Wm. Gamble, B.C.L. (McGill), is practising law in Ottawa. (Address, 574 Somerset St., Ottawa).

R. G. Graham is head master of the Gananoque High School.

W. K. Hagar is Methodist pastor at Bolton, Ont.

Miss Minnie Highet, M.A., '92, Ph.D., is at Elmira, N.Y.

Miss E. M. Kerr is residing at Cobourg, Ont.

Miss M. F. Libby is teaching in Morrisburg Collegiate Institute.

W. McMullen is Methodist pastor at Florence, Ont.

W. P. Olds resides at 1721 Davenport Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

T. E. Perrett is school inspector at Edmonton, Alta.

W. E. Pescott is a Methodist preacher in Vancouver, B.C.

G. W. Robinson is stationed at Creemore, Ont.

T. K. Sidey is Associate Professor of Latin in the State University of Washington, Seattle.

C. T. Sleman is on the staff of the Oshawa High School.

W. F. Smith is in charge of Colborne Street Methodist Church, Brantford, Ont. (Address, 148 Park Ave., Brantford.)

R. J. Stallwood.

W. J. Sykes is teaching in the Collegiate Institute at Ottawa.

A. W. Taylor is in insurance business at Ingersoll, Ont.

Thos. Voaden is in Zion City, Ill.

William J. Waite is in Denver, Col.

G. W. Westwood.

J. S. I. Wilson, B.D., '97, is Methodist pastor at Flesherton, Ont.

The Class of '90.

Henry Bayley, B.D.

J. Wesley Bellamy is head master of the Colborne High School.

C. V. Campbell is teaching at Windsor, Ont.

A. B. Carscallen is a lawyer at Wallaceburg, Ont.

W. G. Clark is the Methodist minister stationed at Little Britain, Ont.

Richard Corrigan, B.D., '93, occupies the Methodist pulpit at Iroquois, Ont.

W. B. Creighton, B.D., '94, is on the staff of the *Christian Guardian*, at Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

G. Drewry is practising law at Brighton, Ont.

H. T. Ferguson, B.D., '93, is pastor of the Methodist church at Mono Road, Ont.

Adolphus Fowler is a Presbyterian minister at Kansas City.

A. H. Going has charge of the Centennial Church, London, Ont. (Address, 850 Dundas Street).

A. J. Gordon, M.D., is a practising physician and druggist at Winnipeg, Man.

W. E. Hassard B.D., '03, is pastor of Gerrard Street Church, Toronto. (Address, 358 Sackville Street).

A. J. Irwin, B.D., '93, is pastor of Norwich Methodist Church.

Juzo Kono resides in Tokyo, Japan.

J. G. Lewis is pastor of Mark Street Church, Peterboro, Ont.

Melancthon Libby is engaged in professional work at Boulder, Col.

A. W. C. Massey is on the staff of the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute.

J. E. Minns is head master of Tillsonburg High School.

H. S. Osborne, B.D., '93, is in charge of the Methodist interests at Shawville, Que.

J. Pritchard, M.D. (McGill), is a physician at North Wakefield, Que.

E. E. Snider is head master of the High School at Arthur, Ont.

H. H. Schuyler, is agent for the Metropolitan Life Assurance Co. at Simcoe, Ont.

J. H. Riddell, B.D., '92, is principal of Alberta College, Edmonton, Alta.

W. B. Tucker, B.D., '93, is pastor of the Methodist Church at Orono, Ont.

C. P. Wells, B.D. (Yale), is in charge of the Methodist cause at Ethel, Ont.

Miss E. O. Woods (now Mrs. J. W. Hannon) resides in Prince Albert, Sask.

W. R. Young, D.D., is in charge of the First Methodist Church at St. Thomas.

E. J. Sanford, of this class, died since graduation.

Obituary

THE death occurred suddenly on February 2nd of the wife of Mr. Justice B. M. Britton, B.A. '56, M.A. '68. While walking in the University grounds Mrs. Britton was seized with faintness and expired within half an hour. She was widely known and greatly beloved, being active in philanthropic and Christian work. ACTA extends its sympathy to the stricken husband and family.

MR. WILLIAM WILKINSON, B.A. '68, M.A. '71, Inspector of Public Schools for the City of Brantford, died very suddenly on February 2nd of heart failure, resulting from acute indigestion. Mr. Wilkinson assumed the principalship of the Central Public School at Brantford immediately after graduating from Victoria and has rendered splendid service to the cause of education since that time; in fact, there is no doubt that his zeal and devotion to his work hastened his death. He had just received the appointment as Inspector of Brantford's Public Schools, the recognition of his long term of faithful services as a teacher. A good educationist, from the very nature of his work, must be a good man, and the best qualities of manhood combined to make Principal Wilkinson a teacher capable of working not only upon the minds but also upon the characters of the many generations of pupils who came under his influence. Upright, kindly, cheerful, patient, he will be remembered gratefully by them all. His death leaves a vacancy in Wellington Street Methodist Church, of which he was an active and zealous member. ACTA joins in the general regret at the loss of so good a man and so able a leader in the educational work of the province.

Exchanges

ACTA blushingly acknowledges the very complimentary remarks so kindly passed upon us by many of our exchanges. Some of them have not hesitated to say about us what, of course, our modesty would prevent us from saying of ourselves, namely, that in the field of college journalism we stand in the very front rank. Our Christmas number, especially, has excited our contemporaries' admiration, and we may confess that we were secretly a little proud of it ourselves. It is encouraging to find that our humble efforts are being noted and applauded. We are grateful for these expressions of appreciation and shall continue to try to deserve all of them and more of them.

THE current number of *McMaster University Monthly* is a specially interesting one, containing two of the prize stories written for the competition instituted by the *Monthly*. One of these is a vivid college story and the other one of those animal stories now so popular. The latter is particularly good. All the material of the *Monthly* shows literary ability and the greater part of it is contributed by undergraduates.

WE are pleased to note the marked improvement in the quality and outward appearance of the *Brandon College Monthly* since it first came under our notice. It is significant of the enterprise of the students of Western colleges that they are undertaking, with their comparatively small contributions, the publication of college magazines that emulate the more pretentious ones issued by their fellow-students of Eastern institutions.

THE *Trinity University Review* is an exchange for which we have only words of commendation. The editorials of the February number we found particularly interesting. One of those deals with the question of Church Union and very pertinently remarks on the disproportionate importance attached by the various denominations to those doctrines which differentiate them from others. The *Review* suggests an experiment with Church Union on a small scale in some one town. We fear, however, such an experiment would be neither practicable nor indicative of the results of a large union. The remarks on "College Publications" are also to the point, and we should be very much pleased to see some definite steps taken to carry out the proposals for a convention of college editors, a suggestion which was first noticed, we believe, by the *O. A. C. Review*.



The Indians on the Pacific Coast

BY NEATA MARKLAND, '07.

IN British Columbia there are six distinct races of Indians, and each race has its own language and peculiar customs. The Kwaquilth nation, on the north coast of British Columbia, more nearly resembles the Mongol races of Eastern Asia than they do the typical North American Indians. They are, without doubt, an alien race, but where they came from still remains a mystery. Recent investigation into their habits and customs seem to make it quite certain that they did not originally belong to the Pacific slope.

These Coast tribes dwell in isolated villages, from twenty to a hundred miles apart. The long stretches of uninhabited shores intervening, the home of the grizzly and cinnamon bear, are their vast hunting grounds. The villages are built along the shores of some sheltered cove, usually at the head of an inlet, and protected from the cold sweep of the north winds by a rampart of mountains.

The houses or lodges of a typical Indian village are peculiarly quaint in structure. They are built of huge planks of cedar, split with wedges and trimmed with the primitive stone adze. There is but one door, and there are no windows. Light is admitted through a narrow opening in the roof, out of which the smoke escapes from the log fire constantly kept burning in the centre of the one-roomed building. It is always twilight within, except perhaps when a stray sunbeam steals in through the chinks here and there, somewhat brightening the dismal interior. The old people are usually found crouching beside the smouldering fire, weaving mats and baskets. It is their duty, also, to attend to the drying of the fish, which are cut and hung on racks beneath the smoke escape. They suffer much from the heavy smoke; many are blind, but they work faithfully on. No one loves or cares for the old. They are compelled to work as long as they have strength, then their coffins are made ready for them, and they are pushed aside to die.

The Coast Indians are masters in the art of canoe-building. Their only means of travel is by canoe, which they manage with great skill,

even in the roughest sea. The canoes are hewn from cedar trees, and vary in size from the child's craft, about eight feet in length to the long, gracefully-curved ones, fifty or sixty feet long and five feet wide. They are exceedingly light and buoyant, with flaring sides, high stern and long, projecting bow, on which is either carved or stained the crest of the owner.

The Coast tribes hunt and fish for a living. They know nothing about agriculture : few of them have even seen domestic animals.

Their food consists largely of gleanings from the sea. Clams, mussels, cockles, crabs, sea-urchins and devil fish are easily secured, as well as the salmon, halibut and herring, for which the coast of British Columbia is so famous. The edible sea-weed is another staple of food. The best growth is in February. It is gathered from the rocks between low and high tide, pressed into flat cakes and dried in the sun, after which it is packed away into large wooden food-boxes. The men bring back from the hunt abundance of venison, bear-meat, mountain goat and porcupine. Countless varieties of luscious berries grow on the mountain-sides, and great quantities are gathered and dried or preserved in fish oil for winter use. One of their chief delicacies is the oil obtained from a tiny fish, the oolachan, which, in April, run in from the sea in great schools and fill the rivers from bank to bank. The Indians gather them by the canoe-load and extract the oil from them, which they use very plentifully. Nearly all their foods are prepared for meals by boiling and mixing with oolachan oil to the consistency of soup, which is eaten with large horn ladles.

The system of totemism belonging to these coast tribes is certainly unique. It is symbolical of a vaguely religious and very definite social custom that plays a most important part in the history of the race. The tribes are divided into crests or totems named from the animals, birds and fishes from which the various crests are believed to have descended. The totems common to most of the tribes are the Bear, Beaver, Wolf, Eagle, Raven, Whale and Salmon. The aborigines regarded their totems with superstitious respect, believing implicitly that they were descended from them and therefore akin to them. The relation existing between members of the same totem is that of mutual help and protection.

In the early days the Tlinkets, of Southern Alaska, dressed in the skins of their totemic animals. The Haidas, of Queen Charlotte Islands, tattooed their totems on their bodies. Other tribes carved their totems on the four corner-posts of the chiefs' houses or erected huge totem-poles in front of their villages. The houses are always

built facing the sea, in one long row, just beyond the reach of high tide.

A totem-pole is made from a red cedar tree, and is curiously carved and fashioned with grotesque totemic figures throughout its entire length. Some totem-poles are one hundred feet high and three or four feet in diameter. The totemic hieroglyphics roughly represent victories and defeats in tribal and inter-tribal wars, as well as various events pertaining to the heathen feast and dance. As they have not a written language these totems bear the sole record of the genealogy, history and weird mythology of the race. However, since totemism is a relic of their barbarism the Indian is loath to interpret the story of his totem to the white man. And especially is the proud native anxious to conceal the references to the dog-eating and cannibal societies which existed even less than twenty years ago among some of the tribes. Many of the old people have their arms hideously scarred where chiefs have bitten them at a heathen dance. It is a mark of distinction which they cherish with no small degree of pride.

The native women have a curious mark of social rank called the "labret" or lip-button. In early youth an oval-shaped button of bone or metal is inserted in the lower lip. The size of the labret varies according to the rank, the average length being from one to two inches. Some women of very high caste have labrets fully three inches long. However, through the influence of Christianity few of the younger women have their faces disfigured in this cruel way.

Superstition has long held its sway among Indian tribes, but, perhaps, nowhere has it a stronger hold than in these isolated villages along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. The Indian lives in constant dread of approaching evil. In the mist and the twilight they see dim shapes of supernatural beings which cast upon people the evil eye and bewitch them. Owls are believed to be the heads of those killed in warfare, and their dismal hooting in the darkness of night is believed to be the voice of the dead.

In the old days, when a canoe capsized the Indians would rather drown than go ashore on a strange beach, for it was believed that fearful beings called "Buhwus" inhabited the densely wooded shores, and if they captured people they would keep them and transform them into like beings.

They have strange beliefs concerning the queerly-shaped precipices along their shores. Their odd shapes are accounted for in the myths and traditions handed down from generation to generation, told and retold by the chiefs at tribal feasts. They believe these peculiar rock formations to have been human beings or wild animals that were

transformed through the strange power of mystic beings that dwell in the sea or on the mountains. When passing in their canoes they invariably throw a portion of their best food overboard to appease the hunger of the monster and thereby win its good-will and secure for themselves a safe sea voyage with favorable winds and tides.

In fact, they imagine the mountains and sea teeming with malicious spirits which seek to do them harm. The only way of protecting themselves, they believe, is by incantations and rites performed by the shaman or medicine-man.

The shaman is supposed to be versed in all the mysteries of the universe. They also ascribe to him unlimited power, on account of which he is feared by the other members of the tribe. There once existed a strange belief in his magical powers of bringing back life to the dead. For this purpose he used a quaint little wand, from which was suspended a hollow socket, carved to resemble the animal of his crest. When called to administer to a dying person, he would immediately cast a spell over him by some mysterious method, known only to witch-doctors, meanwhile chanting some weird strain as he proceeded with his strange ceremony. At first the chant would be very low, but it would gradually increase until it became a wail, rising to an unearthly shriek, then falling again to a whisper scarcely audible. The excitement produced thereby, together with the bewitching influence of the wand kept in motion above the head of the patient, would cause him to sink into unconsciousness. Then the witch-doctor would pronounce him dead, and the fearful piercing death-cry would ring through the village. It is caught up by every member of the tribe and they rush out of their houses beating their breasts and tearing their hair. This wild death-cry is kept up for hours, gradually sinking into the weird wail of woe, "Anah-nah-nah" (meaning "bring back the dead to us"). In the midst of such confusion the witch-doctor rushes frantically out in search of the wandering spirit of his patient, and after a frenzied chase through forests and over mountains, returns exhausted but triumphant with the lost spirit of the unconscious man imprisoned in his "soul-trap." The patient returns to consciousness and the witch-doctor has renewed and strengthened the confidence of his fellow-tribesmen in his miraculous powers.

Every shaman possesses a "dead-box," concealed usually in some dark canyon or forest cave. In it he places from time to time, skulls of human beings and of wild animals. It is believed by the Indians that an order of witch-doctors can, by means of this "dead-box," bring about the death of whomsoever they wish. If a lock of hair or a piece of worn garment stolen from the person whose death they wish

to accomplish, is placed in close proximity to one of these skulls in the "dead-box" that person is doomed to die. It may be very well for people, who have not been brought face to face with the horrible effect of witchcraft, to laugh at superstition. For, although it is obvious that "there is nothing in it," yet the effect on these people who do believe in it is simply wonderful. When they become aware that some enemy has sought the aid of the witch-doctor to kill them, the nervous system receives a shock from which it seldom recovers. Even strong men are victims of this horrible witchcraft or "Indian poison," as it is sometimes called.

Indian graveyards have a weird and uncanny appearance, surrounded, as they are, usually by the dense, dark forests and the hideous totems staring wildly in every direction. Totems are always gruesome; but here, bleached by the sun and storms for ages, they seem to reach the climax of ugliness. Not even the brave wolves or the mountain lions venture over the graves of the dead guarded thus by these most fearful totems. In little wigwams, erected here and there, all the best-loved possessions of the dead: such as silk handkerchiefs, shawls, horn-spoons and canoe-paddles, are placed at the burial. They believe the "adjeak" will haunt those who neglect this most sacred duty. Some tribes kindle little fires on the graves immediately after the burial, and burn all the garments of the deceased, believing that, in some mysterious way, they are thus sent on for their use in "the happy hunting-grounds." Slaves also were burned, or buried alive with their chief to accompany and serve him in his after life.

There are paid criers in every tribe, who are rewarded by the friends of the deceased according to their perseverance in keeping up the funeral dirge throughout the days of mourning. The women mourners cut their hair at the neck and wear it over the face as a veil during the period of bereavement. Feasts are always given for the dead, at which the chiefs, in order of rank, address the mourners, eloquently rehearsing all the good deeds and brave feats performed by their deceased tribesman. Heathen songs are chanted and the heathen dance sometimes indulged in.

However, these pagan customs are becoming things of the past in many of the coast tribes. In the villages, where missionaries have been sent, a marvellous change is taking place, the "old way" is giving place to the "new." The transition is slow, yet we cannot but look forward with hopeful anticipation to the time when these Indians will no longer cling to the customs of their pagan ancestors, but yield themselves wholly to the moulding influence of the "Great Spirit of the Above."

The Bible Study Class

[F all the students, who have within the past few years spent any considerable time in Victoria's halls, were each to be asked what single influence of college days had most profoundly affected their lives, a large proportion of them would undoubtedly reply, "Professor McLaughlin's Sunday afternoon Bible Class." It would, indeed, be hard to estimate the far-reaching results of Professor McLaughlin's work in connection with Bible Study. Students yet in college can testify what a revolution in their spiritual experiences has been effected by the formation, under his guidance, of habits of regular daily study of God's word, and how they have felt their careless selfishness rebuked, and their ideals of right and duty quickened by his quiet, earnest, practical talks on Sunday afternoons. A faculty for clear and helpful exposition, and the vitalizing touch of his consecrated spirit combine to make him a teacher, to whom many of us owe not only relief from intellectual difficulties, but also a spiritual impetus, and a more intense loyalty to the Master, whom he has helped us understand.

NOTES.

Mr. J. L. McPherson, M.A., the General Secretary of the University Y. M. C. A., left Toronto early in February, for Hong Kong, where he has been appointed Secretary of the European Y. M. C. A. Before leaving the men of the university presented him with a handsome wallet and \$75 in gold, as a token of the high regard in which he was held by all who knew him. To him is largely due the formation of the University Association and its success in its first year. His work in connection with Mr. Mott's meetings will not soon be forgotten by many Victoria men. He carries with him the best wishes of the men for equally successful work in the difficult field to which he has gone.



On February 8th the following officers of the University Association were elected: President, H. D. Robertson (Vic.); Vice-President, W. C. Smith (Dent.); Recording-Secretary, H. A. Stewart (Med.); Treasurer, D. G. McIlwraith (S. P. S.); Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Lindsay (Dent.); Councillor, G. J. Manson (S. P. S.); General Secretary, A. C. Cameron (U. C.). The Chairmen of Committees are: Bible Study, J. W. Gordon (U. C.); Membership, F. S. Dowling (U. C.); Missionary, E. W. Wallace (Vic.); City Missions, E. Jeffrey (Med.).



ON the 14th of February the Alma Mater Society's new rooms were opened, and an informal reception given to subscribers and the ladies of the college. The inclement weather prevented the former from attending in large numbers, but the fair under-graduates came *en masse*, and there was no end of trying the various cosy corners and easy chairs. The universal topic of conversation was, of course, "the rooms." "How do you like our lovely rooms?" "We think they're just lovely," etc. With gay conversation, stimulated by *delicious* cocoa, the time passed merrily away. Since the opening the Society has decided, in imitation of the usage at Oxford, to call these delightful habitations, "The Men's Common Rooms."

DR. BADGLEY tells about observing a ladies' college one morning promenading on the street-car tracks although the side walks were passable. The reason, according to the Doctor, was this: A large furniture van was drawn up on the roadside, and in it was a sideboard with an immense mirror, and as the ladies passed each one turned her head, and so did he.

1ST YEAR C. T.—"If you were a dog, what kind would you prefer to be?" 2nd year C. T.—"A sky terrier."

SOME visitors lately entered the building and wandered about looking vainly for the Crown Lands Department. As Luck would have it they were on their way to the coal cellar, when someone rescued them.

THE Glee Club and Symphony Orchestra gave the last and what may be justly called their best concert on the evening of March the 9th, in the College Chapel, to an audience, not as large as their effort merited, but compensatingly enthusiastic. The men were in good form, and everything went off without a hitch.

You've heard about the Ladies' Aid
 With cocoa on the rink, By the light, etc.
 At last they have the dishes paid
 By driving us to drink, By the light, etc.

NANCEKEVILLE, '08—"Say, should a fellow buy a bouquet for the girl you take to the Senior dinner? What colors would you get? How much would you go?"

THE difference. At hockey (when the men play)—"Blank it! pass that puck and quit playing hog!" (When the ladies play)—"Please pass that puck and don't be so greedy!"

THREE '06 girls (night of the Glee Club concert—to the usher)—"Take us up to that seat where Mr. Manning is."

WE are pleased to announce to the under graduate body that Miss Gr—f—n, '07, is having her heart enlarged for the accommodation particularly of freshmen, and apartments are going fast. Get busy.

MODISTE to Miss P—tt—n (on finishing her graduation gown)—"Now, Miss P., if you should change your mind, all you will need is the veil."

IN the shanty (1st speaker)—"There is Miss —— skating with Mr. Morgan." 2nd speaker—"Then she's in paradise." 1st speaker—"Yes, you know he is the cherub."

MISS S—TZ—R, '05 (as Mr. Bennett lets crash upon the floor a ponderous tome)—"That shows that classics is a heavy course."

PROFESSIONAL jollyng: Prof. M—— "Yes, Mr. R——, you should be in Orientals." (To the Class)—"Mr. R—— always has his Hebrew well prepared." Can you wonder they go into Orientals.

As an experiment of an afternoon reception the Freshmen's At-Home turned out very happily. The decorations, which consisted chiefly of strings of blood-red paper hearts, big and little, hung in festoons about the chandeliers and cosy corners, are doubtless responsible for the sentimental—but stop! where will this lead us to? As hosts, the Freshmen won golden opinions. Some wag, possibly a Sophomore, had the temerity to turn off the gas, with the entire approbation of the occupants of the cushioned angles.

ALEX—"The ladies are just as much students as we, probably more so."

HOMER BROWN—"I'm trying to find the nicest way to ask a girl to skate; that's my Holy Grail."

MISS CH—D—K, '07 (in the study before Greek lecture, 3 p.m.)—"Get thee behind me skatin'!"

REV. E. G. SANDERS is in receipt of a very rosy business proposition which, however, we feel with him, might appeal more to some others, "How to set up a home with \$2,000."

HIS notice. "Please return my hat to its accustomed place of abode, and greatly favor the Freshman, generally called Raymer."

PROF. LANGFORD (*re '08 class pin*)—"What does the broom at the top stand for?"

THE Senior's farewell reception, given on the evening of February 17th, seems to be characterized generally as the most brilliant and enjoyable affair of the season. Certainly the programme, given in the tastefully decorated chapel, will not soon be forgotten by any of the large and delighted audience. It will not be amiss to give the various items. Address—Hon. President Chancellor Burwash; Piano Solo—Miss E. H. Patterson; Addresses—Representatives; Duet—Messrs. Connolly and Walden; Retrospection—Miss M. A. Hamilton and Mr. J. S. Bennett; Songs of the Muses—Miss Patterson and J. A. M. Dawson; Anticipation—Miss S. A. Van Alstyne and Mr. A. D. Miller.

MISS HAMILTON, in her Retrospection, recalled the visit of their Highnesses of York the year that '05 arrived, and how the freshettes rode up from the reception in a carriage provided for the Seniors. Among other interesting historical sketches, she gave an amusing account of the evolution of the Modern Language Club.

MR. BENNETT recounted how a smile of stern satisfaction appeared on the face of Dr. Ryerson's bust, in the chapel, when '05 entered Victoria, and even the mummy of the Egyptian Princess grinned a trifle. Indeed, the Sophomores in their sympathetic but undemonstrative way were glad. Touching on the Bob, Mr. Bennett indulged in the following poetical sentiment:

"Of all the vividdest pictures that hang on Memory's wall
Is one of the anti-Bob practices held in Richmond Hall."

His peroration consisted in a highly-eulogistic *résumé* of Victoria society life under the management of '05.

IN the Anticipation, the other feature of greatest interest, it was told how Dawson and Hinks, having attracted the moon to the earth, were, by means of an improved airship, realizing vast fortunes from the importation of green cheese. Knight appears in the pulpit with a black eye and much court plaster, to preach from the text: "Dearly beloved, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Miss Jickling uncovers classical treasures of Latin roots in the ruins of Ancient Rome. Clio Jackson immortalizes himself by removing the two greatest evils of the Methodist Church, viz., "the foot-note" and the Superannuation Fund; and so on, in a very interesting vein.

AT a meeting of the class of 1906, the Senior Stick was first awarded to Miss Cullen as the most popular lady, and afterwards to Mr. G. A. Archibald, who will carry it next year.

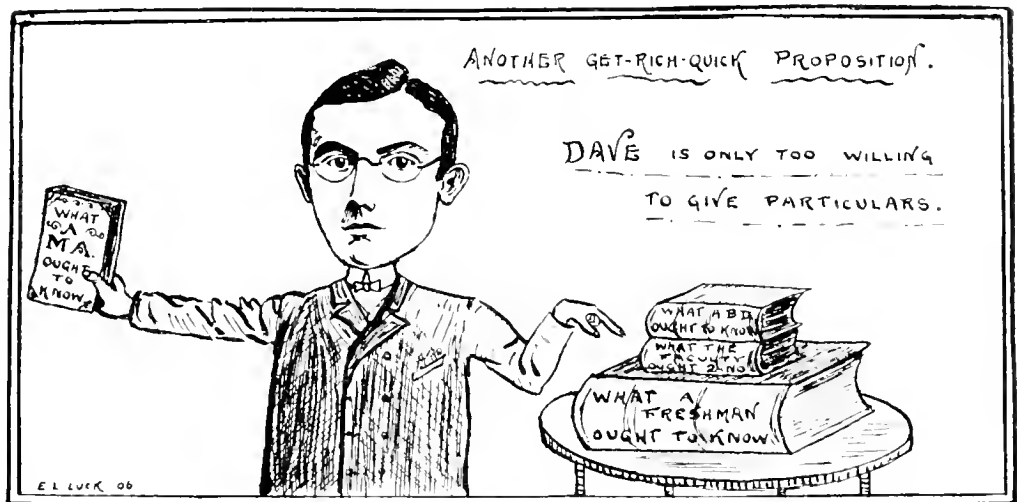
ZEPHYR from a cosy corner. Freshman—"Are you ready for the question?" Freshette (softly)—"Question."

PHOTOGRAPHER (to our bunch of sweet freshettes)—"Is this the graduating class?"

DR. BADGLEY (in Ethics lecture)—"You ought to read Kant's 'Critique of the Pure Reason. It's the greatest thing out of jail.'

1ST Sophette—"How do you get down to the new rooms?" 2ND Sophette—"The best way I know is the coal chute."

MR. HOMER G. BROWN has been elected to the honor of carrying the Athletic Stick during coming year, '05-'06.



MACFARLANE, '06 (re Vic.-McM. game, which Henderson refereed) —"He put me off because another fellow hit me."

(DISCUSSING the new Provincial Cabinet). F. A. E. Hamilton—"This is quite a horsey organization, with Hendrie and Beck both holding places. Who is this Willoughby? Is he a sport, too?" Robby (without intent)—"No, he's the whip."

JUNIOR TO REDDICK—"Say, are you an inspired poet?" R. (spontaneously):

"No, I'm not inspired,
But you make me tired,
My poems are simply innate;
If a man can make rhymes,
He's up to the times,
E'en though he is not Laureate."

CRUISE—"Getting up a speech for Lit, Jack?" Knight—"No, I'm preparing Hebrew for heaven, Geordie." Geordie—"You must have time to burn."

AT Burlington, with the Band. Hostess (at tea-table, noting one of Willie Walden's engaging smiles radiating on his countenance)—"What are you smiling at, Mr. Walden?" Willie (gazing sweetly at his fair *vis-a-vis*)—"Oh! I'm just reciprocating."

FROM *Vox Collegii* (O. L. C.)—"You can *Harley* wonder that—looks so *Arch* since the *Conversat.*"

THE Victoria line up for the Hamilton hockey game, *à la Mail and Empire*, was as follows: Goal, Miss Robertson; Point, Miss Henderson; Cover, Miss Lane; Forwards, Misses Gain, Davison, Campbell and Mills. The game which they afterward played single-handed with the regular ladies' team on the Vic rink was one of the most interesting and amusing sporting events of the season. The score was 7-4 favor of the usurpers.

THE inter-year debating series aroused considerable interest. In the semi-finals the battle raged between '06 and '08 on the proposition: Resolved, That the social life of Victoria College is detrimental to the student. The Freshmen, supporting the affirmative, were represented by Mr. J. E. Brownlee and Mr. A. F. Foreman, the Juniors upheld the negative in the persons of Mr. G. E. Trueman and Mr. D. A. Hewitt, and won the debate. In the final contest '06 lost the series supporting the proposition: Resolved, That the time has come when Great Britain should commence and continue disarmament as an incentive to universal peace. Mr. G. J. Harris and Mr. C. E. Mark stood for '06. The victorious '05 debaters were Mr. G. A. Cruise and J. F. Knight.

ARMSTRONG (to a Sophette)—"There is a great power in music. Last summer I sang before 2,000 people. They were riveted to their seats."

OMITTED. The night the Harley Government went into power, our old friend Davie Rees, '03, hearing of a Sophomore with three initials (Mr. G. J. A. Reaney), perpetrated a characteristic pun, "Wouldn't that G. JAR you!"

GUS SHAVER (at '06 class-meeting)—"I beg leave to withdraw my name from the nominations for the Senior Stick."

MISS TH—— assured us she was very popular at kindergarten.

HARRIS, '06 (waxing eloquent in debate)—"A pretty picture they draw of the British lion and the American eagle pacing up and down the Atlantic!"

JANE (seriously, *re* a 'Varsity hockey player)—“A big, husky lad—about my size.”

FENNELL, '06 (at the same meeting)—“This is something like electing the Pope.”

THE Senior Dinner, following one week after the Senior Reception, like the latter, may be fairly described as a highly successful function. The committee in charge, with Mr. J. G. Brown as chairman, made energetic and lavish expenditure of time and thought in preparation for the great event, with very gratifying results. The dinner proper was exceedingly eatable, and enlivened by the usual poetic furor between Sophomore and Freshmen. The programme, as ever, was long, but the tedium was relieved by an occasional witticism, a song, or the chiming of the new clock from time to time.

The toasts of the evening were : “King and Country,” proposed by Hon. Senator Kerr, chairman ; “University,” proposed by Rev. Dr. Carman, and responded to by Professor Baker, in the absence of President Loudon ; “Alma Mater,” E. W. Morgan, '05, Chancellor Burwash ; “Class of '55,” Rev. Dr. Reynar, Rev. Dr. Ryckman ; “Graduating Class,” D. A. Hewitt, '06, T. P. Campbell, '05 ; “Lady Undergraduates,” W. J. Salter, '05, Miss A. D. Switzer, '05 ; “College Societies,” J. S. Bennett, '05, Miss A. G. W. Spence, '05, H. D. Robertson, '05, A. E. Elliott, '05 ; “Senior Stick,” W. A. Walden, '05, G. A. Archibald, '06 ; “Athletic Stick,” S. W. Eakins, B.A., '04, H. G. Brown, '06 ; “College Press,” J. A. Spencley, '05, H. H. Cragg, '05.

Three of the four members of the class of '55 were present as guests, of whom Rev. Dr. Ryckman, in responding to a toast to the class, gave perhaps the most interesting address of the graduate speakers. Among the efforts of the graduating class we may single out Mr. Salter's for wit, Miss Switzer's for brevity, Mr. Bennett's for wisdom, Mr. Salter, in proposing the toast to “The Ladies,” accepted the occasion as the crisis of his life. The issue, in case of a failure, filled him with gloomy forebodings, and suggested “one on Herodotus.” It seems the Father of History (or lies, Mr. Salter could not tell which, even from Thucydides), while touring Arabia, came upon the petrified remains of a man. After taking great pains, in his usual way, to discover the causes thereof (though he might have inferred that he died of stony grief), Herodotus remarked, with characteristic evasiveness, “Whether it be true I cannot say, or whether it be false, but to one considering the matter, it would appear that this man had a hard finish.”

THE songs were up to the mark: the Freshmen especially are to be congratulated. "Wild ones, tame ones, just from the Zoo."—'07's parody of the '08 yell. "Cheer up, ye little Sophies."—'08. "You can't have any of our Susies When your Susies are gone."—'08. "We will fill the air with dirges, While the salt wave slowly surges."—'06. "When you walk out with a big B.A., And a hide from off a sheep."—'06. "I hardly need a megaphone."—Levi.

NOTHING marks the evolution of the Freshman in Victoria at least, like pre-Sophomoric anxiety about the "Bob." Already '08, after the usual discussion, have decided, by a majority of 47 over 11, to perpetuate this ancient orgy. With unfailing reversion to type certain innovations are mooted, *e.g.*, to adhere to the Faculty rules: that ladies "bob" the ladies (shade of Decorum, where art thou!), that personalities be tabooed, etc. While we do not doubt that '08's "Bob" will be an epoch-making event, from experience and observation we feel sadly convinced that many of their noble aims will effervesce before Nov. 1st, 1905.

WHILE buying some "Pop" tickets. He—ber
A certain fair maiden did see:
"Her cheeks are so pink,
They will drive me to drink,"
Said Heber, not knowing 'twas "*she*."

THE following are the officers elected by the College societies for the academic year, 1905-06:

The Modern Language Club—Hon. Pres., Dr. Horning; Pres., E. E. Ball, '06; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss B. L. Scott, '06; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss M. Bunting, '07; Sec.-Treas., K. H. Smith, '08; Councillors, Miss K. E. Cullen, '06. Miss V. M. Hamill, '07, Miss H. Pinel, '08.

The Y.M.C.A.—Hon. Pres., Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, B.A., B.D.; Pres., W. G. Bull, '06; Vice-Pres., J. N. Tribble, '07; Sec., A. Foreman, '08; Treas., H. W. Baker, '07. Conveners of committees to appear later.

The Athletic Union—Hon. Pres., Professor Edgar; Pres., C. D. Henderson, '06; 1st Vice-Pres., H. B. Dwight, '07; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. W. Davison, '08; Sec., C. B. Kelly, '07; Treas., P. B. Macfarlane, '06; B. D. Rep., W. R. Hibbert, B.A.; 4th year Rep., J. H. Adams; 3rd year Rep., C. J. Ford; 2nd year Rep., W. Oldham; 1st year Rep., to be elected.

The Alma Mater Society—Hon. Pres., Professor Langford; Pres., G. E. Trueman, '06; Vice-Pres., E. Roland; Sec., J. M. Copeland, '07; Treas., W. B. Albertson, '07.



ALL honor to our representatives in the Jennings Cup series! They have broken the record of the last few years, and have drawn an absolute line between past failures and future victories, for surely, having tasted of the latter, we can never revert to the old diet. They have inspired a new enthusiasm, which means honest effort on the part of our athletes and hearty support on the part of the whole student body. A lack of confidence and an overgrown respect for precedent has characterized us in the past, but now that we have demonstrated our superiority, not in luck but in ability, we are safe in looking forward to a better life—quite terrestrial—and in predicting prosperity for years to come. If a prospective student is gifted in any particular line he craves an opportunity to display his ability. From the point of view of hockey we are now in a position to afford this opportunity to the aspirants for fame from the various high schools and preparatory academies. A position on the best team among the affiliated colleges is not wholly to be despised.

Although we had prepared nearly half the basement for the reception of the cup, and had gone to unlimited expense in procuring Oriental draperies and modish furniture as the only fitting setting for such a trophy, still we were, through a technicality, slightly disappointed, and instead of the material evidence of glory we have but the glory itself. After successfully encountering all the teams in the series to our own satisfaction and to the conviction of our opponents, the "Cup Executive" suddenly awoke to their responsibility, stimulated either by a feeling of surprise or by the clamorings of some disappointed contestants, and it was discovered that Davidson, one of our crack players, had figured in junior O. H. A. circles and was consequently ineligible to play on the college team. The discovery of this fact was rather ill-timed as far as Vic. was concerned, and the existence of such a rule affecting the Jennings Cup games came somewhat as a surprise. However we are perfectly satisfied with the regulation and the interpretation of it, even though the application

smarted a bit. The one peculiar feature of the whole affair is that Davidson was not disqualified a little earlier in the season, as it would have done away with unnecessary practice and considerable loss of time on all sides. The disqualification seemed to be conditioned upon the ultimate success of the team. That Victoria was perfectly innocent in the matter is evidenced by the fact that Davidson himself made no secret of his outside connection. We will know better next year, and for the present be satisfied with the thought that we have easily the best team, and that it is composed of *bona fide* undergraduates.



A week after the defeat of Senior Arts, Vic. gave the Dental aggregation the "frozen glare" (with apologies to the local editor) and they retired praying for greater success in the painless extraction of teeth than fate had accorded them on the hockey rink. The boys did not set the pace at the beginning, and at half-time the score was against them, but in the second half they pulled out and won conveniently with a score of four to two. The line up was: Goal, Salter; point, Robertson; cover, Stockton; cover, Macfarlane; forwards, Davidson, Campbell, Oldham. As will be seen some changes were made in the personnel of the team. Stockton, of the Freshman Class, replaced Macfarlane at cover, a position which he held with distinction throughout the rest of the series. He proved to be a cool man in any emergency and very effective, especially in his substantial checking. Macfarlane moved up to the position of rover and luckily found himself quite at home there. Salter and Davidson showed up particularly well, the little man in goal making some beautiful stops.



There is a veritable wealth of athletic news this month and we are straining under the unusual but pleasant burden. The achievements of the Ladies' Hockey Team have forced a division of interest, and the success of their graceful efforts has elicited so much praise that their cheeks are even yet bearing the after image of a modest blush of satisfaction. Their playing has from the first been characterized by a skill and vim that astonished their opponents, and in the several games with Havergal and St. Hilda's they suffered but one defeat, and this probably being due to a too strenuous participation in the gaieties of the previous evening and the consequent lack of "beauty sleep." Incidentally it may be said that though "beauty sleep" is not, as a general rule, necessary with the members of the team, still it

does count when a match is scheduled for the next morning. Mr. Davison, the coach, is to be severely censured for failing to instruct the players in this regard.



On February 7th Victoria and Junior Arts met in the semi-finals, and the University College team was defeated in the second half by a score of five to four. Why is it that we almost invariably play an up-hill game by sleeping at the start and thus allowing our opponents to pile up a few. It is a very dangerous thing to do, as men can nearly always play a better game when in the lead; it is comparatively easy to fight for a victory, but to fight first of all for equality requires a mighty dogged disposition. The line up :

Victoria.

Junior Arts.

Salter	Goal.....	Keith
Robertson	Point.. ..	Boyd
Stockton....	Cover.....	Lampert
Macfarlane	Rover.....	Fraser
Campbell.. ..	Forwards....	Laidlaw
Davidson	"	Davidson
Oldham	"	Stewart

Victoria and Senior S.P.S. qualified for the final, and the game would have delighted the eyes of our graduates, not because it was actually the most closely contested match of the series, but rather because our boys played the swiftest hockey of the season and won out by a most satisfactory score. After the first ten minutes' play the result was past doubt. The Schools were outplayed in every particular and at the last were literally played off their feet. Close checking and following were the tactics adopted by the Vic. team, and they were eminently successful. Macfarlane showed wonderful form and invariably won out in the scrimmages. Davidson was brilliant as usual and was ably seconded by Campbell and Oldham, both of whom played the steady part of veterans. The defence was irreproachable. Robertson, Salter and Stockton form a trio hard to beat. Salter had little opportunity to shine, but the few shots he did receive were put in with a vengeance and were stopped with all Jane's inimitable grace and ease. The two teams were about equal in weight. The play was fast but free from any roughness, the few penalties inflicted being for minor offences. The final score was five to one in Vic.'s favor.

The exhibition match with McMaster ended as expected with a win for the visiting team. The only one seriously affected or dissatisfied with the result was Jerry.



The crowning event of the winter was the trip to Hamilton and the subsequent match with the Thistle Ladies' Hockey Team of that renowned burg. Under the gracious and delightful chaperonage of Mrs. Sweetnam, and accompanied by sundry camp-followers and hangers-on, the team left the Union Depot at one o'clock p.m., and on arriving at Hamilton was entertained by Mrs. Miles, a very hospitable lady having a charming interest in Annesley Hall. After a short rest a start was made for the rink, and the game started about five o'clock. Although eventually beaten by a slight margin, the co-eds put up the fastest hockey ever provided for the Hamilton ladies, who offered some little balm in the shape of a five o'clock tea after the match was concluded. The trip home was a record breaker. The G.T.R., hearing that the Victoria girls were suffering from an acute attack of home-sickness, decided to rush the time table, and thus gain their everlasting gratitude. The result was that the entire forty miles were covered in something less than five hours, four hours and fifty minutes to be exact.



AN INCIDENT OF INTEREST TO FEW.

While the ladies were being entertained by Mrs. Miles, the gentlemen, taking advantage of this brief respite, betook themselves to ye Christopher's restaurant, where a ravishing meal of syrup and pancakes was indulged in. In the midst of a sedate and extremely edifying harangue delivered by Mr. Campbell our privacy was broken in upon by the entrance of a decidedly interesting though unassuming lady in mouse-colored raiment, who sat leisurely down at a near-by table. Moderating our voices and demeanor to harmonize with the air of introspection which she assumed, we continued for a little our communion with one another, when, shade of decorum! she addressed herself to us in language more voluble than coherent. 'Twas then we perceived that she wore a veil; not an ordinary brown veil with white dots, one of which always coincides with the point of the nose; not one of those material veils, but one rather of an inner nature, which sheltered her mind from the penetrating gaze of insolent curiosity and prevented the disarrangement of the tiny tendrils of mentality by the

boisterous winds of universal thought. Through the fine meshes we could occasionally get a glimpse of a meaning almost intelligible to our benighted souls, but the main current of thought seemed not in harmony with our existence. Indeed, the lady did not appear to see us through rose-colored glasses, for from her words we judged ourselves to be perceived as horribly misshapen, even unto the likeness of creatures that were once possessed and ran down into the sea. It was then we realized the mistake of allowing Mr. Robertson and Mr. Henderson to accompany us. The obliging waitress proffered us an introduction, but owing to the fact that this interesting personage had obviously travelled in higher circles than we were acquainted with—her conversation was mostly of queens, countesses and castles—and also to the fact that the recorder of this tale was overcome with his customary shyness, the offer was declined. The conclusion was sudden and lacked interest.

CURTAIN.



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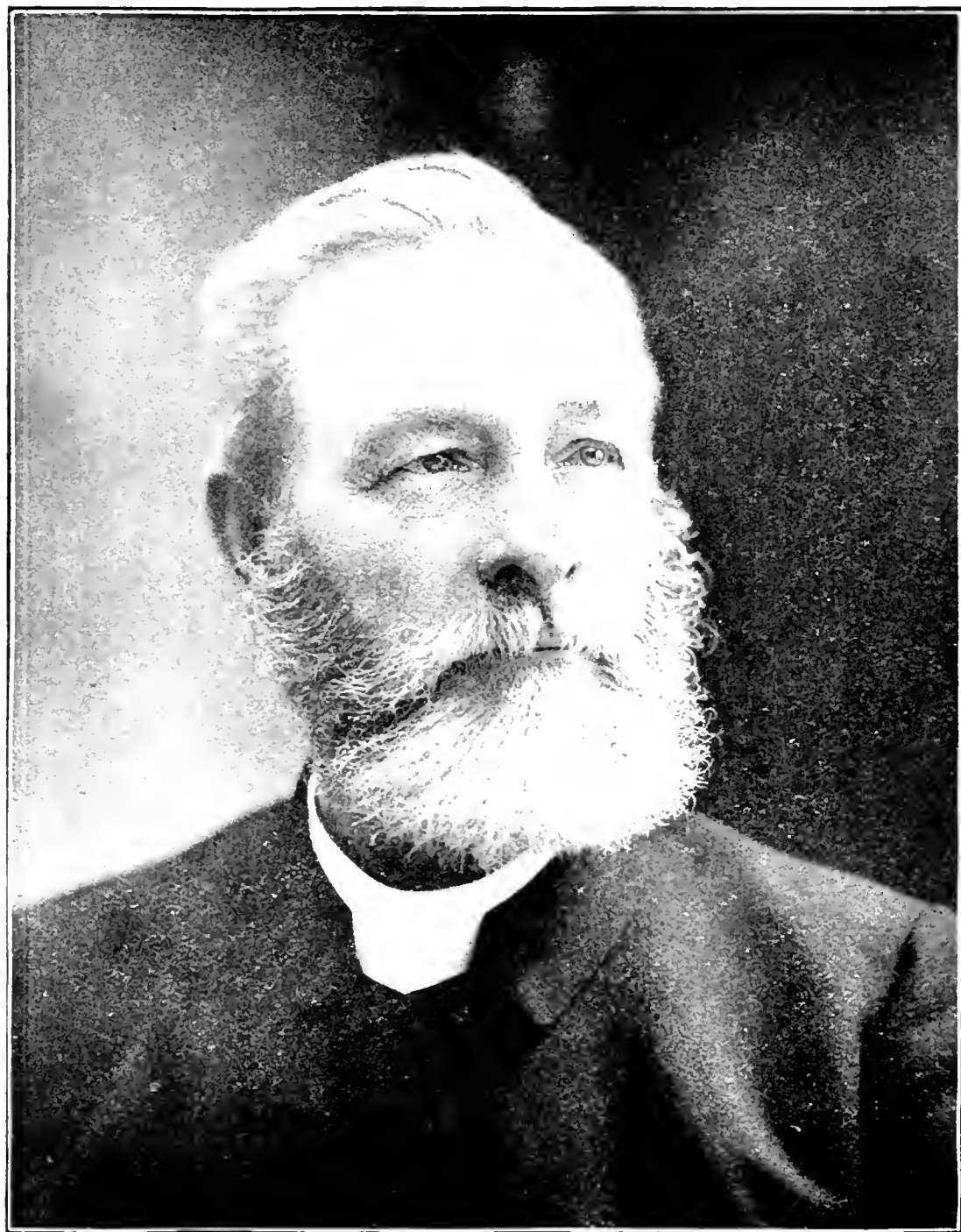
STUDENTS

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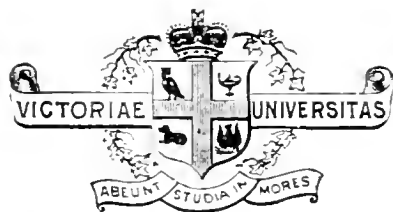
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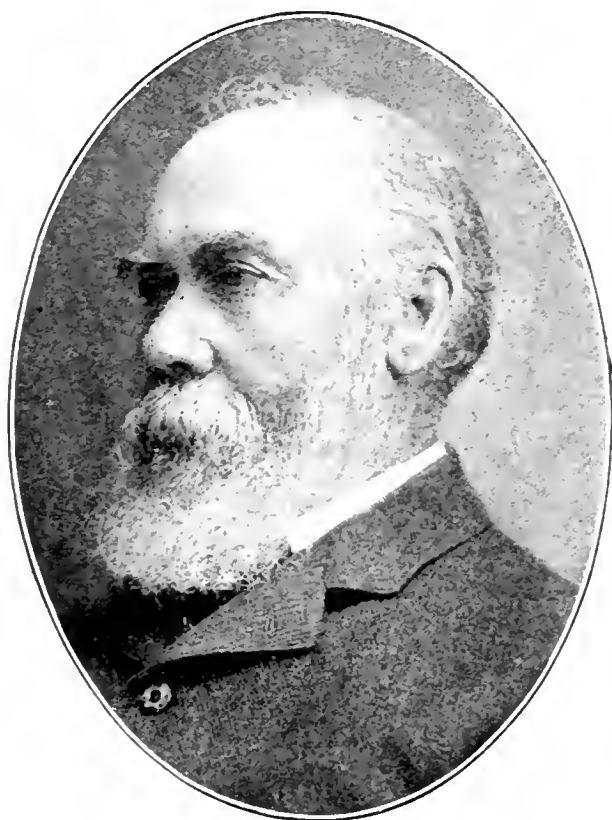
TORONTO, MAY, 1905.

No. 7.

Mount Allison University, Sackville

BY REV. W. W. ANDREWS, M.A., LL.D.

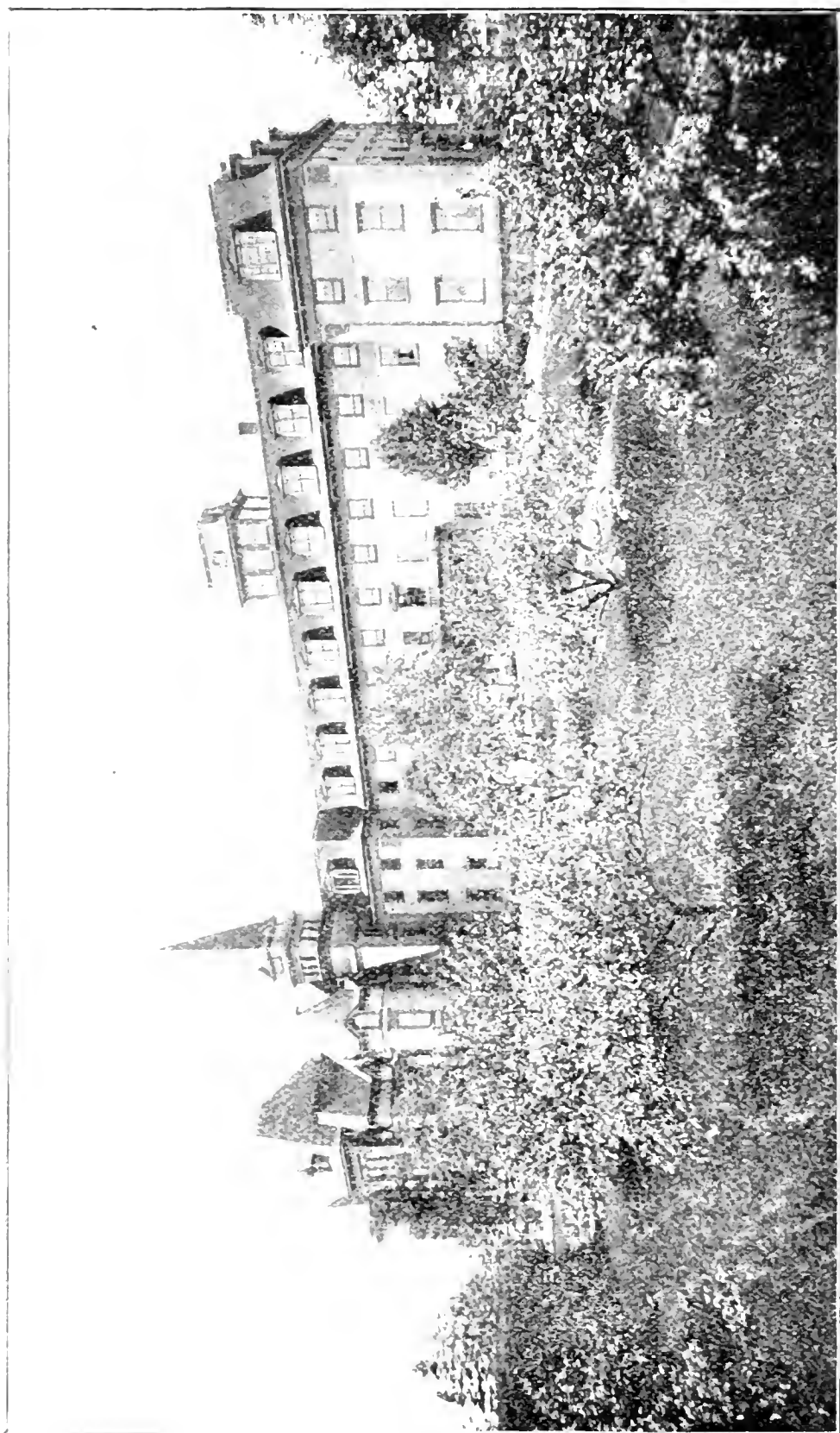
MOUNT ALLISON University is the only independent Methodist University in the British Empire. It is unique also in the form into which it has developed, for under the control of the one



MR. D. ALLISON, PRESIDENT.

Board of Regents there is a preparatory Academy, a Commercial Department, a Ladies' College, a Conservatory of Music, a department of Fine Art, a Normal School of Domestic Science, an Arts College, a department of Theology and a department of Engineering. Space will allow that mention be made of the salient features only of this group of Colleges, which attract yearly about half a thousand students to its many halls. The campus is a park of forty acres in extent with many attrac-

tive features. The buildings are valued at \$250,000, and the endowment stands at \$170,000. The professors and teachers number in

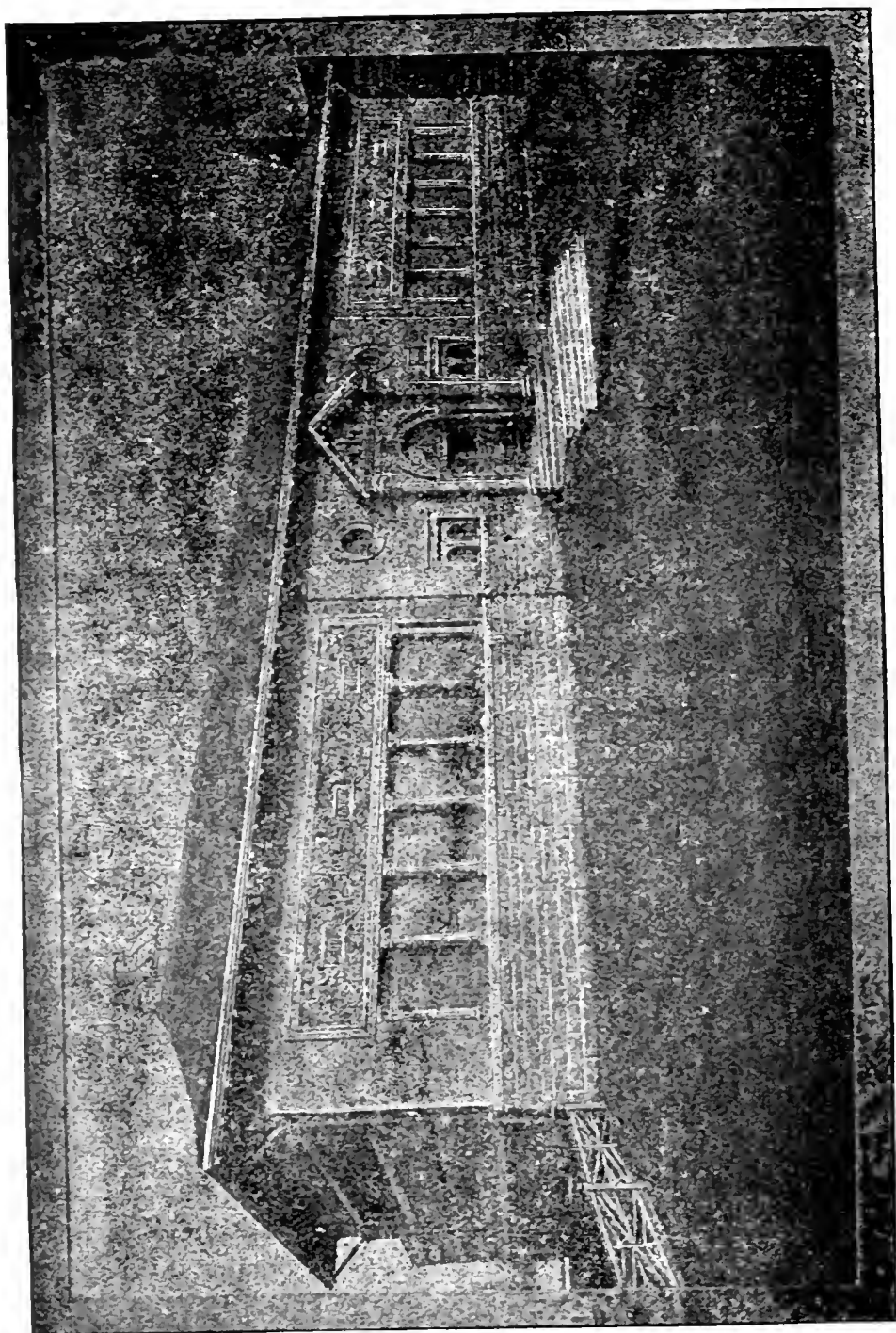


LADIES' COLLEGE.

all thirty-four. The geographical position of the University and the historical associations of the place are also noteworthy. Mount Allison stands at the head of the Bay of Fundy on the narrow isthmus which joins Nova Scotia to the mainland. The famous tides of the bay sweep past the College in the tidal river Tantramar and seven miles beyond. The students from their residential rooms look out over the quiet bay marshes, of which Roberts has sung, the poet whose early home is within sight of this hill. The Cobequid Mountains of Nova Scotia are seen across the tides; just behind the hill lurks the blue peak of Shepody and on a headland fronting the bay, a site chosen with that wonderful instinct which guided the early French explorers in the locating of their trading posts, stands the dismantled ramparts of the old Fort Beausejour, now called Fort Cumberland. The fall of this fort passed the supremacy of this section of Canada from La France to Britain. Then followed Quebec. Here, too, is the oldest Methodist ground of the Dominion, for the two locations which contest the honor of being the site of the first Methodist church in Canada are in this neighborhood. These institutions of learning are well placed here to commemorate the deeds of our fathers and keep alive their spirit. It would seem to be a fitting thing that some memorial contributed by the whole Church should yet be founded here. All the transcontinental trains on their way to their eastern seaports must pass over this isthmus, and at almost equal travelling distances from Sackville stand St. John, Chatham, Halifax and Charlottetown, and in a still wider circle Fredericton, Yarmouth and Sydney are found. Newfoundland and Labrador, Bermuda, New England, Eastern Ontario along an outermost circle, send their sons and daughters to Mount Allison. For an educational plant the position is eminently strategic. It is "the hub" of the Maritime Provinces.

This educational enterprise was founded in 1840 by Mr. Chas F. Allison, a wealthy merchant of Sackville. This early Academy filled a very important place in the early educational history of these provinces by the sea. In 1862 the Mount Allison Wesleyan College was opened under charter from the Legislature. Then followed the Ladies' Academy, now the Ladies' College. In comparatively recent years the Conservatory of Music, the Museum of Fine Art, Memorial Hall, the University Residence and the Hall of Science have been added to the educational equipment.

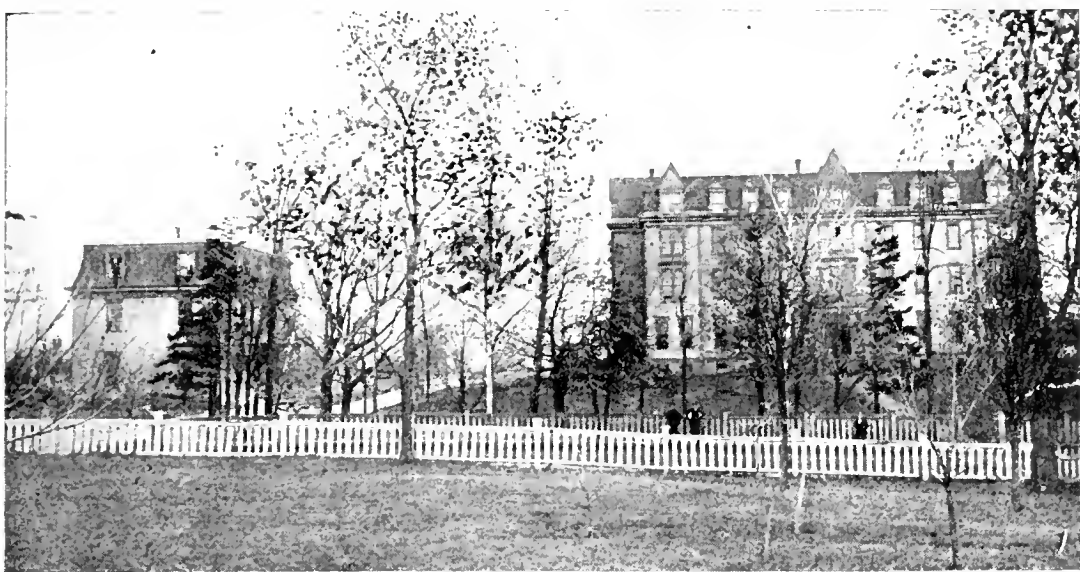
In Memorial Hall all the work of the courses of Arts and Theology, except Science, is carried on. The University library, which is



OWEN MUSEUM OF FINE ART.

emphatically a working library, consists of over 8,000 well-selected volumes. It is open to the students at all hours. It occupies crowded quarters at one end of the hall, while at the other is found the College chapel, whose rich memorial windows commemorate our founder and Rev. Wm. Black, "the apostle of Methodism" in the Maritime Provinces. On the walls is placed a tablet in memory of Colonel Harold Borden, a son of the Minister of Militia, who fell in South Africa.

The Arts College is affiliated with Oxford and Cambridge, and its students of two years' standing can enter Oxford without writing on the responsions. This year Mount Allison sends two of her men to the Isis, one representing New Brunswick and the other Bermuda.



ACADEMY AND COMMERCIAL BUILDING.

The work in Science and Engineering will enable a student to enter the third year of Engineering in McGill University. Similar affiliation provides for like privileges in Dalhousie post-graduate Schools of Law and Medicine.

The Hall of Science contains lecture-rooms and laboratories for work in Physics, Chemistry and Biology. The equipment of lathes, work-benches, forges for the shop work and rooms for drawing of the Engineering course is complete. \$10,000 has lately been spent in this department. Prof. W. J. Sweetser, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, presides over the work in Engineering. This work is rapidly growing, and important additions to the equipment and staff have become necessary.

The University Residence is up to the present the finest College residence in the Dominion. It is heated by hot water and lighted throughout by electricity. The fact that Mount Allison has three large residences and dining halls, has led to some serious discussion of the proposition to invite the General Conference to hold a session here. The members could be suitably entertained, while the large assembly halls, lecture rooms, reading rooms and libraries, and the close association of the members, would lead to the expediting of Conference business. The only objections are the dislocation of the terms of the Ladies' College and the Academy, which generally open early in September, and the heavy burden it would entail upon the administrative heads of the Colleges. It is well, however, for the Church to know that there is here a University group ample enough in its appointments for such a task.

The President of the University is David Allison, LL.D., and with him are associated nine professors and two lecturers. Notable in the group is our grand old man, Dr. Chas. Stewart, late Dean of Theology and now Professor Emeritus. Ontario is represented on the staff in Profs. Hunton, Watson and Andrews.

The Ladies' College is under the Principalship of Rev. B. C. Borden, D.D. A year ago last January an addition to the main building, costing \$40,000, was opened. The greatly increased accommodation has already been filled. The Vice-Principal is Miss E. S. Baker, Ph.D., Toronto, and the other Ontarians on the staff are Miss Margaret Graham, Miss Ethel Edie and Miss McAlly. The other members of the staff hail from the Provinces, England and the United States. In connection with the Ladies' College is the department of Elocution and Oratory, affiliated with the Emerson School of Oratory and the Normal School of Domestic Science, which is installed in a separate building and has been completely equipped in the finest style by Mrs. Massey-Treble, of Toronto. Those who graduate in this department are required to take the science of the three years of the University course.

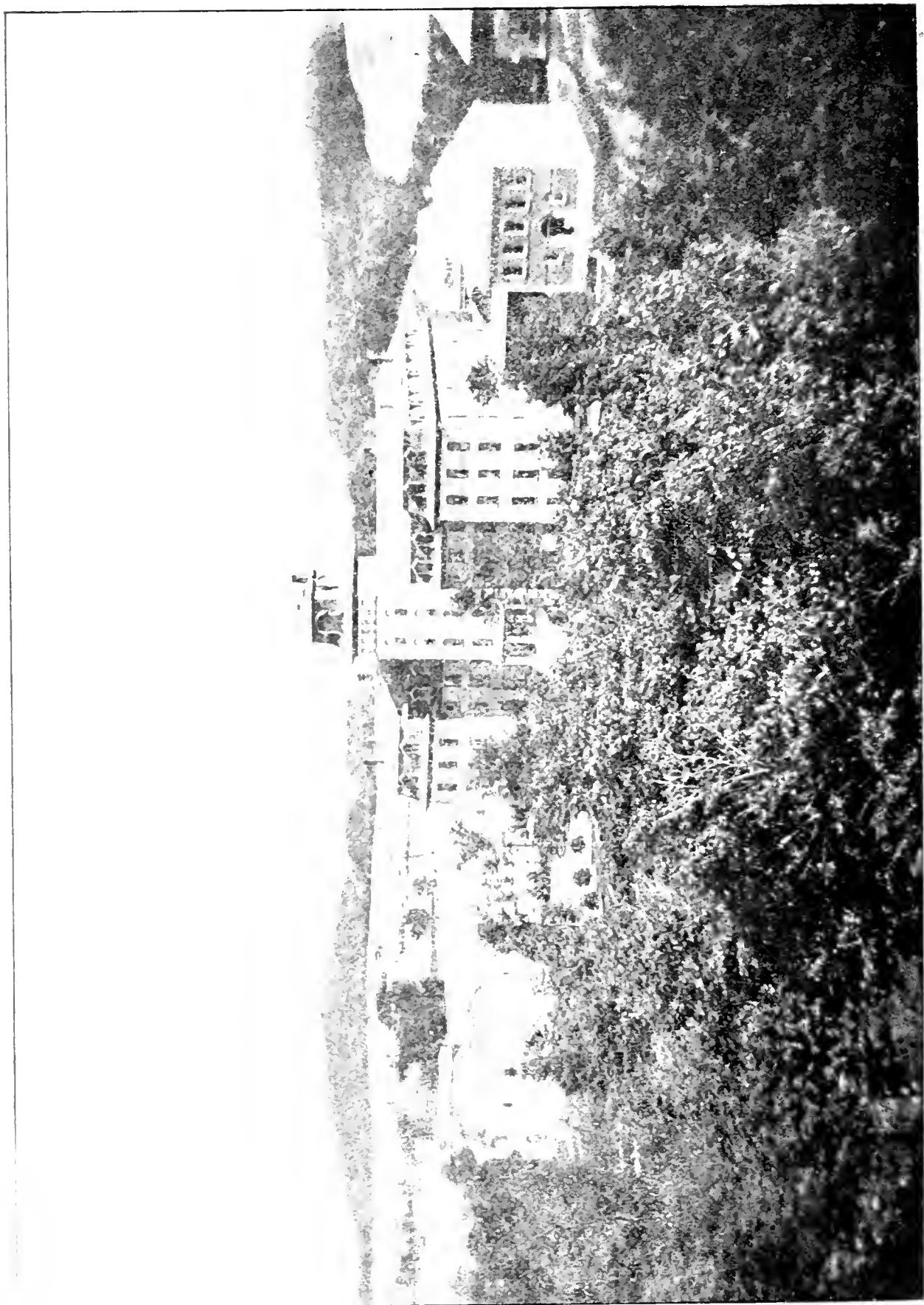
The Conservatory of Music is a fine building closely adjoining the Ladies' College. The equipment of this department consists of a three-manual pipe organ, a Steinway grand piano, and fifty-two pianos for practice. The fine old organ in Lingley Hall, our Convocation Hall, is also at the service of this department. Prof. George Wilson is the musical director, and Dr. Raymond Archibald, Ph.D., has charge of the Violin Department. Beethoven Hall is the concert hall of this building. This hall and the Eurhetorian, in the University

residence, are the favorite halls for the many lectures and concerts which occur during the College terms.

The Museum of Fine Art is the architectural gem of all the buildings. The style is Byzantine. The Owen's Art collection is valued at various sums over \$50,000. The names of Landseer, Reynolds, West and Constable are found in the catalogue. The building is divided into three halls, in which the statues and paintings are disposed. The larger statues and oil paintings occupy the central hall, and the water color paintings are found in the halls at each end. The large studios at the back are plentifully supplied with casts, models, etc. Prof. John Hammond, R.A., whose paintings of Rocky Mountain scenery are so well known, is the director of the work in the studios. No other College in Canada is so equipped.

The Boys' Academy is presided over by Principal J. M. Palmer. This flourishing Academy provides a boarding school for boys, and fits them for matriculation into the courses of Art and Engineering of the University, or leads them through a business course to a Commercial College diploma. The Principal is assisted by five teachers.

Mount Allison has the distinction of being the first College in Canada to open its full courses to women, and in 1882, from her halls graduated Miss Hattie Stewart, the first woman Bachelor of Arts in Canada. In the first graduating class were Senator Josiah Wood and the Rev. Howard Sprague, "the Wendell Phillips of Canada." Among the notable men who have graduated here may be named the late Judge King, of the Supreme Court; Judge Burbidge, of the Court of Exchequer; Dr. R. Weldon, Dean of the Dalhousie Law School; Dr. Frank Nicholson, of Middleton University, and Dr. Clarence Webster, of Chicago University. Dr. Inch, the Superintendent of Education of New Brunswick, was for many years her President. The great progress of the last few years has awakened great enthusiasm among the graduates and under-graduates, and now all are looking toward the greater Mount Allison to be. What that shall be only the future can reveal. It will, at least, be worthy of the past.



STANSTEAD COLLEGE, STANSTEAD, QUEBEC.

Stanstead College, Quebec

AMONG the many beauty spots of our beloved Dominion none is fairer—none could be fairer—than the little town of Stanstead, in that Protestant part of French Quebec lying east of the Richelieu and known since 1790 as The Eastern Townships.

True, the majority who read ACTA's pages have never heard of Stanstead, and have but vague ideas of the Eastern Townships, so aptly christened "The Switzerland of Canada!" But the happy minority—those whom a kind fortune has led on various pretexts to summer by our lakes, scale our mountains, taste the rare hospitality



DR. FLANDERS, PRINCIPAL.

of our homes, and gaze in speechless wonder on our gorgeous sunsets—these will tell you that you do not know your Canada until you know these Eastern Townships. "The summit" Stanstead is an ideal College town, with its long, quiet, maple-lined street; its substantial homes, with their lawns and flower gardens; its picturesque cemetery on the southern shore of Crystal Lake; its western panorama of mountain peaks, extending from Jay's sharp point in the Vermont Mountains to the venerable bald

head of old Orford to the north; and last, but to this paper not least, its group of College buildings in their setting of ample grounds, shade trees and flower beds. Some of the features of the extensive grounds of the College are two tennis courts, the golf links, a basket ball court, large campus on which many a football game has been fought and won, driveways and shady paths, and a woody hillside, which, in its natural beauty, slopes downward to the busy, rushing Tomafobia River, and down which a well-worn path leads to the boys' swimming hole.

These all speak of the good times enjoyed by the students when the afternoon lessons are over, or on the long bright Saturdays of spring and fall. In the winter time a skating rink provides exercise and amusement for the College circle, and had we only space how

proudly would we tell you of our different hockey teams, from the girls' club, so picturesque upon the ice, to our stalwart, athletic seniors, who for three succeeding years have captured the cup from the Eastern Townships Hockey League.

Five miles from the College lies the gem of lakes, Memphramagog, with Bear Mountain and Owl's Head rising abruptly on its western shore. On these waters and shores how many student-picnickers have spent charmed hours, and it is over the shoulder of those mountains that the College watches the gorgeous dying of the day, while the whole heavens are bathed in crimson glory.

As to the College buildings, the accompanying cut shows most of them. The large central one, which was built in 1874, was for many years the only one, and in it were found not only residence for all teachers, but class-rooms for all departments.

About twelve years ago the Commercial School grew too large for its accommodation, when Dr. Bugbee presented the trustees with the white building to the right of the College proper, with sufficient funds to prepare it for its new purpose.

Slowly but surely the College continued to grow, until in 1901 it was found that the Music Department could no longer be accommodated. Then the heirs of the late Charles Pierce came forward and built the beautiful Music Building, presenting it to the College. This is now headquarters for the Eastern Townships College of Music, which is doing splendid work in this department of the fine Arts. Two years ago we were enabled to expand once more by the generosity of the tried and true friends of this institution. The heirs of the late Horace Holmes erected a much-needed Model School, into which our junior grades were at once housed, and other friends built a model little hospital for the use of the sick. Thus, our buildings now number five, and yet so rapidly are we growing and so popular is this College becoming that this year we have been obliged to turn several eager applicants from our doors.

During its thirty-two years of existence Stanstead College has had its ups and downs, but of late years it seems to have found a secure footing, and is becoming larger and more prosperous year by year. Of the men who have given this institution their earnest effort, two have presided over its destiny for a term of twelve years each, viz., Rev. A. Lee Holmes, M.A., and the present President, Dr. Flanders.

The College is still fulfilling the purpose for which it was built, that of providing a Christian home in which the Protestant youth of this part of our country may be educated.

C. R. F.

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal

BY REV. WM. JACKSON, D.D.

THIS institution was founded in 1873. It is, however, the outcome of a sentiment which existed decades before that date. Methodism in Montreal, at least after 1815, was of a decidedly British Wesleyan type. The educational peculiarity of this is the founding of Theological institutes rather than engaging in general education, as is so largely done by American Methodism. The result was that, after



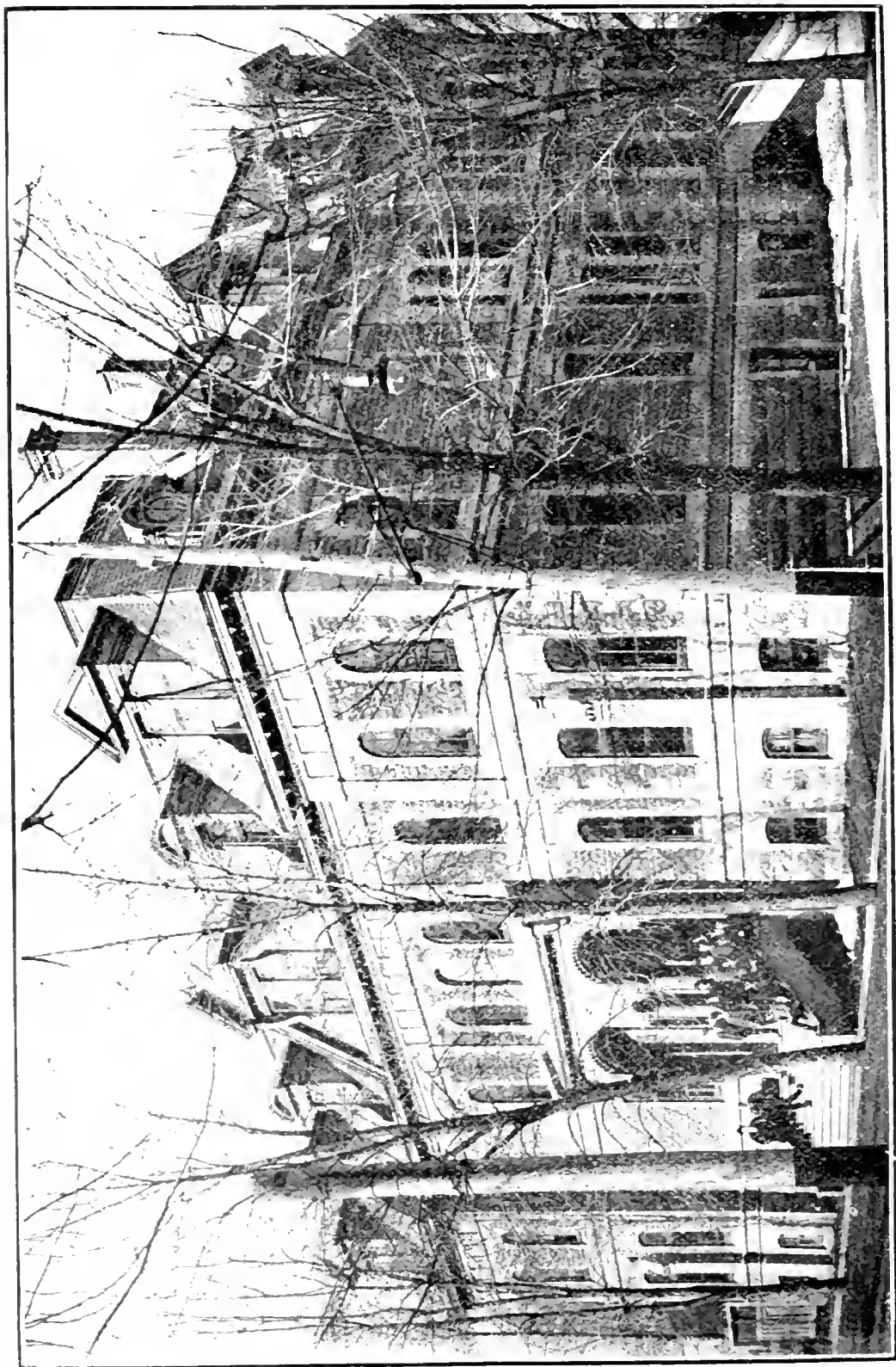
REV. W. I. SHAW, M.A., D.D., PRINCIPAL.

planning for years, the rich, conservative and honored members of the older Methodism resolved to establish in Montreal a Theological College, which should be affiliated with McGill University, which was then rapidly growing under the able administration of the very eminent Christian scientist, Sir William Dawson, who always proved himself a true friend of this and the other three Theological Colleges affiliated to the University. The

Wesleyan Conference meeting in 1873 in Montreal, after a vigorous discussion, approved of the scheme.

The College began its operations with eight students in the classrooms of the Dominion Square Church. At the inaugural exercises, addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Rigg and Rev. Dr. E. Jenkins, of London, England. In this church for ten years, Dr. Douglas and Dr. Shaw did a large amount of difficult and valuable work. It was about the same time that the Presbyterian College began its work in the old Erskine Church, and the Diocesan in the Synod Hall.

A dark and terrible period of financial reverses came in 1877-78, wrecking many of the strongest commercial establishments of the city. The small remnant of the original endowment, for which \$50,000 was subscribed, was disappearing. The College was without



WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

a habitation. A strong feeling was growing throughout the country for the closing of the institution and merging it into the Theological Faculty of Victoria at Cobourg, which Faculty was organized about that time. The decision to build in Montreal was the turning point which gave permanence to the institution. Dr. Shaw rallied and canvassed its friends for this purpose. Hon. Senator Ferrier secured a very fine property for the College on University Street, where the new building was opened in September, 1883. At once a large majority of cities surrendered their opposition and recognized the great possibilities of usefulness which opened up before the institution, an anticipation which has been fully verified in its general usefulness to the church and in the influential place it now has in the University, in Montreal Protestantism and in public education in the city and province.

Principal Douglas brought to it the great power of his eloquence and wide personal influence. This was one of the most potential factors in the history of the institution.

Mr. S. Finley, who was treasurer from 1883 to his death in 1903, rendered most valuable service in collecting for the College; first, in wiping off a debt of \$15,000 on the building, and further, in adding to the endowment about \$15,000. The largest benefactor of the College was the late Hart A. Massey, of Toronto, whose bequest of \$50,000 has helped to make fair provision for present current needs.

Dr. Douglas died in 1894, and was succeeded by Dr. Shaw as Principal up to 1900, when, owing to failing health, he resigned this office, though continuing full professional duties. Dr. Maggs was then appointed Principal, and on his resigning in 1903, Dr. Shaw was again called to the office. Dr. Jackson was appointed successor to Dr. Antliff in 1901, and Dr. Elliott to Prof. Harris in 1902. Every department in Divinity is now fully provided for.

The total enrolment of students from 1873 to 1905 is 431. The highest record was in 1892 of sixty-one resident students and nine extra mural. For several years past the attendance has seriously declined, but this year there has been a marked return to former figures, there being forty-one in residence and twenty-four extra-mural students.

The advantages afforded by the institution are the variety of courses it offers and the convenience it gives the students by boarding in the College and close to the University. It has gained favor in many quarters by its financial administration. It has no debt, a fact which implies severe economy and self-denial in the earlier years of its history, without which, most acknowledge, it could not have survived.

Alberta College, Edmonton

PRIOR to 1903 Canadian Methodism had only two seats of higher learning west of Ontario — Wesley College, Winnipeg, and Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; and between them lay a stretch of territory sufficiently large to contain several of the kingdoms of Europe, and fertile enough to feed millions. Its fertility was attracting thousands of settlers who, with their families, scattered over its vast stretches of prairie. Soon there were hundreds of young



REV. J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., B.D.,
PRINCIPAL.

men and women who were desirous of securing the culture which a higher education affords, and yet were unable to travel east to Winnipeg or west to New Westminster. How were their needs to be met? Some of the progressive leaders of Methodism in the West saw the necessity of providing for these needs if the Church was to exert the sway in the West which she coveted. Alberta College was the outgrowth of the foresight of these men, and to-day, less than eighteen months after its inauguration, Edmonton, Alta., is the seat of a progressive institution which is giving instruction to students in commercial, music and Arts courses. Be-

ginning with limited quarters, it soon outgrew the day of small things and rented rooms, and demanded a building of its own. This need western enterprise met almost as soon as it was felt, and in October last Rev. J. H. Riddell, B.A., B.D., the happy Principal, was able to make a new start in commodious quarters, which afforded room for the conduct of the various branches of education taught, and also apartments for the accommodation of at least forty resident students.

That the need for such an institution was not a mere surmise is seen from the fact that in the first year it had enrolled seventy-three

students in spite of its cramped condition and scanty equipment, and that this year it has 160 in attendance. Now that the people of the West realize that the College has come to stay, and that its energetic Principal and his able assistants are competent to direct the energies of the growing young minds, there can be no doubt that this new daughter of our Educational Society will play an important part in the development in the West of a strong, enlightened manhood and womanhood, rooted and grounded in those vital principles on which must be based true culture and noble citizenship. Long live Alberta College!

H. H. C.

Methodist College, St. John's, Nfld

THE Methodist Church of Canada has certainly done what it could to bring to a consummation the long talked-of admission into our Great Dominion of the important colony lying at our very doors. Yet few of our people, we suspect, would ever think of including in a list of our Church's educational institutions the one in St. John's, Newfoundland. Yet without it our number would be incomplete, for at the union of the Methodist Churches of Canada provision was made for the formation of a Newfoundland Conference, under the control of the General Conference. Thus their interest became our interest, and their College part of our great educational work.

The system of public education in Newfoundland is denominational and sustained by Legislative grants, school fees and the voluntary contributions of the people. It embraces the work of public schools and academies or colleges. The Methodist College in St. John's was founded in 1859, as the St. John's Wesleyan Academy, its first Principal being Mr. A. S. Reid, of Sackville Academy, N. B. The present Principal, Mr. R. E. Holloway, M.A., of London, Eng., was appointed in 1874, and has proven himself a man of rare ability and a born teacher. Under his management the Academy made rapid progress, necessitating new buildings and an enlarged staff of teachers. A new training and model school was soon followed by a handsome and commodious College building, which was opened in 1887 under its present name.

On July 8th, 1892, all these buildings were destroyed in the terrible fire which destroyed two-thirds of the city. On July 13th the Executive Board met and decided to rebuild at once, though the homes and business places of most of the members were also in ashes. Thus, the Methodists of Newfoundland, though by no means wealthy, have

shown their loyalty to the traditions of their Church and recognize the importance of maintaining institutions of learning. The new building is a fine brick structure, located on a hillside, and well adapted to the purpose for which it was built, having a number of large airy and well-lighted class-rooms, and on the top floor a large hall, provided with a splendid pipe organ, and affording comfortable seating accommodation for over six hundred people. The cost of the building was over \$75,000.

The work done in this College is exceedingly varied, and ranges from the kindergarten and primary departments to preparation for the University. Thorough work is done in the grades, but in the higher branches it has achieved its greatest success, easily outdistancing all competitors.

The report of the Principal to the Educational Society for the year 1903-04, will give a good idea of the work accomplished.

"The work of the past year has been conducted, as formerly, in two departments—the Primary and the College proper. The attendance in the former was 205, and in the latter 300, or a total of 505; being an advance of 38 upon any previous year.

"The main work of the College is tested by five examinations, which are held annually—the London Matriculation, and four under the guidance of the Council of Higher Education, known as the Associate in Arts, Intermediate, Preliminary and Primary. In every case questions are prepared and papers examined and valued by English examiners. One hundred and thirteen passes were obtained by the College pupils from those examiners. Three passed in the First Division of the London Matriculation Examination, out of four in the colony, one of whom won the Jubilee Collegiate Scholarship of \$200 a year for three years. The highest of the Council of Higher Education examinations is the Associate in Arts, in which twelve passes were obtained by College students—as many as the students of all the other institutions combined—and several prizes, including the highest, were awarded them.

"Forty-two passed in the intermediate, being more than any other four institutions together. This class secured eighty-eight Honors, and four out of a total of seven Scholarships, besides a number of special prizes. Twenty-eight obtained passes in Preliminary, and twenty-eight in Primary examinations."

Thus it is seen that the Methodists are nobly doing their duty in disseminating education and its accompanying culture throughout our sister colony.

H. H. C.

Wesley College, Winnipeg

ALTHOUGH the youngest of the educational institutions in Winnipeg, Wesley College is one of the most progressive of the Colleges constituting the University of Manitoba. It was founded



REV. J. W. SPARLING, M.A., D.D., PRINCIPAL.

by the Church in 1873, but after a struggling existence as a High School was discontinued on the establishment of the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute. Immediately after the General Conference of 1886 preparations were made for the re-establishment of the College as a



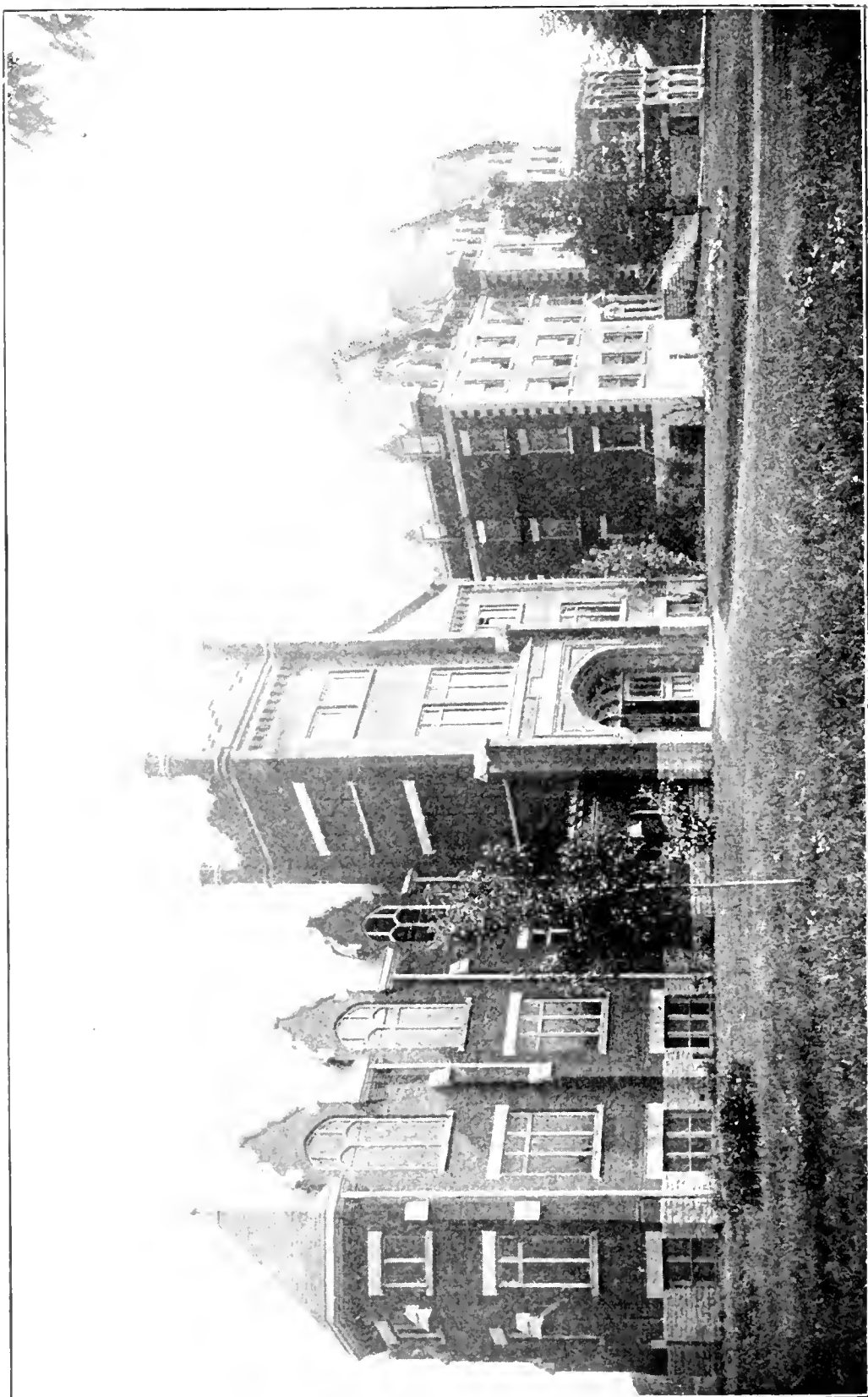
WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

part of the newly-founded University, with which it was affiliated in October, 1888. The Manitoba Conference placed itself in hearty co-operation with the Board of Trustees to establish the College in an active and honorable position. The work of teaching was resumed, and it has been in active operation ever since.

The Rev. J. W. Sparling, M.A., D.D., was called upon to assume the Principalship of an institution which had no endowment, no building, no professors, and no students. With determined spirit Dr. Sparling called Prof. Cochrane to his aid, gathered three students around him and began the work of higher education in the parlors of Grace Church, Winnipeg. Undaunted by such a humble and unpretentious beginning, the Principal entered into his task of organizing and developing his young *protégé* with indefatigable energy and tireless perseverance. The roll of professors and students rapidly increased, one building after another became too small, until it was found necessary, in 1895, to construct the present magnificent block on Portage Avenue. The building, one of the most handsome in the city, occupies a commanding site, is built entirely of Calgary sandstone, lighted by electricity and heated by steam. It not only provides full accommodation for all teaching purposes, but also contains a splendid convocation hall capable of seating about five hundred people, dormitories for about sixty students, and in the basement a large and well-equipped gymnasium. To provide out-of-door physical exercise, a campus, five acres in extent, has been secured. The cost of building and grounds has exceeded \$100,000.

The energy expended in securing suitable and permanent accommodation for the educational work has been but an index of the ability and enthusiasm displayed in the prosecution of the work itself. Indeed, so efficient has been the work done that, in 1898, ten years after the inception of the College, her students took one-half of the money offered by the University to the four competing Colleges of the city and the Institutes of the city and province. In one year her students captured eight out of fourteen medals presented by the University.

The College in 1902 made a new departure in establishing a Chair in Icelandic Language and Literature, for the purpose of keeping Icelandic young people in touch with the history and institutions of the country from which they came. Wesley is, so far as we know, the first institution of learning in Canada to make regular and systematic provision for the education of a foreign people in their own native tongue; and the effort has met with great success.



ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE.

The Methodist people of Manitoba and the Territories have loyally upheld the hands of the Principal and his staff in their arduous but encouraging task. As a result the work, both in Arts and Theology, has been carried on until recently with no endowment, yet without contracting debts, so far as current expenses are concerned.

Such a brilliant past is surely an earnest of a still more brilliant future, and one might safely venture the prophecy that Wesley College will yet be the largest of the educational institutions of Canadian Methodism. She has the energy and the enthusiasm. Her sons are zealous in advocating her interests. She is set in the midst of a country which will yet be the home of millions. She has the room for development, and behind her is a loyal people ready to make sacrifice for her welfare. Surely, under such conditions, her future success is assured.

H. H. C.

Albert College, Belleville

ALBERT COLLEGE was founded by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1857, under the name of "Belleville Seminary," and loyally supported through difficult and trying circumstances. At its head was placed Rev. Albert Carman, M.A., D.D., now General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. For nine years after its foundation the work of the institution was entirely of an academic character, in which its success was so marked as to lead to the belief that the interests of the Church, as also of higher education, would be better served if it were in possession of University powers. An Act of Parliament to that effect was obtained in 1866, and "Albert College" exercised University functions until 1884, when, after the union of the Methodist churches in Canada, it was affiliated with Victoria University, relinquishing its degree-conferring powers and assuming the position of a preparatory school. As now constituted, Albert has an ample teaching staff, composed of honor graduates from Victoria or Toronto Universities, for imparting instruction both to young men and young women. It pursues all the work of Collegiate Institutes, together with courses in business, music, fine arts and elocution. In all these branches its students have stood high in their final examinations, giving ample proof of the efficiency of the work done. The Rev. W. P. Dyer, M.A., D.D., may well be proud of the progress the College has made since he was appointed Principal nearly twenty years ago. Its staff, its attendance, its property and its equipment are all greatly enlarged, so that Albert is in good position to increase its influence and become a still greater factor in Methodist educational activities.

H. H. C.

Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

THERE was a time when it seemed that Columbian College was likely to occupy but a small place in the educational life of the West, but loyalty and devotion on the part of its patrons, and energetic work by its promoters, have made for it an enviable position in the development of Canada's most westerly province. What part it may yet take in the solution of the educational problems of British Columbia cannot all be said in this present time. There are problems here, some of which the Provincial Council of Instruction see and are unable to cope with, and some of which they see, but do not recognize any obligation to treat with. One problem is that of a university for the West. It has not come yet, and until recently students who could not go to Eastern or Southern institutions were forced to



REV. W. J. SIPPRELL,
B.A., B.D.

abandon the path of higher education almost at its starting point. Columbian College, in its affiliation with Victoria University, and through that institution with Toronto University, offers a solution to the difficulty by furnishing instruction in the four years of the Arts Course. Other institutions in the West have advanced to the end of the second year in Arts. It will thus be seen that Columbian College leads in the standard of her curriculum, and facts will show that she has been the one institution in the West representing Toronto University. The religious problem, untouched by our contemporaries, is laid hold of to a degree by us and on somewhat similar lines to those of our Alma Mater.

poraries, is laid hold of to a degree by us and on somewhat similar lines to those of our Alma Mater.

To the Church in British Columbia the College bears a close relation. She is the child of the Church, begun in faith, sustained by prayer, and facing a future with hope. The Church is loyal to the point of sacrifice in financial support, and every year there go out, not only men for our ministry, but many who will occupy important positions among the laity. Denominational tendencies are not. Columbian College has students from many denominations, and numbers among her patrons men of varied creeds.

What shall the College be in the future life in the West? She will be a factor of importance, and we trust an institution which will rank among the best in the matter of proficiency. No institution gives any

greater returns on its investment, and a strong University could be built up at once if financial considerations were not so pressing. Meantime the College grows more vigorous and useful through her affiliation with the leading University in the land.

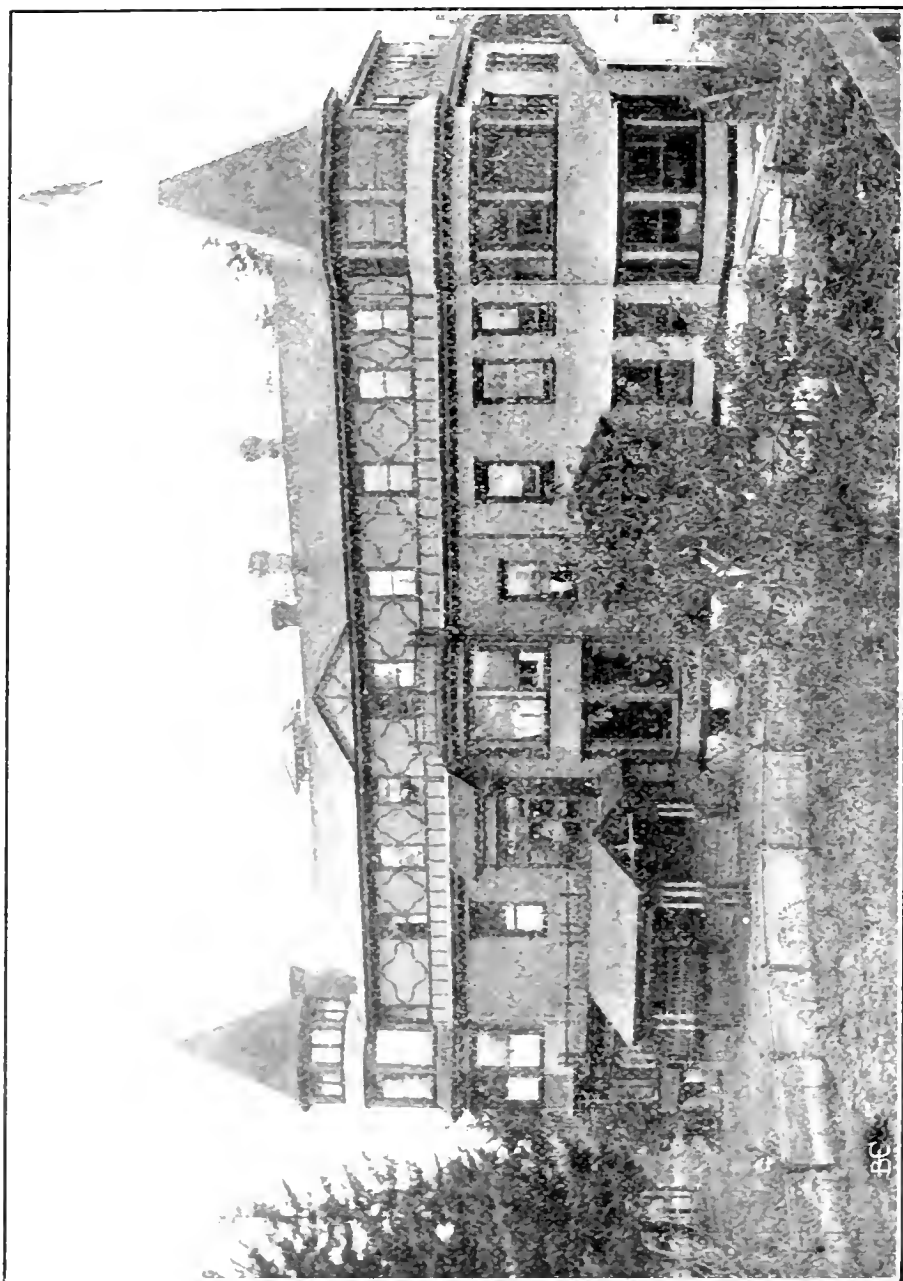
The history of the College is the history of Victoria graduates. Beginning with Rev. R. Whittington, D.D., as Principal, the ideals seen in the Alma Mater are being realized in a measure in the young College in the West. On the staff have been many names well known to Victoria. Prof. Odium, B.A., B.Sc., Morley C. Peart, B.A., and others. On the present staff are recent graduates of Victoria : Rev. W. J. Sipprell, B.A., B.D., Principal ; Prof. J. G. Davidson, B.A., Registrar (Science) ; Prof. P. Mc.D. Kerr, B.A., Librarian (Classics) ; Miss M. Millichamp, B.A. (Moderns) ; Miss S. Bristol, B.A. (Moderns).

These, with others, have manifested a zeal for work of which Victoria may well feel proud. They are all devoted to their Alma Mater and to their work in the West, and their zeal and personality have left their mark on the student life of the College.

And now a line on the work of the College. What do we do ? One would not be far astray in saying we try to do everything other people do and to do it a little better, and although we may not accomplish it, it is the spirit of the West that moves us. The course of study is extensive.

Think of a full Commercial Course, a Four Years' Course in Arts with Honor Moderns, a course for the B.D. and S.T.L. degrees, a Public School and Collegiate department, all manned by seven instructors. Beside this, another instructor for music, and one for art, and you have our literary work. This year will, we trust, see our first graduates in Arts, of whom we expect three will obtain the B.A. degree of Toronto University. These will be the first graduates ever prepared by a local institution in British Columbia. Besides these, others are coming on in the other years, while we are sending every year some to the East who find it possible so to do.

The student life is quite distinct in its nature from that of a larger institution. With residence for both sexes, and with most of the instructors in residence also, there is that personal oversight on the part of teachers which it is impossible to obtain in a larger institution. Slow pupils are given special attention, backward ones are urged ahead, and regularity in attendance upon lectures is insisted on. The whole course of instruction is covered in lectures during the year, and there are frequent critical investigations made as to what each student is doing. If a student is found who fails utterly to make use of his



COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

privileges he is requested to withdraw from attendance. In view of these facts there is not much sloping of lectures, nor is all work for examinations left for March and April.

The students' social life is one of interest. There is no class distinction between the years, to be seen either in study or in recreation. The many "At Homes" given throughout the year by the friends of the College in the city remind one of Cobourg, while the splendid grounds in connection afford abundant opportunities for healthy sport.

The religious tone of the institution is quite pronounced. The Faculty are all among those who enjoy a religious life, and it is seen in precept and example in its influence upon the students.

The literary societies and Y. W. C. A. afford the same means of development as in similar institutions elsewhere, and some good speakers have been produced and some lives have been greatly improved.

In athletics the College takes an active part, and in competition with other institutions has stood well to the front. Westminster is the home of the sports. The city boasts a lacrosse team without a peer in Canada, and the College men and women are doing something to uphold the civic reputation. Football, basket ball, hockey, lacrosse, with track sports, are all encouraged, and this year plans are under way for a considerable trial of skill in Inter-University contests with the University of Washington across the line.

The College future is assured so far as permanence is concerned, but its influence and extent can hardly be determined at present. This year an addition was made to the main building, at a cost of \$6,000, which provides accommodation for lady students, and in the coming summer a boys' residence and science hall must be constructed at an equal expense. Our patrons in British Columbia can sustain us in regard to our current necessities, but they can do very little toward enlarged expenditure in the matter of building. However, they will do their share, and this encourages us to go into the future with faith in our work, ourselves, our Methodism, and above all, in our God.

The College property occupies almost an entire block, and the new building to be erected this summer will be one side of a quadrangle, which we trust ere long to complete, and to have it sustain its reputation as the University of the West.

W. J. S.

Some Women's Colleges

TO some graduate of Victoria College interested in history, an excellent field for investigation is offered in the rise and development of the education of women in Canada, or, if the research be limited to the Methodist Church of Canada, there will be ample enough scope for original work.

The earliest provision for education in Canada came through the Ursuline Nuns, whose convent in Quebec was built in 1642. They taught not only girls, but boys, and were the patient instructresses of the Indian children. They were followed later by another teaching order, "The Sisters of the Congregation," who opened schools in Montreal and extended their work into Upper Canada.

Protestant education in Upper Canada seems not to have begun until about a hundred and fifty years later, when a great number of private schools, chiefly elementary in character, were opened wherever there were pupils enough to fill them. In the early thirties these were supplemented by academies, which offered a higher and more varied education, and most of which were open to both men and women.

Of these, Upper Canada Academy, which became later Victoria University, was among the earliest. It was opened in 1837, and for five years young men and women attended the same classes, and were in residence under the same roof, the women on the west, and the men on the east of the old Alumni Hall, dear to the memory of the Victoria graduates of the Cobourg days. But when the Academy attained to the dignity of a College, women departed from its halls and found their training elsewhere. Dr. Hurlburt and Rev. D. C. VanNorman, instructors in the College, opened two schools in Cobourg for young women—the first Methodist young women's schools in Canada—and to these in 1841 the rejected young women betook themselves. Seven years later Dr. Hurlburt removed his school to Toronto, where it was in existence five or six years; and some time before this Rev. Mr. VanNorman had removed his to Burlington under the name of the Burlington Ladies' Academy. One of its first graduates was the late Mrs. Youmans, then Letitia Creighton, who, in 1847, with Dr. D. McMullen, founded a Ladies' Academy in Picton. In 1853, two ladies from Pennsylvania, Misses Shoemacher and Wright, began a school in Cobourg, which closed about the time of the inauguration of the Wesleyan Female Academy. Four years after Dundas Ladies' College was opened under the principalship of Mr. McDonegal, an enthusiastic Irishman from the United States. In an old calendar of one of these early institutions

we find that the aim of ladies' schools was then, as now, "the symmetrical development" of womanhood, and that women's education should be "moral, religious, intellectual, social and practical."

In Hamilton, about this time, there was a large hotel for sale, which was deemed by Rev. Dr. Rice and others a suitable building for a woman's college. It was accordingly bought, a charter was obtained from the Government, and in 1861 the Wesleyan Female Academy was opened under the Principalship of Rev. Richard Jones, and Assistant-Principalship of Miss Adams. Later, the name was changed to the Hamilton Ladies' College, and for thirty-seven years it was one of the best and most successful women's colleges in Ontario.

Ten years after the opening of the College just named, Brookhurst Academy was begun in Cobourg as an adjunct to Victoria College, and with Miss Adams as Principal. This lasted for a period of seven or eight years, up to the time, indeed, when young women began to be admitted to the University.

In 1874 the fine large residence of Squire Reynolds in Whitby, "Trafalgar Castle," was purchasable, and it was thought advisable to procure it and establish a school east of Toronto. The record of Ontario Ladies' College during the thirty years of its existence is so well known to all as to require no comment.

Next year, Rev. Dr. Demill, wishing to establish a school for young ladies that would compete with the convents in low prices, so as to prevent the sending of Protestant young ladies to Catholic schools, built his College in Oshawa, and modelled it in management after Mount Holyoke College. After surviving a fire, and its subsequent removal to St. Catharines, it ended its days in 1903.

Alma Ladies' College in St. Thomas, founded in 1881 by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, is the latest of our purely women's colleges. It has had something of a struggle for existence, but it has successfully passed the crisis, and won for itself a high rank among other similar schools.

It is rather remarkable that although Toronto is one of the foremost educational centres on this continent, and its scholastic advantages unexcelled in Canada, we have no Methodist Woman's College in it. There is wide opportunity for such a school, especially if it be of an advanced character, and let us hope that in the near future we shall complete our churchly care of woman's education by a well-equipped and regulated girl's school in The Queen City.

No account of woman's education in Canada, however meagre, should be given without a tribute to Miss Adams, who did for education in Canada what Miss Lyon accomplished for New England

through Mount Holyoke College. She was connected with Mount Allison College, Dundas Ladies' College, Hamilton Ladies' College, Brookhurst Academy, Ontario Ladies' College, and few are the homes of Methodism in Ontario which do not owe much to the influence of her strong devoted womanhood. A quotation from the second announcement of the Wesleyan Female Academy will show better than any words of the writer, her high ideal in the education of women. The aim of the College is "to teach self control, obedience to *principes*, a conscientious regard for the right, trustfulness in opposition to pretence in anything, patriotism, love of home, devotion to parents, simplicity, inartificiality, avoidance of heartlessness and display, to produce a rich, deep and graceful character, generous and sympathetic, with self-reliant independence of thought, and freedom from weak sentimentalism."

M. E. T. A.

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby

WHITBY—the very name recalls pleasant memories of a quiet town, enthroned like the eternal Mother of Cities upon her several hills, and guarded on every side by fruitful slopes. Near enough to Toronto to enjoy many of the educational advantages of that progressive city, and yet escape the annoyances of its busy, hurrying life, this peaceful town impresses one as being delightfully and wholesomely rural. And all the glory and pride and life of Whitby is wrapped about its justly celebrated College for young ladies. Situated a mile and a half from the shores of Lake Ontario, on one of the most commanding eminences of the town, discernible for miles around the country-side, this building is the most striking object that meets the visitor's eye. By day, its many windowed walls, its towers and turrets catch the sunlight at a thousand points: while at night the broad circle of twinkling lights makes one imagine that once more "fair Ariadne's crown out of the sky hath fallen down."

When Squire Reynolds came to Canada in the early fifties he exhibited rare good taste in selecting this exact site for his own palatial residence. The building was completed in 1859, and, from its resemblance to a certain ancient Elizabethan structure in the Old Land, was named Trafalgar Castle. Its elegant carvings, lofty ceilings, extensive drawing-rooms, halls and stairways, its gorgeous stained windows, proudly emblazoned with the coat of arms of Reynolds, still serve as a reminder of the long-departed master of Trafalgar Castle.

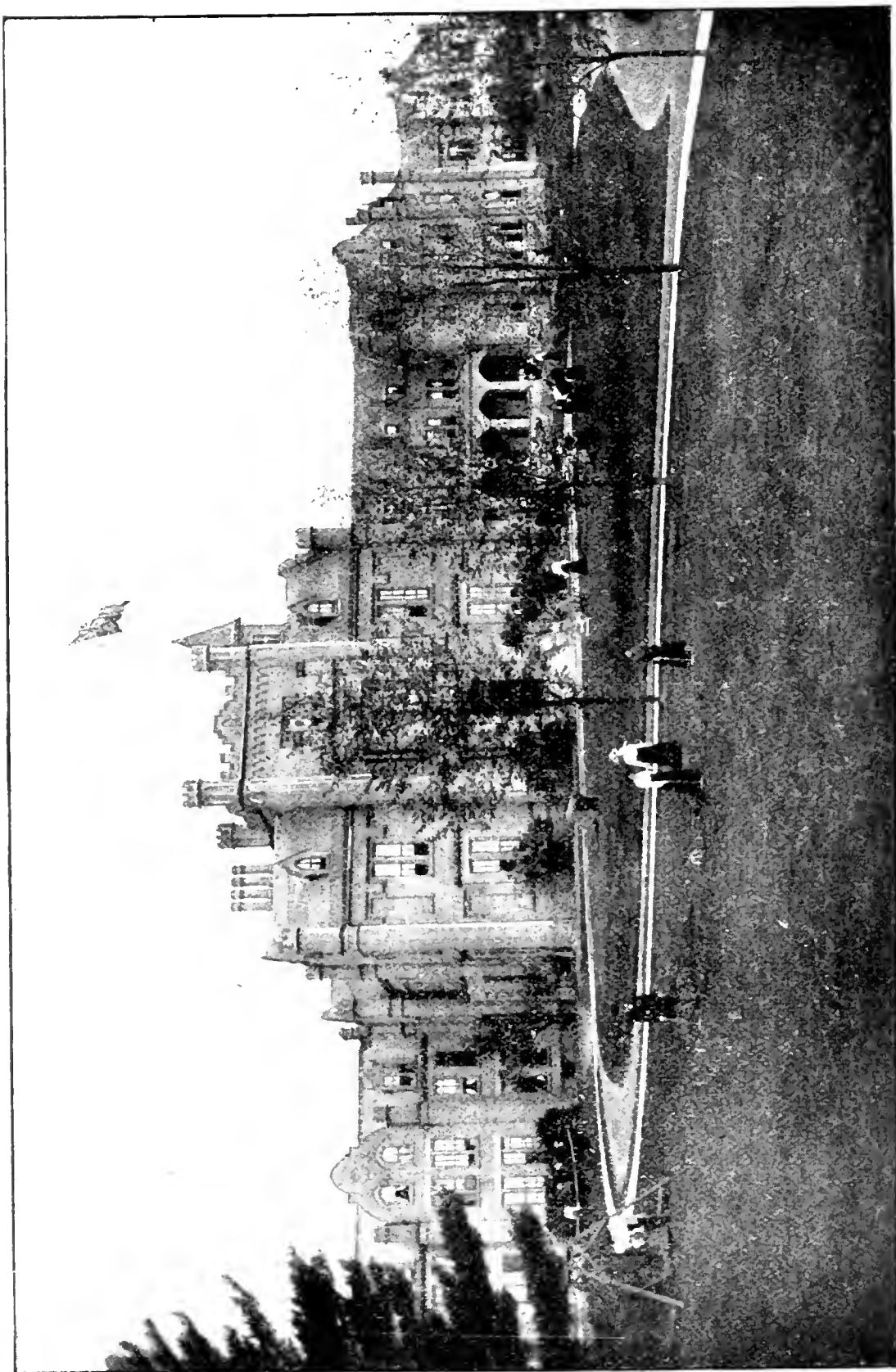
But the man who had laid out his fortune for building found that he had little left with which to maintain the princely establishment, and the estate was sold to an enterprising company of gentlemen who had conceived the idea of turning it into a College for the higher education of young women. Wings were added to the main building as soon as the increasing attendance made their erection expedient; first the Ryerson Halls extended from the main building leftward,



REV. J. J. HARE, PH.D., PRINCIPAL O. L. C.

and of still more recent erection is the beautiful Frances Hall, extending out for many rods to the right.

On the ground floor of Frances Hall are situated two large apartments, namely, the dinning-room and concert-hall. The former, which is light and cheery, is capable of containing a great many tables each of which may seat a dozen persons. Over the head of each table a teacher presides; the young ladies serve different dishes in turn,



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

and thus pick up, in a pleasant way, many useful points of etiquette. The doors between the dining-room and the concert-hall may be opened upon special occasions, forming a very spacious auditorium.

Since 1874 the institution has been under the able direction of the Rev. Dr. Hare, who has seen the work grow to such proportions as to command attention from the entire continent, for it is simply the truth to state that pupils come from California and Vancouver, from Mexico and the Bahamas, passing on their way scores of similar institutions which are using every inducement to increase their own attendance.

The home-like atmosphere is very apparent everywhere. One might imagine the young ladies all members of one immense family, so prominent is the feeling of genial good-will. Teachers and students are one, sitting down to the same tables, and enjoying the same social life. Each student's room, while provided with light, heat, and the necessary furniture, may be decorated to its occupant's taste, and many of the young ladies contrive to throw a great deal of character into their surroundings.

The care of sick or delicate pupils is as motherly as it is skilful. A teacher makes constant rounds through the apartments, advises, and summons medical aid, if necessary, while a nurse is constantly employed in the building. But, fortunately, the surroundings are so healthful, and the outdoor exercises so varied, that there are few cases of serious illness among students.

All the haunts in and about the town are familiar to those who are fond of walking; while the lake shore is the scene of many a picnic, students sometimes being allowed to take their lunch along and play gipsy for the day. From the fact that there are ninety-eight acres of land in connection with the institution, it is not surprising that outdoor sports are a special feature of College life. Excellent opportunity for tennis, basket-ball, and croquet playing is afforded on the extensive lawn in front of the building. Twice a year Whitby Tennis Team contend for the "Trophy" with the young ladies of Victoria University. The trophy is now in the possession of the Ontario Ladies' College.

For winter amusements the musically-inclined organize a musical club, the Art students form an art club, the aim of which is to interest the members in the lives and works of master painters. The Literary Society has also a large attendance; at their first meeting is chosen the editorial staff of the *Vox*, a highly amusing and entertaining little journal published monthly throughout the collegiate year, and expressing very definitely the spirit of College life.

Let it not be inferred from the foregoing paragraphs that life at the College is a mere round of sports and amusements. It is the happy combination of work and play that produces the enviable results. All morning long the students are as busy as bees in their various departments, and again in the evening, from seven until nine, the vacant halls are emptied of the laughing, chattering groups, for this is the hour when books are opened upon study tables, and when piano notes, above, below, and everywhere, prove the number of aspiring musicians.

The courses of study are very broad in their scope, and the foundation for future culture is laid firm and deep. It is just in this respect that a resident College excels a day-school. Instead of being obliged to cram a brain full of facts in view of an impending examination, these students are acquiring gradually, pleasantly and thoroughly a training that fits them for any sphere into which womanhood is likely to be called. They are not only told how things ought to be done; they do them. They are not only informed how cultured people should live; they live daily under the most refining influences.

Above all they are constantly under a wholesome religious influence. It is superfluous to add that the Bible is taught as broadly as other branches, no attempt being made to interfere with a student's creed or denominational beliefs.

"All things must die," says Tennyson; and nothing can be more apparent than that mournful truth. College days, sharing the mortality of things earthly, must one by one glide into the misty past. Students must part, and relentless trains and boats, after their flinty manner the world over, must carry long-knitted friends to remote distances. "Nothing will die," exclaims the poet, exultantly, a moment later, and again, and this time gladly, we admit the force of the truism. Above, all, influences cannot die. They follow us like invisible guardians to the end. And here is seen the most widespread result of the work of the Ontario Ladies' College. Can a soul filled with the love of the beautiful, live under the inspiration of the great masters, and then relapse into ignorant indifference? Can hundreds of healthy, cultured, thoughtful young women inhabit the borders of our land without raising its whole moral tone? In the near future when our Canadian literature and art shall have come into their own, a finger will point to the hoary pile that crowns the loftiest eminence of Whitby Town, and its voice will say, "Canada has no nobler mother of education than this."

M. B.

NOTE.—[Though not directly under the control of the Educational Society, Ontario Ladies' College is under Methodist auspices, and no report of our Institutions would be complete that made no mention of it; hence, we gladly include it in this number.]—ED.

Alma College, St. Thomas

ALMA College was founded by Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Through his travels in the fine district of South-Western Ontario he became convinced that a College there for the higher education of young ladies would be a valuable complement to the provincial school system, and impressed with the progressive spirit of St. Thomas, its superior railroad facilities, the exceptional salubrity of its climate, he fixed upon it as a very suitable place for the new school.

St. Thomas citizens enthusiastically approved the project, and such leading men as Judge Hughes, Registrar McLachlin, Sheriff Munro,

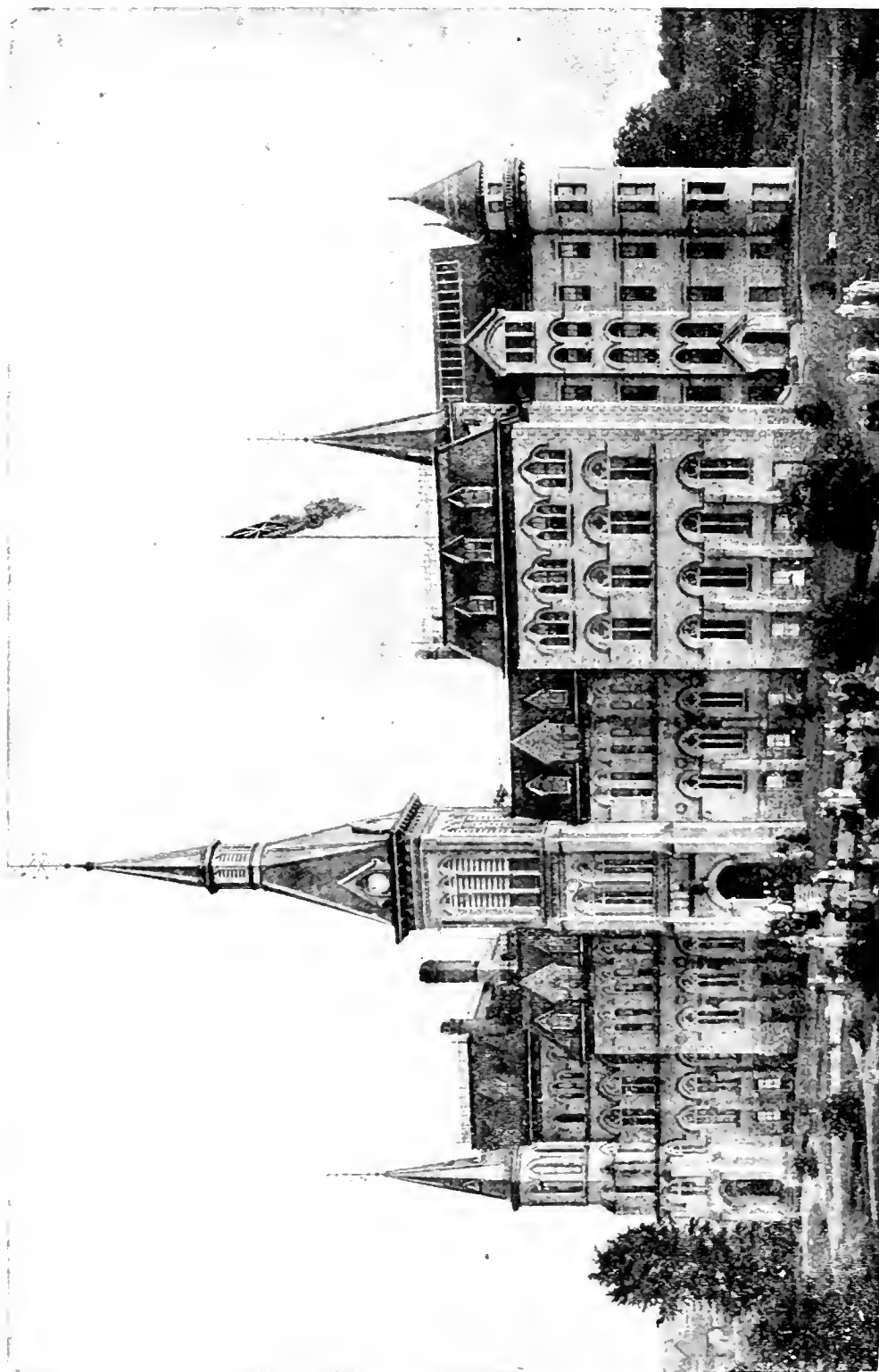
Mayor Drake, Captain Sisk, Colin Macdougall, M.P., and John E. Smith, Esq., accepted appointment on the Board of Management. A charter was procured from the Legislature of Ontario in 1877, giving the Corporation extensive powers and rights.

The College site includes about seven acres of land in the centre of the city and close to the beautiful ravine that surrounds the city on three sides. The large campus affords fine facilities for outdoor recreation, and the students take an active interest in tennis, basket



REV. R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D.,
PRINCIPAL.

ball, croquet, skating, etc. The College buildings, as will be seen by the accompanying cut, have a splendid and commanding elevation, embodying in the main building the idea of the union of home, church and school. The main building was completed and furnished at a cost of over \$70,000, and opened October 13th, 1881, with an enrolment of thirty-three students. The increase in patronage was so



ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS.

great that in 1887 the accommodation was inadequate, and to meet the demand McLachlin Hall was erected and equipped at a cost of over \$22,000. These buildings provide bedroom accommodation for 160, besides affording concert hall (capacity 500), dining rooms, class rooms, fine art and music studios, drawing rooms, domestic science and chemistry laboratories, kitchens, store rooms, etc. The art studio (34 x 60) is among the largest and best equipped in Canada and the general equipment throughout all departments is attractive, modern and efficient.

The name "Alma" was given to the College in recognition of interest shown in the College by the late Sheriff Munro, whose only daughter was named Alma. She is now Mrs. J. C. Duffield, London. The name "McLachlin Hall" was given to the new building, erected in 1888, in recognition of the great service rendered the College by the late Registrar McLachlin, for many years Secretary of the Board and Executive.

The College started in 1881 with three departments—Literary, Music and Fine Art. The departments were organized with Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., Principal; Rev. R. I. Warner, M.A., Registrar; Mr. St. John Hyttenrauch, Director of Music; Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., Director of Fine Art; Mrs. Margaret Capsey, Governess. There have since been added three departments—Bookkeeping and Stenography, Elocution and Physical Culture, and Household Science and Art. The College organization at present is as follows: Principal, Rev. R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D.; Registrar, Miss Martha A. Harvey, B.A.; Acting Lady Principal, Miss Clara M. Woodsworth, B.A. Directors—Music, Mr. Thomas Martin; Fine Art, Mr. William St. Thomas Smith, A.R.C.A.; Commercial, Mr. Maurice B. Farr; Elocution and Physical Culture, Miss May H. Walker, A.T.C.M.; Household Science and Art, Miss Winona Eilbeck.

The curricula include diploma courses in all these departments, as well as Art studies for the University Junior and Senior Matriculation. Over 300 students have won the Alma diploma, and many of these have taken post-graduate studies at home and abroad, especially in the music conservatories of Germany and the fine art studios of France. Alma College students and graduates have gone as missionaries to Japan, China, India and Africa.

While the College is Connexional property and managed by a Board appointed quadrennially by the General Conference, the institution has always been largely patronized by all the Christian denominations, and students are required to attend their own church regularly.

The moral and religious interests are especially fostered through a Spare Minute Bible Study Course, the regular study of International Bible lessons, Y. W. C. A. meetings for prayer and Bible study, mid-week prayer service and daily chapel services. About ninety per cent. of the students are members of the various Christian denominations.

The aim of Alma College has always been to afford at fair rates the best educational facilities, and the end sought for every student is a well rounded life under the influence of Christian culture entirely free from sectarian bias. Deeming this a cause worthy the devotion of the best talent and richest gifts, the Board of Management recently made an appeal to the public.

The response has been encouraging. A fund of \$50,000, including \$15,000 from City of St. Thomas, was raised, which has enabled the Board to pay off every cent of debt on the College, and leaves several thousand dollars in the treasury for improvements and enlargements during the coming summer. The College thus enters a new era with bright promise of enlarging prosperity and an open way to early endowment, and it stands to-day a monument to the public spirit of thousands who have contributed to make the College a gift to the work of woman's education. Among these contributions are legacies from the late Ivey Roblin, Belleville, for \$500; Dr. Gould, Colborne, for \$400; Hart A. Massey, Toronto, for \$35,000, and Peter Wood, Esq., Brantford, for \$7,300. Many special gifts by others have been received, greatly adding to the efficiency and attractiveness of the College, such as equipment for Domestic Science Department, from Mrs. Lillian Massey-Treble, Toronto; cash donations by Miss R. A. Wass, Oakville, by late J. A. Carman, Iroquois; prizes and medals by Revs. Hunter and Crossley, W. L. Wickett, Dr. Bennett, Dr. Gee, A. E. Wallace, and others; refurnishing and decoration of drawing rooms by Alma Daughters, and many valuable contributions to the College museum and library. The large yearly enrolment of students is gratifying proof that the College does a necessary and important work, and is eloquent testimony to the patriotic foresight of its founders and the wise interest of the Church.

R. I. W.

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Editorial.

Educational Efforts of Canadian Methodism

THE children of educated parents are usually interested in education. The founder of Methodism was favored, not only in having educated parents, but also in receiving himself a liberal education at old Oxford. Consequently he saw the necessity of education and made early provision for it in his new societies. From that time to this every country has borne testimony to the fact that the cause of education, both in its primary and higher branches, has had no more ardent advocates than the people called Methodists. Our very life is rooted in education. Nowhere is there presented a more promising field for the activities of our Church than in a community where men's intellectual faculties have been trained and their minds enlightened by the search for knowledge. Hence, Methodism in all its branches has been true to the spirit of its revered founder and has encouraged every effort that has promised to open the eyes of men to perceive truth.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the infant church which had been planted in the new Canadian soil, at once began to feel the need of education to assist it in its efforts to uplift the people committed to its care. First there came the encouragement of primary schools, but these were soon found to be insufficient. A system of education in higher branches was also required. This was felt particularly in the case of its own ministers. If they were to carry on their work

successfully and compete with the clergy of other churches who were coming from the old land and its universities, they must have the means of educating themselves. Moreover, great and vital questions, both political and religious, were facing young Canada, in which every true citizen was interested ; and in order to assist in their settlement Methodists must send up men who would be so equipped that their influences would tell mightily in the councils of the land. Hence, though few in numbers, and with few men of wealth, but acting under a supreme conviction of duty, they launched the scheme of raising \$50,000 to build and equip the Upper Canada Academy. By reason of the heroic efforts of the leaders of the Church, the task was completed in seven years, and in 1836 the institution was opened for academic work free of debt.

This was but the beginning of the good work, but it was an encouraging one and prophetic of the future. Soon after, in 1843, the Methodists of the Maritime Provinces opened the Mount Allison Wesleyan Academy, which has since grown into the Mount Allison University. In 1857, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Upper Canada secured a charter for the Belleville Academy, which later became Albert College. The Methodists of Newfoundland gave the next impetus to education by founding St. John's Methodist College in 1859. The year 1873 was an eventful one for Canadian Methodism, for it marked the commencement of three educational institutions, Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead ; Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, and Wesley College, Winnipeg. Next in order came Columbian College in New Westminster, B.C., which was opened in 1892, followed eleven years later by the founding of Alberta College.

We have not attempted to note the growth of institutions for the higher education of women. Another article in this number deals with that phase.

Thus we see that there has been a steady growth of educational efforts throughout Canadian Methodism, and time has only served to justify them. To-day they are all in a flourishing condition and accomplishing marked results in enlightening the minds and raising the ideals of our Canadian youth. As Methodists, therefore, we have much to be thankful for and much to spur us on to emulate the noble example of our fathers in establishing truth in the land. Our Educational Society is doing valiant service in conducting this phase of the Church's work, and is deserving of the heartiest co-operation on the part of the whole Church ; and we feel sure that when our people come to realize what a task is involved in the maintenance of so many

institutions, and what a mighty work they are accomplishing in our land, the heart of our genial and enthusiastic Educational Secretary will be gladdened by the hearty responses to his powerful appeals for help.

We are glad to devote this issue of ACTA to help further the interests of this Society; and if, in some way we can, by thus giving our readers a general, though necessarily inadequate view of its work, induce them to offer a more generous support to so worthy an agency, we shall feel that we have been amply repaid.



We regret that this issue of ACTA has been so long
AN EXPLANATION- delayed, but it seemed unavoidable under the cir-
TIONS. cumstances. Some time since we planned to present
in the April number an outline of the educational
activities of Canadian Methodism (excepting Victoria), and to secure
accurate information we requested the various Colleges to provide us
with a sketch of their work and history. Owing to the stress of
spring examinations most of these were delayed in reaching us. How-
ever, we felt that the purpose in view justified our postponement of
publication in order to make the number as complete as possible.

It will be seen that four of the Colleges (viz., Wesley, Albert,
Alberta and St. John's) have been dependent on the editor for a
description. This is due to the fact that no reports were sent in to
us from them; consequently we were forced, in the last extremity,
to depend for our material concerning them on various reports, from
which we have striven to present briefly, yet as accurately as possible,
the salient aspects of their life and work. If any errors have crept in
or any prominent features been omitted, we trust that leniency will
be shown in passing judgment.



Our next and final issue for the year we expect to
OUR JUNE ISSUE. publish about June 10th. It will contain a descrip-
tion of our life at Victoria, with a sketch of the
history of the College and its connection with the
University of Toronto. There will also be several interesting articles
of a general nature, and a paper by Rev. Prof. Misener on the
„Wisdom Literature of the Bible,” which he read before the Theological
Conference of Victoria University, and later before the Methodist
Ministerial Association of Toronto. All who have heard this
excellent paper will, we are sure, wish to secure a copy of June ACTA.



VICTORIA may well be proud of the large place filled by her graduates in the sphere of education. Many even of her friends are too prone to think of our Alma Mater merely as an institution for the preparation of candidates for the ministry, and have little conception of the large number of her graduates who are now teaching in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of this and other provinces, or in the institutions of higher learning, under state or denominational control, both in Canada and in the United States. It is, perhaps, only natural that a very large proportion of the instructors in educational institutions of our own Church should be graduates of Victoria. Brief sketches of these we are presenting in agreement with the plan of our Educational number.

Victoria Graduates in Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal

REV. WILLIAM ISAAC SHAW, M.A., D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., was born in Kingston in 1841. Intending to enter the legal profession, he took the courses in Arts and law at Victoria University, graduating in Arts in 1861, and taking the M.A. and LL.B. degrees in 1864. He studied for some time in the office of the late Hon. Oliver Mowat, but finally abandoned law to enter the ministry. After laboring on various fields in the Montreal Conference, he was appointed instructor in the Theological College, an institution which he assisted to found, and of which he was Principal from 1894 to 1899, when he resigned owing to ill-health. In 1903 he again became Principal on the resignation of Rev. Dr. Maggs. Dr. Shaw has been prominent in the workings of the Church, having attended the General Conferences since 1874, and being elected President of his own Conference in 1878. He is also an extensive writer on theological subjects, and prominent in the Council of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec.

REV. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN, M.A., Ph.D., is a native of Grafton, and was born in 1848. Entering Victoria, he graduated in 1875 as the valedictorian of his class, and was appointed in the next year to the editorial staff of the *Christian Guardian*. In 1878 he was

ordained to the ministry, and after four years spent in pastoral work, became Assistant Professor of Hebrew in his Alma Mater, and in 1884 Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature. To fully qualify himself he spent nearly five years in post-graduate work at Leipzig University, where he was awarded the degree of Ph.D. as a recognition of the merits of a critical work on "The Text of Jeremiah." His book on "Messianic Prophecy," called forth much bitter contro-



REV. G. C. WORKMAN, M.A., PH.D.

versy, resulting in the unfortunate severance of his connection with Victoria in 1891. It was, perhaps, an indication of the growing liberality of thought within the Church that Dr. Workman was appointed to the Chair of Old Testament Exegesis in Wesleyan Theological College in 1904. He is recognized as one of the foremost biblical scholars in Canada.



MISS A. F. HENWOOD, B.A.



MISS C. M. WOODSWORTH, B.A.



MISS M. A. HARVEY, B.A.



N. R. WILSON, M.A.

REV. JAMES ELLIOTT, B.A., Ph.D., graduated from Victoria University in 1886 with high honors and a Gold Medal, and entered on the work of the ministry. His pastorates included Ottawa, Kingston and Montreal. While in Kingston he attended the Lectures in Philosophy of Professor Watson, of Queen's University, and was among the first to take his Ph.D. degree from that institution. In 1902 he was appointed to the staff of Wesleyan Theological College as Professor of Philosophy and Church History. Dr. Elliott's tireless energy has made him equally successful in his pastoral and in his academic work.

REV. WILLIAM JACKSON, D.D., was born in England in 1840, and, while engaged in business, qualified for the ministry. Coming to Canada in 1862, he spent some time in Victoria, and on being received into the work, rose steadily into eminence through his pulpit ability. His pastorates have included Kingston, Montreal, Cornwall. In 1893 Wesleyan Theological College conferred upon him the degree of D.D., and in the same year he was elected President of the Montreal Conference. He has been on the staff of the College since 1901 in the capacity of Registrar and Professor of Theology.

Victoria Graduates in Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

MISS CLARA WOODSWORTH, B.A., is an honor graduate in Classics from Victoria University of the class of 1901. She joined the staff of Alma in February, 1904, as teacher of English and Latin, and her services proved so acceptable that, after one year's work, she was appointed in February, 1905, to be Acting Lady Principal, the duties of which position she is now discharging with general satisfaction.

MISS MARTHA A. HARVEY, B.A., graduated in 1898 with honors, in Mathematics and Science, and joined the staff of Alma in November, 1900. She has been Registrar of the College for several years, has shown marked skill in teaching, and has, by her tact and enthusiasm, done much for the athletic side of Alma College life.

MISS ALICE F. HENWOOD, B.A., graduated in 1899 with standing in the General Course. She became a member of the Alma College staff in February of the present year, and has already won the confidence of her classes as a thorough and competent instructor.

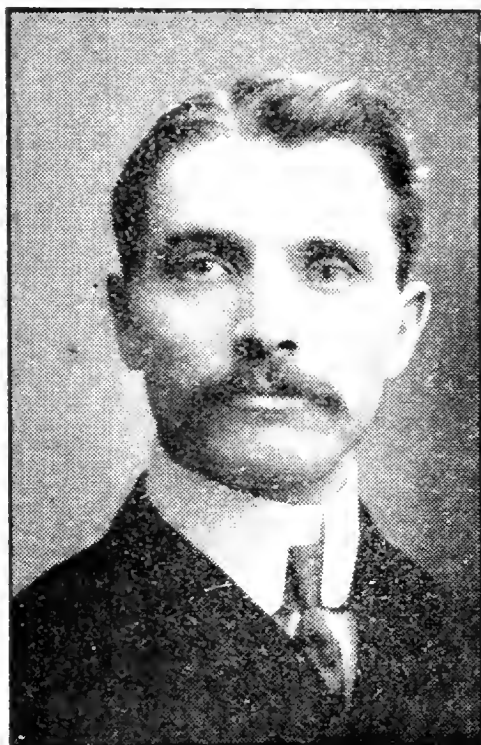
REV. ROBERT IRONSIDES WARNER, M.A., D.D., Principal of Alma College, graduated B.A., 1877. In 1881 he took his M.A. degree, and in 1902 the degree of D.D. At graduation he was valedictorian of his class, and carried off the Gold Medal in Moderns. He was appointed



REV. A. STEWART, D.D.



G. J. BLEWETT, B.A., PH.D.



W. J. SPENCE, B.A.



W. F. OSBORNE, M.A.

Alma's first Professor of Modern Languages on the opening of the College in 1881, and was also Vice-Principal and Registrar until the resignation of Rev. Principal Austin, D.D., in 1897, when he was unanimously elected Principal, a position he still holds.

Victoria Graduates in Wesley College, Winnipeg

REV. A. STEWART, D.D., graduated in Theology from Victoria in 1879, and immediately devoted himself to mission work in Western Manitoba, where, in addition to the arduous work of the pioneer of the church, he discharged for several years the duties of Inspector of Schools and organized a large number of new school districts. In 1889 he was called to the Theological work of Wesley College as Lecturer in Hebrew, Old Testament Exegesis and Systematic Theology. Prof. Stewart also discharges the duty of Registrar. His wide experiences as a missionary pioneer and in educational work, give him an honorable place in the councils of the Church, and he has twice been President of the Manitoba and North-West Conference.

REV. GEORGE J. BLEWETT, B.A., Ph.D., belonged to the Victoria graduating class of '97, and after post-graduate study at Toronto, Oxford and in Germany, received his Ph.D. from Harvard *summa cum laude*. As Professor of Philosophy and Historical Theology his wide and accurate scholarship, and his personal interest in his students, never fail to stimulate them to their best efforts.

WILLIAM F. OSBORNE, M.A., is a graduate of the class of '92, and in the fall of that year was appointed to take charge of the work in French and English at Wesley College, and was thus one of the "Original Six" who bore the brunt of battle in Wesley's early days. His painstaking application and enthusiasm make his lecture-rooms a centre of inspiration and culture. Prof. Osborne is also winning laurels as a public lecturer, whose devotion to "sweetness and light" is a leavening influence in the materialistic life of the West.

WILLIAM JOHN SPENCE, B.A., graduated from Victoria in 1900 with first-class honors in Modern Languages. His College career was particularly brilliant, and he was a prize-man throughout. After a year at Normal College, he joined the staff of Wesley College in 1901 as Lecturer in French and German. Prof. Spence is also Secretary of the Faculty.

NORMAN RICHARD WILSON, M.A., graduated from Victoria in 1899 after a brilliant academic career, and after spending a year as instructor in the Royal Military College, Kingston, went to Wesley in 1900

as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. He has shown himself an indefatigable worker in his department, and has also done much to stimulate interest in the field of College athletics. He has spent the past year in post-graduate work in his special department at the University of Chicago.

REV. JOSEPH WALTER SPARLING, M.A., D.D., was born in 1843 near St. Mary's, and received his education at the High School of that town and at Victoria University (B.A., '71; M.A., '74). His theological degrees were taken at the Northwestern University, Ill. (B.D., 1871; D.D., 1889). He entered the Methodist ministry in 1871, and performed the regular pastoral duties of his vocation up to 1888, when he was appointed to the Principalship of the new Wesley College. The administration of Wesley under Dr. Sparling's leadership has been eminently successful, and to his energy and executive ability are due in no small measure Wesley's present high position. His voice is also an influential one in the councils of Manitoba University, with which Wesley is affiliated.

Victoria Graduates in Columbian College, New Westminster

REV. WILFORD J. SIPPRELL, B.A., B.D., graduated in Arts in 1895, with the Silver Medal in Philosophy; in Divinity in 1897, with the Sandford Gold Medal. In 1900 he became Principal of the Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C. The College at the time of his appointment was in a very precarious financial position, but thanks to the energy and executive ability of its present Principal, is now firmly established and in a position to do excellent work in all its departments. Mr. Sipprell is Professor of Theology and Philosophy.

JAMES GRANT DAVIDSON, B.A., a member of the graduating class of 1900, has had charge of the Mathematics and Physics Department at Columbian College for the past five years. Not only has he done excellent academic work in his own department, but he has also done a great deal for the athletic and social side of the College life.

PAUL McD. KERR, B.A., graduated in 1903 with the Edward Wilson Gold Medal in Classics. He has been on the staff of Columbian College since graduation as Professor of Classics and Orientals. Through his efforts a College Glee Club has been organized and attained considerable efficiency.

MISS SADIE BRISTOL, B.A., is an honor graduate in Moderns of 1903, and during the past year has been instructor in that department at Columbian College, where she has proven herself a splendid teacher, energetic and thorough.

Victoria Graduates in Albert College, Belleville

REV. W. P. DYER, M.A., B.Sc., D.D., was born in 1854, at Orono, Ont. He was educated at Albert University and graduated with honors, in Philosophy and Natural Science in 1877, taking the Gold and Silver Medal, respectively, in these courses, and in 1879 took the M.A. degree. Subsequently he was appointed Professor of Natural Science in his Alma Mater, and became Principal in 1885. He took the degree of B.Sc. from Victoria in 1892, and received in 1894 the honorary degree of D.D. The College has prospered greatly under his administration.

REV. EGERTON R. DONEE, B.A., B.D., graduated in Arts at Victoria, in 1891, with first-class honors in Classics, being the Silver Medalist in that department. Since graduation he has taught the subjects of his department at Albert College, where he is also Secretary of the Faculty.

MISS JESSIE POTTER, B.A., graduated from Victoria as one of the most popular members of the Class of 1904 with honors in English and Moderns. Miss Potter has, since her graduation, been Assistant Preceptress in Albert College, and also Assistant in the English and Moderns department.

Victoria Graduates in Alberta College, Edmonton

REV. J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., B.D., Principal, graduated as a Gold Medalist in Classics in 1890, and at once entered the Manitoba Conference. After three years spent in mission work he went to Winnipeg as junior pastor of Grace Church, and instructor on the staff of Wesley College. On Young Church (a Grace Church mission) becoming self-supporting, he became pastor, but at the end of a four-years' term was called upon to give his whole time to College work as Professor of Classics. His earnestness and zeal marked him out for the Principalship of Alberta College when it was founded in 1903 through the far-sighted policy of Canadian Methodism, and it is in no small measure due to his energetic enthusiasm and executive ability that our last founded College has grown so rapidly and been so successful.

Victoria Graduates in Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, P.Q.

REV. CHARLES R. FLANDERS, B.A., D.D., is a native of the Eastern Townships. Entering the ministry in 1873, he attended Victoria University and graduated in 1881. In his final College year he had the honor to be chairman of the Board of Management of ACTA



F. C. IRVINE, B.A.



REV. A. LEE HOLMES, M.A.



REV. W. W. ANDREWS, M.A., LL.D.



REV. W. G. WATSON, B.A., B.D.

VICTORIANA. After serving as pastor in various fields of the Montreal Conference, and as a lecturer in Wesleyan Theological College, he was appointed to the vacant Professorship of Stanstead Wesleyan College in 1893, a position which he still holds. In 1896 he received the honorary degree of D.D. from the Montreal Wesleyan College.

REV. A. L. HOLMES, M.A., graduated from "Old Vic." in 1871, one of the strongest members of a strong class, which included such men as Dr. Eby and Dr. Jos. Sparling. In his later academic career Mr. Holmes managed to discharge efficiently the duties of Principal, first, of Stanstead Academy, and later of Stanstead College, a position which he filled for twelve years. After spending five years in pastoral work at Boston, he returned to take up the pastorate of the Methodist Church at Stanstead. Later he was appointed Head-master of Bugbee Commercial College in connection with Stanstead College, but the press of other interests forced him to resign his position, though he maintains his connection with the College as a lecturer in Mathematics and Commercial Law. Mr. Holmes is also a trustee of the College, and in conjunction with his sister and his son erected and presented to the College the Horace Holmes Model School.

MR. ELDON COULTER IRVINE, M.A., was born near St. Mary's, Ont., where his early education was received. After teaching with marked success for three years, he entered Victoria University with the class of '03, graduating with honors in Mathematics. During his College course Mr. Irvine was prominent upon the campus and in the Lit., and very popular with his fellow-students. On graduating he became Mathematical Master at Stanstead, where he has achieved marked success and popularity.

Victoria Graduates in the University of Mount Allison College, Sackville, N.B.

REV. WILBUR W. ANDREWS, M.A., LL.D., received his early education at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, and after five years spent in the West, attended Victoria University, where he took up a course in Science and graduated in 1887. After graduating he was pastor of a Toronto church for three years, when he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Experimental Physics at Mount Allison University. He has distinguished himself by his chemical researches, and read a paper embodying some of these before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at their meeting in Toronto. He has also perfected a number of scientific inventions.



MISS N. BURKHOLDER, B.A.



MISS M. C. ROWELL, B.A.



W. J. GREENWOOD, B.A.



MISS R. N. CULLEN, B.A.

REV. W. G. WATSON, B.A., B.D., graduated in 1891 from Toronto, and in 1898 took his B.D. degree from Victoria, winning the Sandford Gold Medal. For two years he was assistant pastor of the Metropolitan Church in this city, at the same time taking academic work in Orientals, the examination in which he passed with first-class honors. After two more years on circuit, he was called to the chair of Old Testament Exegesis and Systematic Theology in Mount Allison in 1903, where his scholarship is meeting with due appreciation.

Victoria Graduates in Whitby Ladies' College

REV. JOHN J. HARE, M.A., Ph.D., was born in Carleton County in 1847. He very early showed a remarkable ability as a student, and at the age of fifteen had matriculated into Victoria University. He graduated from Victoria in 1873 after a brilliant College course. He was ordained to the ministry in 1879, in the same year taking his M.A. degree. In 1874 he became Principal of the Ontario Ladies' College, and has discharged the duties of his position in a very efficient manner ever since, having had the satisfaction of seeing the College grow to be the largest Ladies' College under Methodist auspices in Canada.

PROF. W. J. GREENWOOD, B.A., graduated in 1886 with the Prince of Wales Gold Medal in General Proficiency, the Silver Medal in Classics, and the Wilson Memorial Prize in Astronomy. Ever since graduation he has taught in Whitby, being Classical Master of the Collegiate Institute until 1892, when he took a position on the staff of O. L. C.

MISS NETTIE BURKHOLDER, B.A., graduated in 1891 with honors in Natural Science and English. She taught in the Ontario Ladies' College until 1895, when she studied English for a time at Chicago University. Returning to the College she became Lady Principal in 1901.

MISS ROSE NICHOLLS CULLEN, B.A., was a member of the Class of '03, and graduated with honors in Modern Languages, and has since September, 1904, taught the subjects of the department acceptably in the Ontario Ladies' College.

MISS MARY COYNE ROWELL, B.A., took her degree in 1898 with honors, in Modern Languages. After spending a year at Normal College, Hamilton, she taught for two years in Alma College, St. Thomas, and from there went to Whitby, where she has proved herself a capable teacher. Miss Russell last year spent a term abroad, pursuing a course of study at Berlin.



THE watering cart already showers its artificial rain ;
 The organ grinder's grinding once more his tuneful strain ;
 One day you wear an ulster thick, the next a duster thin ;
 All of which denotes that spring is beginning to begin.—*Ex.*

ACHILLES and Patroclus, David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and all other congenial spirits, ancient and modern, witness that friendship is not dead ! For have they not covenanted to call them, respectively, Douglas Ernest and Ernest Douglas ?

ROBBY would like to get the pros and cons on the following question : " Is it right ? " Apropos of the above we have received a communication signed " Decorum, Jr.," whose identity must be revealed before his revelation can be made public. In case two or more advance a claim to authorship, the entire matter will be referred to an arbitration committee, consisting of Messrs. Robertson and Trueman, with headquarters at Mother's Candy Kitchen.

FLYNN, '08 (in a sermon for Dr. John)—" And Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of *potash*."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, after Varsity Science scrap.—Prof. (to ladies entering late)—" Have you been over at the scrap getting painted ? " One—" The very idea ! I don't even powder ! "

APPLICANT for contract for house-cleaning Common Rooms—" I'll tink it ovah, sah, and let ye know agin. I live at 6 Cinter Avenoo. My name is Mornin'. What be your name ? " " My name is Knight." App.—" Haw ! haw ! La me ! I been Mornin' nigh on 35 years, and I been a-lookin' for Knight to come."

MISS G—DY, '07—" I don't care about kissing children—there is no response."

W. P. NEAR, '03 (looking at Freshette group)—" Well, *our* girls were good looking, but—yum ! "

MISS McL—GH—N (at the bureau)—" I owe you 5 cents, Mr. Miller." He—" I can't remember it." She—" I bought it from the other boy."

ON the rostrum at prayers just at the "amen."—Dr. B.—"World without end, ——" Yough *! Someone stepped on the tail of Dr. Potts' dog.

WILSON, C. T., went to preach at Mimico one Sunday morning, but going too far, he got into the wrong church. The regular pastor happened to be in the audience consulting the brethren, and as it was 11 o'clock, Wilson entered the pulpit, opened the service, and carried it through very creditably, according to the subsequent congratulations of the evicted minister.

THE fact that women's fingers have a peculiar deftness for some kinds of work is again demonstrated in the unprecedented success of Miss Willlams and Miss Deacon in making mirrors in the lab.

"What a sweep of vanity comes this way."

THE Sunday night the Sophomores were invited to Annesley Hall a couple took Rathman to church, hoping to inveigle him to go to the reception afterwards. But though they induced him to mount the front steps (most noble Sophomores!) he broke loose and fled precipitously.

DR. JOHN'S definition of classical music—"That which has no time, and which common people can't learn."

MORAL—don't bet. It was done on a wager. She (and it will be *strange* if you can't rhyme her name) bet some biscuits of her own make, and lost the wager, but offered some dog biscuits to the unsuspecting him. And he (oh Douglas!) ate them or tried to.

WHAT will next year's Local Editor do without Knight? He and Rutherford were observed rubbing skulls affectionately in the library. Onlooker—"Are you trying to absorb some of his wisdom, Jack?" Jack—"I'm trying to impart some of my hair." Forbes—"Hair! Hair!"

ON Czar St.—Bull returns (in real Hebrew) the Sheenee's imperfect English, "Rags! bones! bottles!" The latter smilingly bows his acknowledgments.

AT the top landing.—Archibald—"We'll be adepts when it comes to climbing the golden stairs."

SOMEONE reports having seen a waitress at Eaton's lunch room assist Rev. T. Green, B.A., in putting on his overcoat.

DR. REYNAR—"The sensation red having been explained to a blind man, he asked, "Is it like a cannon shot?" Stapleford—"Well, red is a loud color."

YES, "time spins fast," and the fact, pregnant with varied meaning, we felt as Alumni Hall re-echoed with wailing and lamentation the other day, when our noble Seniors, the "sweet and blushing" roses of '05, came to bid farewell to critic's desk and president's chair, to call up from the dimly radiant past the scenes of Freshman glory, to leave with us good admonition gleaned from years of sage experience, or with prophetic voice to utter tender warning, and one and all to pat us gently on the head with prayer and blessing.

Seniors are wondrous people, so are Sophs. and Freshies, all in their own way; but we found a common sympathy as they chatted gaily, for all their wiseness, their shyness and their foolishness, over ice and bon-bons.

Verily the ways of women are beyond finding out, for who could imagine dignified, decorous '05, whirling madly through Alumni Hall when it was all over, until, one by one, heart failed and foot grew weary, and the thought of the dinner gong brought them back to mundane things.

Miss B. L. Scott, '06, had the honor to present the university pin, the customary token of esteem, to Madam President.

How did you like the quartette, especially the giggling accompaniment, "While the tears around were falling?"

Madam President—"I tried to think of some poetry, but could remember only epitaphs."

Miss Switzer, tearfully—"Oh, I've lost my handkerchief."

Miss VanAlstyne—"Be your own pilot in your own pilot-house and not a cabin passenger." Memories from the "Spartan." Eh, Sue.

Miss Jickling—"Get a note-book in October and jot down every clever thought that comes to you and you'll be prepared for your senior speech."

ELECTION of officers at the Classical Association (*re* Hon. Pres.)—Spenceley—"Whose turn is it?"

THE new '06 classics yell—C! L! ix! C! L! ix! Classics! Classics! Nineteen six!

RUTHERFORD—"Who took my books away?" Ans.—"M—r." R.—"I'll barker!"

MORGAN (writing)—"Mr. Jack S. Bennett." John—"I rather object to being called Jack S."

SANDERS, '08—"I hesitated about three minutes and then decided to skip the lecture." Luck—"Three minutes! What a shameful waste of time!"

ALTHOUGH there has been a marked falling off in attendance at the Union Lit. during the past term, especially among the men of the senior years, the last meeting, with its special features, as ever, brought out a full house, and nothing was lacking to make the occasion typical of a real "last Lit." with its reminiscences from the graduating class, election of officers, "bun-feed," and general jollification. From the words of self-confession and sage advice which formed the theme of all the farewell addresses, we wish to choose a few of the choicest thoughts or most characteristic witticisms.

Mr. Knight—"There are some people whom the Lord never called to do anything but to get out, and they won't." Voice—"Chloroform them!"

Mr. Bennett was able to utter the creditable boast that he had missed only three meetings of the society in his College career. "I expect to number some of the students of Victoria among my life-long friends." Voice—"Name."

Mr. Rutherford—"I was bobbed as the 'new woman' on a bicycle."

Mr. Elliott—"There are things infinitely more responsive to the osculatory process than the blarney stone." (This remark is to be catalogued among the "choicest thoughts" mentioned above. It is only fair to Alex. to say so.—ED.).

Mr. Robertson—"The best place to really become acquainted with a man is on the campus."

Mr. Dawson—"A good many things have happened since I came. I've slipped a cog or two. Work with your farthest aim in view." Jam indulged in the story of the man (Irish, of course) who had to be remonstrated with by his landlady's husband for disturbances on three consecutive nights. The explanation was that the doctor had ordered him to take a certain medicine "two nights running, skipping the third."

Mr. Davison made one of the best speeches. His most pointed sentence—one debatable, but affording food for thought—was this: "There are too many prayer-meetings at Vic. compared with equally organized athletic efforts."

Mr. Walden—"There are a number of fellows who will remember that I came in as a Freshman." Bill related the history of the "moustache club," especially the baptism of Connolly in Jackson Hall (what place more fitting!) after he had shaved. The water (for the baptism) "was brought by Cragg from the lower regions."

Mr. Hamilton—"You are in College for self-development. The only thing I brought with me was a pair of foot-ball boots." Frank, while depicting several "tapping" incidents which came under his notice, quite inadvertently remarked that he had never experienced this most remedial form of "cold applications." The irrepressible Jam took wings to the basement and was on the spot with a basin of water to empty upon Hamilton's unsuspecting head the moment he sat down. The catastrophe was entirely sensational and subversive of all good order, not to say howlingly ludicrous.

The one regrettable feature (indeed scandalous is not too strong a word) of the proceedings, was the scrap for the refreshments, which resulted in a waste of at least half of them—a small matter compared with the utterly barbarous display.

Robert's speech contained many gems of humor and pathos. *E.g.*: *Re* Jane—"He's a winning, loving, kind man." "Where under the canopy of the heaven will you find such a College of young men—glorious as the sun, fair as the moon—" Davison (interrupting)—"And without any stars!" *Re* Jam—"There are streaks of gold in him—no joking!" (Students of the Classics are referred to Plato's Republic, Bk. III.). Speaking of matters in general, Robert told how he remonstrated with a Freshman (whose first name is Chris.) who came in very late from the rink one night. Said Robert, "Don't you know that Miss Addison will send that poor Freshette to bed without any supper?" Chris.—"Please, Robert, it wasn't I who kept her; it was she who kept me!" Robt.—"Then my mind went right back to Hadam and Heve!"

CONRON (looking at an engraving of Jonah *ejectus*)—"That must have been after his encounter with the whale; he looks so down in the mouth."

WHO stole Butcher's apples? They came from home in a box, and to keep them cool he and his brother put them outside on the balcony of the front bow window. Inasmuch as this novel cold storage process was very conspicuous from the upper windows across the way, it soon became an open secret. Accordingly, one evening at 8.20 a telephone message reached the Butchers, saying that an old friend of the family was desirous of seeing them both at 8.30 at the Grosvenor House. A pair of coat tails were soon flying down Czar Street. A keen appetite for apples, and a dull conscience, with the aid of a pair of trunk straps, soon put the plotters in happy possession of "Butcher's apple cart."

DR. BELL tells of a student who desired a literal translation of an expression in Virgil, "The bird swooped aloft." "Flocked all by itself," was how he turned it.

ALEX.—"Don't get a short hair cut, Elmer. I was feeling the bumps on my head the other night [and dreading the time when I shall be bald." Luck—"Gee! you'd look nobby."

SPEAKING of Luck, it seems he takes an early morning class for Dr. Edgar, and not long ago his fair scholars put a parcel of salted peanuts on the desk, with the inscription, "To our dear teacher." Doesn't this take you back to the old red schoolhouse days?

DR. BADGLEY has invented a new salute which commends itself as well for its simplicity as its utility. Freshman—Touch the forehead with one finger (palm out); Sophomore, with two; Junior, with three; Senior, with four; Post-Grad., with whole hand. (Patent applied for.)

SIBLEY—"I haven't bothered the girls around the institution very much. But there are some great ones down at the Deaconess Home." Stapleford—"Personally, I'm not looking for a chaperone."

OVERHEARD at Lit.—Speaker—"I must ask the movement of this motion." Bennett—"I am not particularly in love—" (pause). Voice—"Oh!" Woodsworth—"I know, everybody knows, that the Woman's Lit., etc." Manning—"Now, there are two reasons why the existing functions cannot be dispensed with. First, because each of them is indispensable." Hunter—"I've been looking up the discipline." (He meant constitution.) The Government had explained that no report had been received from the Indian Relics Com., owing to the floods in Queen's Park. Harley—"The ferry brought me across all right." Clio Jackson (promptly)—"What *fair* does the hon. gentleman refer to?" The night the congratulatory telegram was sent to Hon. Clifford Sifton, the advocates of the action repeatedly used the expression "to strengthen Mr. Sifton's hands." One of the Opposition advised a Whitely Exerciser, and subsequently one of the ladies, a good stiff piano exercise. Barber (describing a big, burly Scotchman)—"But he had hands as soft and white as—" (pause). Voice—"Name?" (N.B., pause, not paws.)

A GERMAN "bull."—Dr. Horning (quite seriously)—"It is an easy matter for one who has made a study of the history of language to tell the locality from which a person comes, by merely listening to his speech and observing his peculiarities. Why, when I was in Germany I could tell exactly where each German professor was brought up without his saying a word."



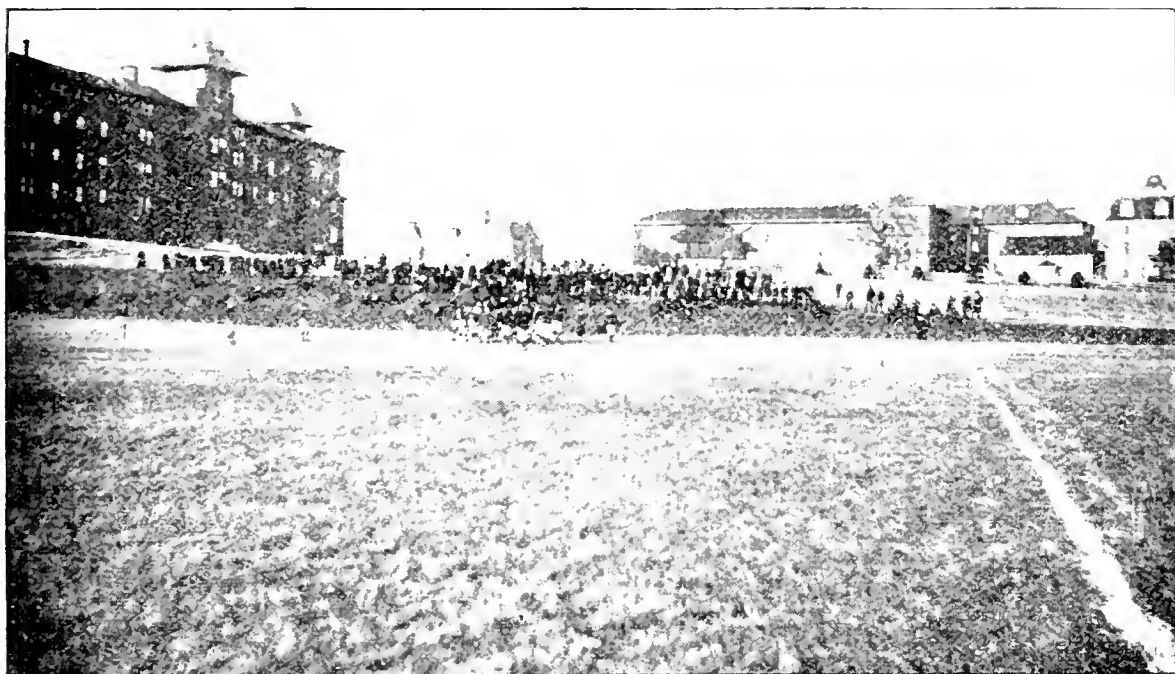
Mount Allison's Status in the Athletic World

IT has come to be a generally conceded fact that athletics should form an important feature in every man's life. In College this matter is brought very prominently before us, and rightly so. This spirit has so thoroughly permeated the life of our College that at the present day it is hard to find anyone so narrow in his views as to denounce all athletics. In fact, it might almost seem as though the tendency in this direction has already become too strong, and that the inclination on the part of many is to be so carried away in the current of athletic enthusiasm that they altogether forget the central idea of their College career.

At Mount Allison this feeling is very strong. As we take a retrospective glance at the history of our institutions, we find that the development of athletics has been one of steady growth. They have ever claimed a large share of our attention, but never before has the same feverish eagerness been apparent as at the present day. We have no doubt that it is on this account that Mount Allison holds her present enviable position in the athletic world of our Maritime Provinces.

Since the year 1891, when our first football team was formed, this popular sport has ever gained the attention which it deserves. Our record, like that of most teams, has been a varied one. The "garnet and old gold" has not always marched to the triumphant note of victory. But in our football contests with other Colleges we consider that we can justly claim the "lion's share." During the fourteen years of our football career we have played thirty-seven games with other Colleges. Of these Mount Allison has won twenty-one and drawn three, the remaining thirteen going to our opponents. Dalhousie has ever been our hardest competitor. Eight times on the "gridiron" we have battled with them for supremacy, and as many times have been compelled, in all fairness, to acknowledge a defeat. In none of

these reverses, however, has the score been greater than six to nothing against us. Our record, especially during the season that has just passed, has been a unique one. We have carried off in triumph the cup offered for competition in football between the three Colleges—Acadia, University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison. And, moreover, we have proved ourselves superior in several other contests, and altogether have been able to roll up the rather large aggregate of seventy-six points, while we ourselves have not been scored against, nor at any time been forced to touch for safety. In this connection it might also be stated that we find that in our whole history of football, including games with outside towns as well as with Colleges, we have 467 points to our favor, with only 122 points against us.



CAMPUS AT MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY.

Hockey at Mount Allison is very popular during the whole winter season. We are greatly hampered in this sport in not having a rink of our own. On that account more, perhaps, than any other, an Inter-collegiate Hockey League has never as yet been formed. Steps were taken during the first part of the season to try and make definite arrangements for such a league. In this we were very greatly assisted by Mr. Hewson, of the Hewson Woolen Mills, Amherst, who generously offered a cup for competition. The season was almost over, however, before arrangements could finally be effected, but we look forward to the formation of a league next year. We have, how-

ever, had two games with Acadia and two with Dalhousie, which resulted in three victories and a draw. In our games with other teams we have met with varying success.

In 1903, another cup was offered for competition in track sports between the three Colleges—Acadia, University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison. Mount Allison was the fortunate winner of this cup for the first year, while last year it went to Acadia. Each year greater and greater interest is being evidenced in these track meets. In order that a creditable showing may be made vigorous training is absolutely necessary, and we have found them one of the most valuable forms of our College athletics.

Such, in short, is Mount Allison's standing in the athletic world. We have become more and more convinced that College athletics are invaluable in fitting men for the active duties of life. In our eager search after knowledge there is, perhaps, nothing that is so great an aid as competition. Does not then the value of competition extend into inter-collegiate contests? Is it not worth while to uphold the Alma Mater in athletics? The mingling with other students on our trips has greatly tended to raise our standard of College spirit, and to drive out those little prejudices and bigotries which so rapidly creep in.

Sackville, N.B.

W., '06.

The Misses' Athletic

SINCE the rather disparaging question has recently been put to us, "What is that new thing over at Annesley Hall?" perhaps we should throw a little light on this mysterious subject, and introduce to the public, that most promising institution, the Victoria College Athletic Club. For some time the women students have felt the need of such an association, but the smallness of the numbers has heretofore been the apparently insurmountable difficulty. In the past year, the necessity for definite organization has come to us even more forcefully, for a two-fold reason: first, to induce each of the women students to take a practical interest in at least one of the sports; secondly, to co-operate with the Athletic Clubs of University College and St. Hilda's in forming a U. of T. Athletic League.

Tennis has always had ardent devotees, even under the stress of exams, and we have been pardonably proud of our team in the semi-annual Whitby Tournament. And now, with a prospect of a tournament with our sister colleges, there will be increased interest and enthusiasm. Basket-ball, which has enjoyed a peaceful oblivion for

the past two years, is being rapidly popularized again, under the efficient management of Miss Birnis, '07, and splendid matches, both inter-year and inter-collegiate, are anticipated for the coming fall. Victoria has had the distinction of placing another sport on the University Athletic curriculum. Miss Bunting, '07, has many swift and energetic supporters in the Field Hockey Squad, and will put a strong team in the League next year. We hope that the V. C. A. C. will add new stimulus to the already illustrious winter hockey team. But to dwell on their old-established renown would be superfluous.

A few words will, perhaps, explain the desired function of the League in University Athletics. It is a lamented fact that the students of the different Faculties or Colleges are almost entire strangers. But by social intercourse, through the medium of athletics, the League hopes to solve the problem, and even foster University spirit. And to Victoria has been awarded the honor of sending up the first president of this reform party, Miss M. A. Proctor, '06. But enough said. With such aims and such enthusiasm there is every prospect of a brilliant future for the Athletic Club, and to ensure its success the officers ask only for the hearty support and encouragement of all the students.

Victoria College Athletic Union

SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT, 1904-5

Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Athletic Union :

IT is my privilege to congratulate you upon the continued success of your Association on this the completion of another year in its history. To-day is held the twelfth annual meeting of the society, and never has one in my position had a more successful year to report. The true athletic spirit is perceptibly deepening among us, and consequently cannot but quicken the whole life of our College. Our relations with the Faculty have been most cordial, with sister Colleges friendly, while we have learned to know and appreciate better the men of our own institution.

The subject which naturally looms largest in our minds at this time is that of a College gymnasium. Our hopes were very high last year at this time, but even the rugged eloquence of President Bob Pearson could not avail with our Board of Regents to shelve other questions of lesser importance in favor of improved athletic facilities. However,

with a good rink surplus assured to add to our bank account, our position to-day is stronger than ever, especially as several '05 men have adopted as their watchword "'05 and a College gymnasium." Already a committee has the matter in hand, and something definite may be expected soon. The matter is one of moment to all, and will be carefully considered before any action is taken. To this end, any suggestions or recommendations will be welcomed by the committee.

The Union is to be congratulated upon the arrangements made with the Y.M.C.A. in the matter of the summer's rental of grounds. By this agreement we obtained a cash rental of \$200, and improvements and maintenance of grounds, worth four or five hundred more, at conservative estimates. Our campus was carefully kept and showed



noticeable improvement when we took possession last fall; the grass tennis courts have never been in better shape, while the new cinder court filled a long-felt want, especially as our students played a great deal more tennis last fall than ever before. Furthermore, by the installation of bowling greens a hitherto unsightly spot was made beautiful, as should be a spot 'neath the windows of Annesley Hall. The Y.M.C.A. have an option on the grounds for two more seasons, but as yet nothing has been heard from them, officially at least.

Much satisfaction is expressed at the success of our new locker system. The number of complaints of lockers opened or locks sprung has dwindled to zero, and now if a man cannot find his outfit

in his locker he can only blame his own generosity or that of another occupant. This is an ideal state of affairs, and we think credit is due the retiring executive for this step in advance.

Another matter to be mentioned in this connection is the purchase of a desk for the Society's officers. As the volume of the Society's business has increased, some such provision became more and more necessary. This move will ensure that permanence of records and correspondence which is so essential in every well-conducted business venture, and we prophesy that aside from convenience to its officials, it will repay the Society before many more annual meetings. It is anticipated that the desk will form a pleasing addition to the furniture of the gymnasium when opened next fall.

While on this subject, may we take this opportunity of congratulating the *Alma Mater* Society—a babe among our College organizations and already a big one—upon the completion of the Men's Common Rooms and the excellent taste displayed in furnishing and general arrangements.

The Rink Committee is glad to have such a report to present to day. By judicious arrangements with several large clubs it has filled its treasury. Our McMaster friends also supported us loyally, although in our opinion they have not, on an average, paid for more than they got.

A word of praise, too, is due Capt. Robertson and his hockey team. Though disqualified on a technicality, they won four hard games from the pick of the colleges by good, hard, scientific hockey. We hope that some new rule will not have been discovered to keep the cup from Victoria's halls next season.

Moreover, we would commend the Athletic Editor of ACTA on the judicious use he has made of his columns, and the entertaining way he has presented subjects which from other pens would savor of dryness.

In conclusion, then, the President, officers and members of the Union are to be most heartily congratulated upon the general improvement shown in this department, and when we notice the strong spirit of optimism pervading our athletics we cannot but look forward and expect still greater things in the years to come.

C. D. HENDERSON, *Secretary*.

NOTES.

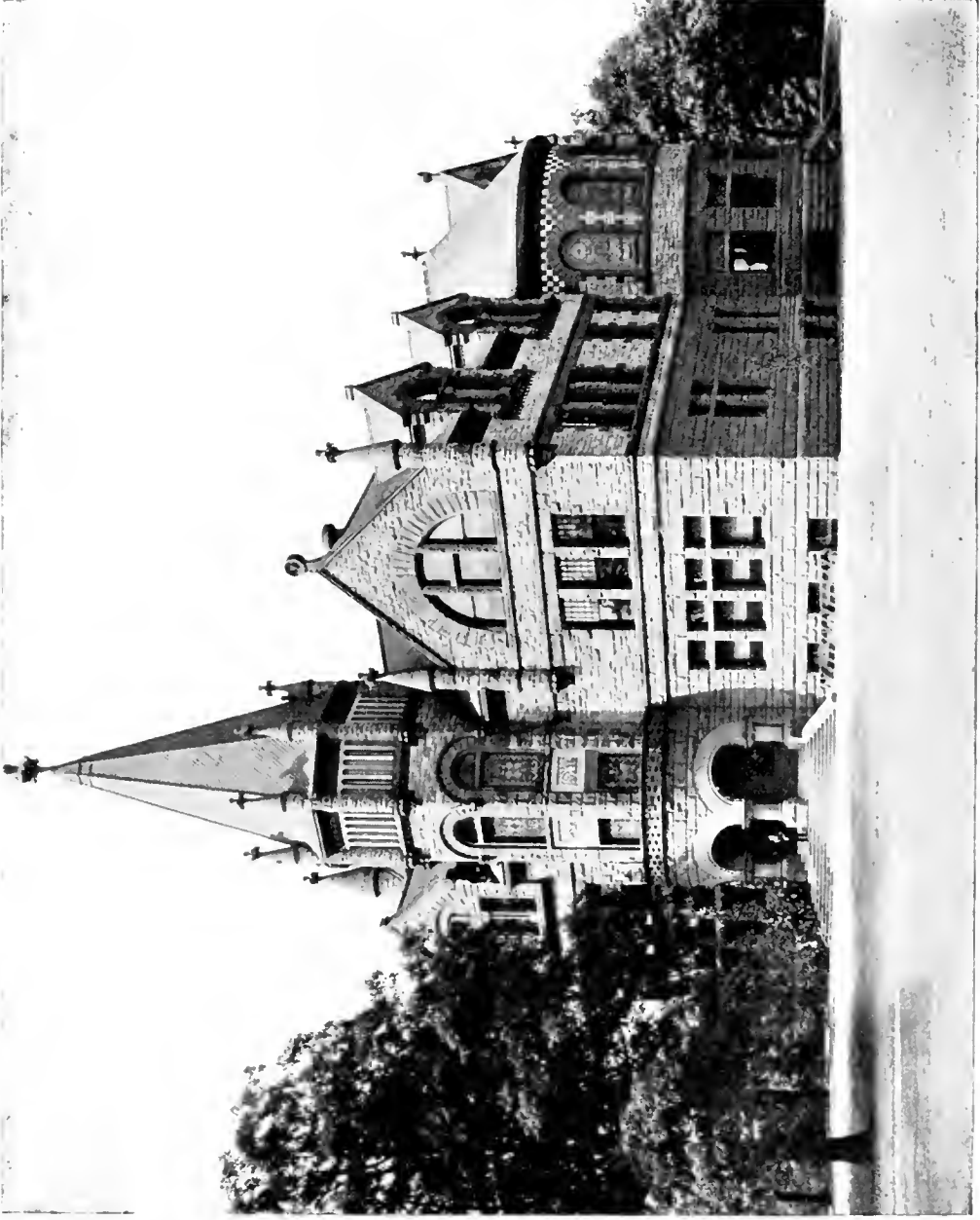
We are very grateful for the contribution of these several reports, and are happy to print such records of positive progress and satisfactory standing of athletics, not only in our own College, but also in the sister institution of the East. Mount Allison, indeed, occupies an enviable position, and we extend to her the hearty congratulations of ardent admirers. May her shadow never grow less! We had hoped for an article from Wesley College, Winnipeg, but through some misfortune it has been delayed. Wesley's career of late years has been almost brilliant, both in track athletics and in association football.

Mr. Henderson, Secretary of the Athletic Union, had the honor, and he bore it well, of presenting at the last meeting the report printed above. It is a record of the most successful year Victoria has known and presages a bright future. The Treasurer's report was equally pleasant to interested ears. The surplus on hand is some \$800 above that of any preceding year, and forms an adequate basis for the wildest of schemes.

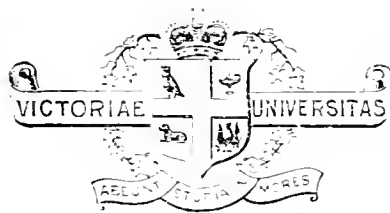
NOTE.—The gymnasium is more tangible than ever. The retiring executive has shown the insight and originative activity of a veteran corporation.



Regarding the Victoria College Athletic Club, the new organization instituted by the co-eds, the editor of this column has but little to say, as his enthusiasm over the innovation carries him almost beyond the realm of expression. Its complexity of aim—not only the promotion of a healthy athletic spirit at the “Hall,” but also the extension of acquaintance among the hundreds of women students attending the University—shows the earnestness and thoughtfulness of its promoters. The Athletic Union is proud of its little sister, and wishes her all success.



VICTORIA COLLEGE
(North-East View)



ACTA VICTORIANA

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No. 8

Be Wise To-day

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

BE wise to-day ! for if you wait
Until to-morrow's at the gate.
You'll wait full many a weary day :
To-morrow never comes this way—
To-day is yours, at any rate.

This is Time's most illusive bait :
He paints next week in purple state,
This hour he drapes in hodden gray—
Be wise to-day !

Dream not—dreams make one lie too late.
The only way to conquer fate
Is, make each minute, ere it stray,
Yield you its substance, good or gay.
Would you be learned, loved or great ?
Be wise to day !

Student Life at Victoria

THIS number of ACTA VICTORIANA will probably fall into the hands of some students who are undecided as to what college in the University is best adapted to meet their needs and assist them in the development of their powers. In the hope of assisting them to reach a conclusion, we present the following sketches of student life at Victoria.

It is a sad fact, but we must face it, that a great many people of the Methodist Church have very little interest in Victoria, and consequently no conception of the place she occupies in the educational work of the province. Some of our ministers even have strongly urged young men and women not to go to that one-horse affair at the north end of Queen's Park, and even many of the fairly prominent Methodists of Toronto have not yet come to realize that from the educational standpoint the students of Victoria are on a par with those of University College, pursuing as they do the same course of studies, writing on the same examinations and receiving the same degrees. Indeed, in many of the courses, instruction is received from the same professors—professors not of University College or of Victoria College, but of the University of Toronto. In other courses the students of the various colleges receive instruction from their respective professors in many of the subjects, but in the other subjects they unite and sit under one professor, sometimes of Victoria College, sometimes of University College and sometimes of Toronto University. Granted that the teaching ability of the staff of one college is equal to that of the other (and we of Victoria have no reason to fear comparison with any other college in that respect), it is generally acknowledged that the students of the smaller college have an advantage over those of the larger, as the professors can take a more intelligent interest in each individual student, and give him the assistance he requires. Consequently, from the academic standpoint, the prospective student can make no mistake in selecting Victoria as his college home while attending the University of Toronto.

Turning now to the social life. Owing to the fact that our numbers are small—Victoria does not want more than three hundred students—every man gets to know his fellow students, and is thrown into close touch with men of equal ability with himself. Nothing so soon eliminates snobbery and conceit from a young man's mental make up, and sets him in his proper place. One of the great instruments used to effect this result has been the famous "Bob," Victoria's mysterious

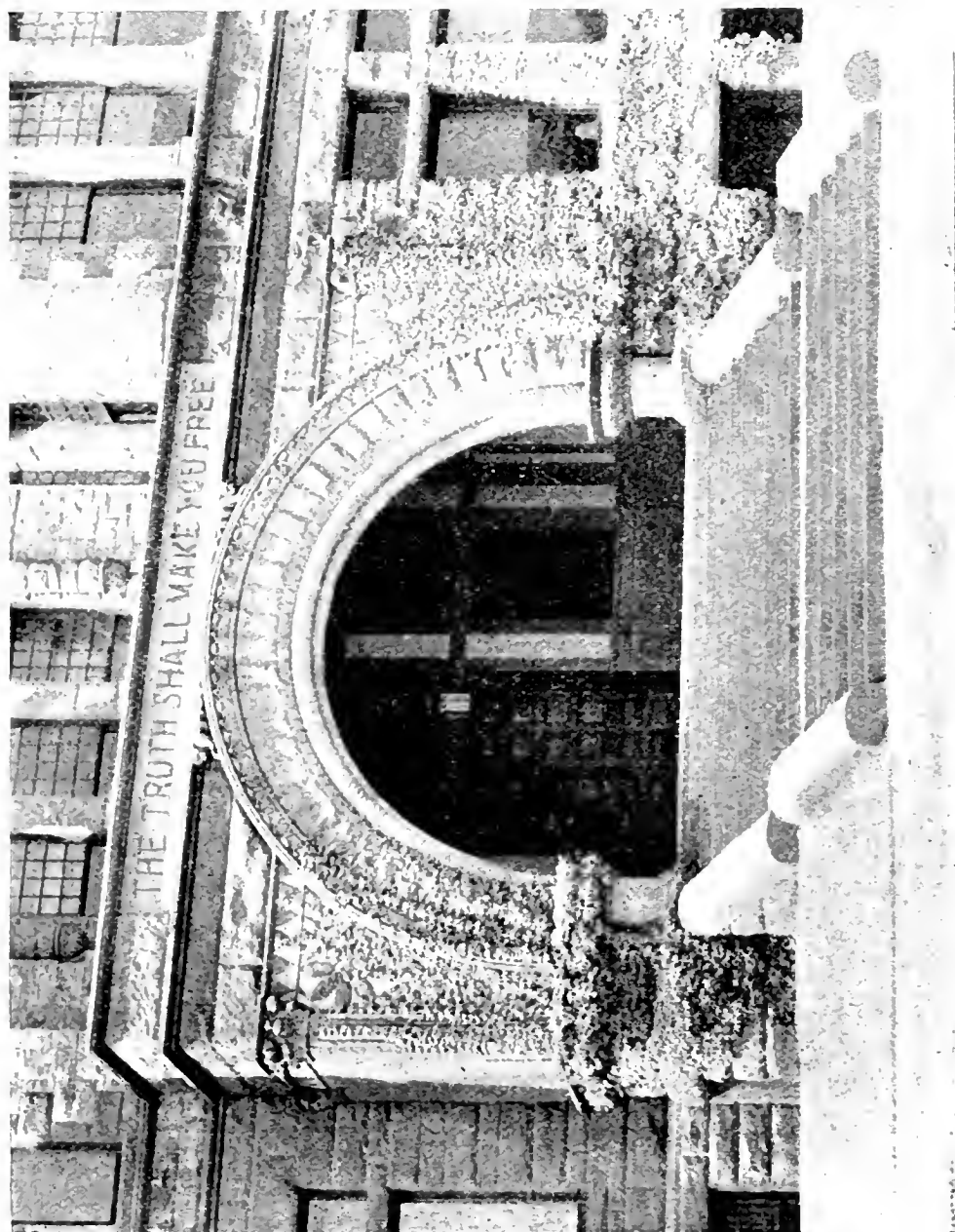
and beneficent initiatory process. Then, too, the young man learns, if he has not done so before, how to conduct himself in company. In the various social functions of Victoria, including receptions, the *conversazione* and senior dinner, polish and grace are added and a man is prepared to take his place in the world of society.

But, perhaps, the most potent factors which train men to meet their fellows are the various societies, with which no college is better equipped than is Victoria. The youngest but yet the central society is the Alma Mater Society, which deals with the problems that affect the student body as a whole. Under its control are "the Men's Common Rooms," which during the past year were furnished for the comfort and convenience of the students. They contain a reading room, with a large number of the leading magazines and periodicals, and also a reception room, where men students may meet their friends or wile away their idle moments.

The Union Literary Society has long been regarded as affording one of the best opportunities a man can have of becoming proficient in public speaking and in repartee. The first part of the weekly meeting is of a purely literary nature, and in it are discussed all subjects of interest to the student. Several times during the year impromptu debates and oration contests are introduced to teach men to think quickly and express their thoughts clearly and forcibly. Besides these are the inter-year debates, which are always a source of interest and profit to all, but particularly to those who participate in them.

The second part of the meeting is conducted for the transaction of business on parliamentary principles, with Government and Opposition forces arrayed against one another. This system has been in vogue for many years, and has been found of inestimable value in the development of the men and in giving them, as one of our Speakers aptly said, "an opportunity of seeing how governments ought to carry on business."

A glee club and a mandolin and guitar club provide for those who are musically inclined a means of training which is by no means to be despised. By many who are qualified to pass an opinion, our Glee Club is considered the best in the city, and it has for some years past been one of Victoria's best advertising instruments, as they have gone from town to town in Eastern and Western Ontario on their singing tours. Those who have joined these clubs do not hesitate to express their appreciation of the benefits they have received from the training under competent leaders.



MAIN ENTRANCE OF VICTORIA.

The development of the physical side of man is also well provided for at Victoria. The Athletic Union, a most capable organization, has full charge of athletics, and encourages every student to engage in some form of sport. In the spring and autumn months several tennis courts, an alleyboard and a good-sized campus invite competition in all kinds of sport; and in winter an open-air rink—the largest in the city—affords ample scope for giving vent to enthusiasm in hockey. Prospects are bright also that a good gymnasium will next year prove an added incentive to men to develop their sporting proclivities.

There is one other phase of college life which we at Victoria have learned to place first, though it has been left to the last of this article. Victoria has always had to fight down the idea that she was merely a Theological College. We are not ashamed of our theological status. But long before she had a theological faculty she was conferring degrees in arts, law and medicine. When it was found necessary theology was added; but the college has always remained primarily an arts institution, and now only a very small percentage are purely theological students. But we believe that the divinity studies in the college have had a great influence on the religious life of the men. The tone of the college has been becoming more and more spiritual, and few men pass through our halls without feeling its influence on their lives. This is a feature which no young man or his parents can afford to neglect in considering the circumstances in which the formative years of his life are to be passed. Our Y. M. C. A. reaches every student, and all are always welcome to the meetings which are conducted under its auspices—a devotional meeting each Wednesday evening from 5 to 6; a Bible study class on Sunday afternoon, led by Prof. McLaughlin; and a series of meetings in November, during the week of prayer, which have been instrumental in leading a great many into the higher life.

Besides this, a missionary society seeks to deepen interest in the great missionary problems of to-day, and numbers have been led through its instrumentality to offer their lives for work in foreign fields.

Hence, viewed from any standpoint, Victoria justly claims the fealty of her own friends at least. And as her merits are becoming better known, she is drawing to her halls men and women of all denominations. The result is that since coming into Federation Victoria has more than doubled her attendance. What she wants now is quality, not quantity—men and women with capacity to absorb the best and highest that college life can give, and go out into the world, worthy sons and daughters of a worthy Alma Mater, to exert a strong uplifting influence on the destinies of our growing young nation.

Life of the Women Students at Victoria College

BY EDNA WALKER, '05

WHEN the shy Freshette first enters the halls of Victoria the greeting that she receives from the women students makes her feel that, however lonely and homesick she may be at first, she cannot long be so in the atmosphere of friendliness and good-will that pervades the College. Senior, Junior and Sophomore vie with each other in welcoming the newcomer and making her feel at home. The Senior for the first time realizes the responsibility of her position, as she endeavors to look after the group of strangers who are looking forward hopefully and inquiringly to the new life upon which they are entering. The Junior feels herself very superior, as she looks down upon the Sophomore, who is enthusiastically keeping watch for the material for the "Bob."

The first glimpse that the Freshette gets of organized College life is at the opening meeting of the Y. W. C. A., at which each class, by a representative, extends its greeting and welcome to the first year students. The meeting closes with an informal reception, where the students of the senior years try to meet all the newcomers. At this meeting, also, the claims of the Association upon the students are presented, and each one is urged to identify herself with this most important aid to the spiritual life during the busy days of study.

Meetings of the Association are held every Monday afternoon, when practical topics relating to Christian life are discussed. Those who have availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered can testify to the great help they have received in their personal life and also in becoming acquainted with one side of the character of the girls, that might not be seen from any other standpoint.

The Association has a Bible Study committee, whose members urge the girls to take up a systematic study of the Bible, even though they cannot attend the class conducted by Professor McLaughlin on Sunday afternoons. In late years the response to these appeals has been very encouraging, and the increasing number of members shows the appreciation in which this great privilege is held by the students.

The Mission Circle which, for a couple of years, existed as a separate organization, this year became again a department of the Y. W. C. A., and the last Monday of every month is devoted to the interests of missions.

Another branch of the Association is the Mission Study Class, which meets for an hour each week for the study of the countries in which our missions are established. In this way much is learned of the various institutions in these countries, of the nature of the countries themselves, and of the different religions that have their hold upon the people.

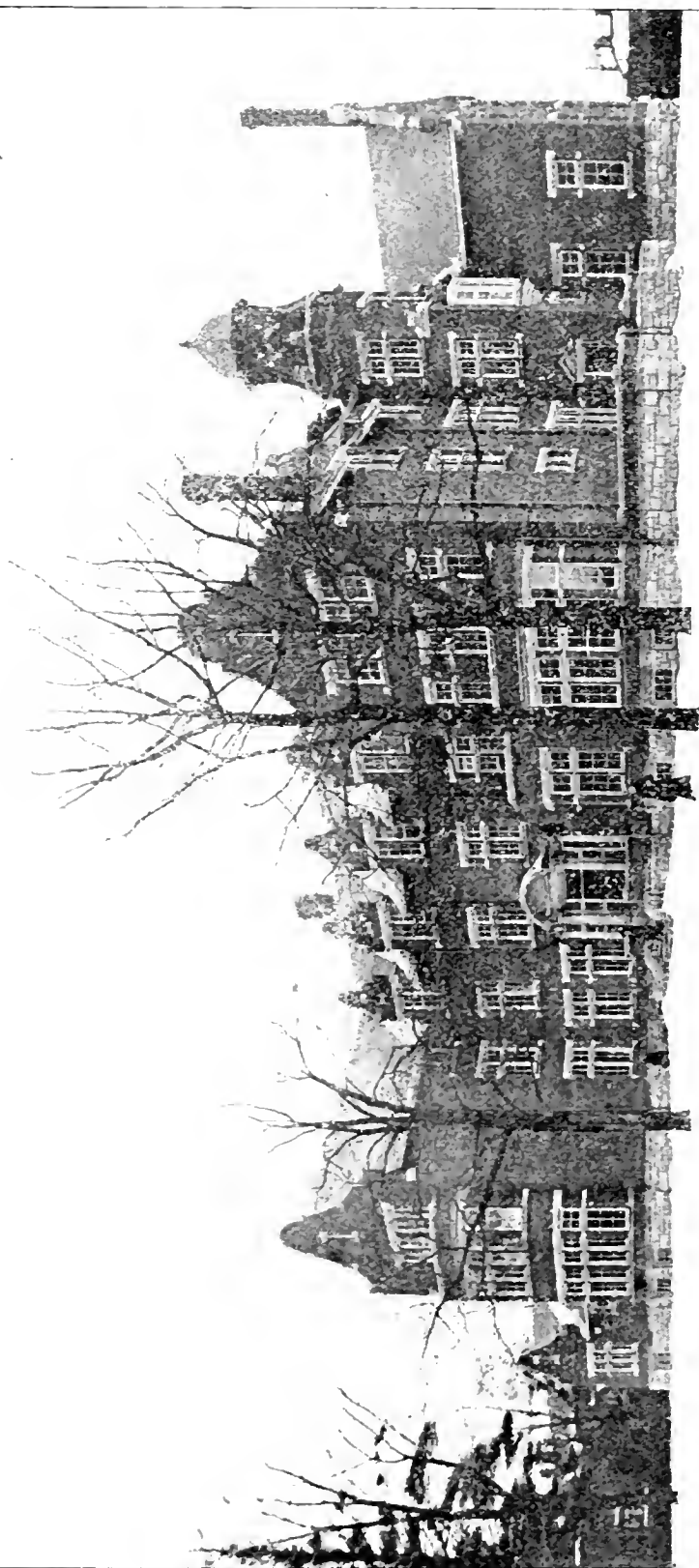
Such, then, is the work carried on by the Y. W. C. A., a work that is bound to tell for good in the lives of the women, and thus on the whole life of the College, so that it may be said, as we are told it has been said, that Victoria stands out among the other colleges for her *earnestness*.

But the women students of Victoria are not one-sided, and while the Y. W. C. A. promotes the spiritual side of life, the Women's Literary Society is the medium for the development of the intellectual and social.

The programmes cover a large field, ranging from music and art to the state and statesmen. A roll call, at which each member is expected to respond to her name by a quotation from some specified writer, always proves interesting and amusing. The sharp-practice debates afford excellent practice in rapid thought, while the inter-year debates maintain a friendly rivalry between the years, and give the members an opportunity of developing both their reasoning and oratorical powers.

Just here we must make mention of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union, which was formed in 1903, among the four colleges, St. Hilda's, McMaster, University College, and Victoria, and of which Victoria had the honor to claim the first president, Miss Edith Weekes, '04. For some time University College and Victoria had been holding inter-college debates each year, but in 1903 the other two colleges expressed their desire to join in these debates, and the Union was formed. There are now, therefore, three inter-collegiate women's debates each year. In 1903 and 1904 Victoria held the championship, but in 1905 she was not so successful, though her honor was ably defended by her representatives.

The Women's Literary Society is at home to its friends three times in the year: At the reception given to the faculty, graduates, and new students in October; at the open meeting in December, when all the friends of the Society are welcomed at



a representative meeting; and at the Oration Contest, held in the Easter term, when the orators of the Society compete for a prize, the gift of Dr. Beli.

But no account of the life of the women students of Victoria would be complete without some reference to athletics. First, of course, comes tennis, which is so deservedly popular. To its enjoyment an extra stimulus is added by the tournament held in the fall, and by the competition, in October and May, with the young ladies from the Ontario Ladies' College, for the "Trophy," which is now in the possession of Victoria. In winter, hockey is the centre of interest, while there is scarcely a girl at Victoria who does not skate. Last fall, field hockey was introduced for the first time, and promises to grow in favor.

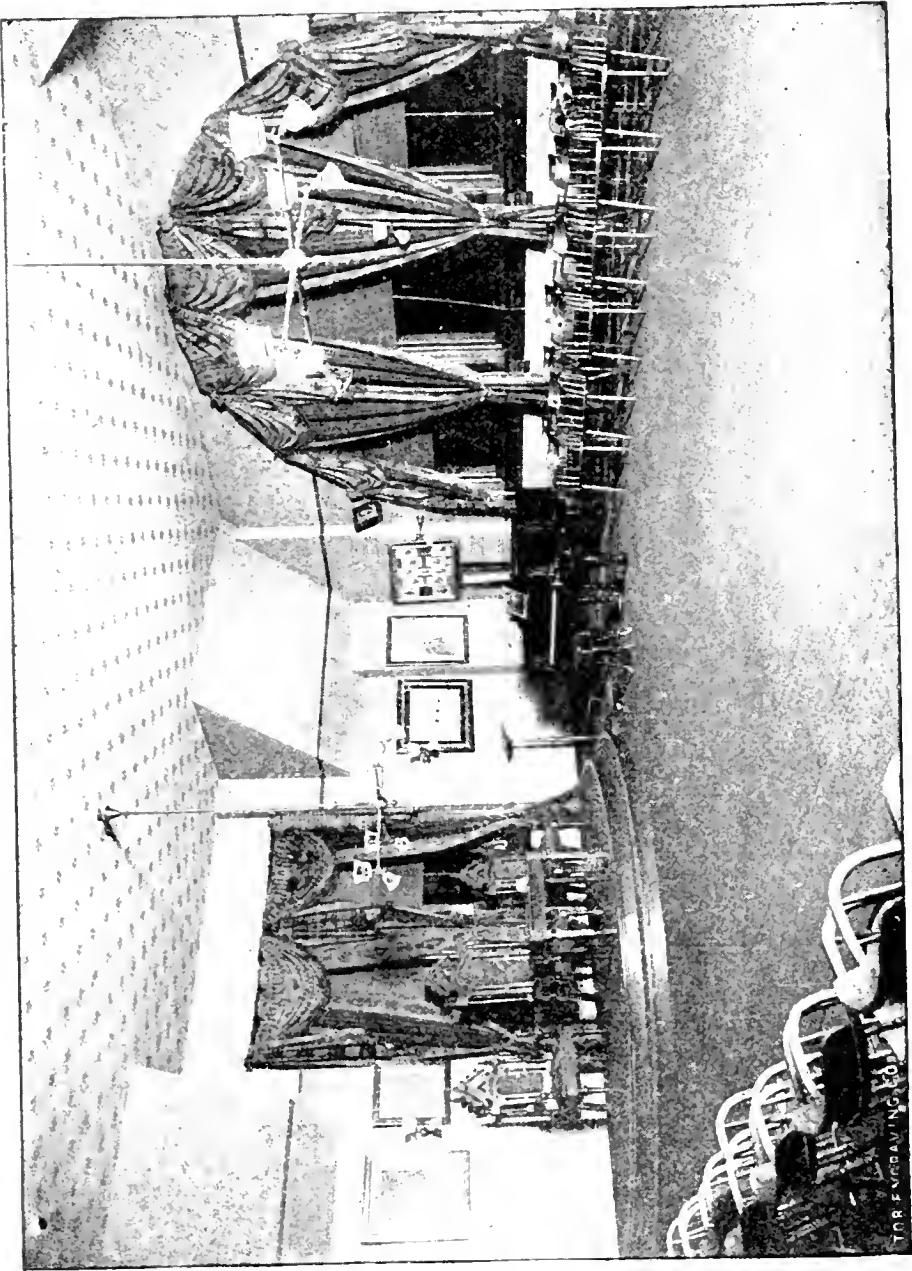
The formation, this spring, of the Victoria College Women's Athletic Club is a step that commends itself to all, especially on account of its two-fold purpose, viz., to promote the interests of athletics at Victoria, and also to foster a close connection with the women students of the other colleges.

With such equipment, the women students of Victoria ought to attain the ideal of all-round womanhood, developed physically, socially, intellectually and spiritually, so that it may be said of each

" Graceful and useful, all she does :
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

Annesley Hall

IN the year 1896 the will of the late Hart A. Massey bequeathed to the Board of Regents of Victoria University the handsome sum of \$50,000 to erect a residence for the women attending Victoria College. The next year the ladies, both of Toronto and of outside places, who were interested in providing proper surroundings for the women students, formed themselves into an association, whose object it was to collect money to purchase a site. Subscriptions were obtained, being largely augmented by the special efforts and contributions of the late and deeply-mourned Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, and the bank account grew slowly but surely, until when the land in Queen's Park behind Victoria College became available, it was selected and bought as the most suitable place for the intending building. The gift first bequeathed has been generously supplemented by the executors of the Massey Estate, and many other most liberal



ALUMNI HALL.

friends have contributed to the furnishings. On October 1st, 1903, the Hall was partly ready for its students, and was opened to them.

Annesley Hall is a red brick and cut stone building in Queen's Park, facing the west. To the north lies the lawn, with provision for tennis, basket-ball and croquet. The south looks out on Victoria College and into the Park, and the east on the large Victoria athletic field, so that every part of the building is exposed to the light and sun.

On the ground floor are reception-room, library, common room, dining-rooms, assembly hall, cloak-room, practice-room, officers' sitting rooms, offices and kitchen. The first and second floors are given up to students' rooms, of which there are forty single and eight double ones. There are no suites of rooms, but each room is so furnished as to be both bedroom and study. In the basement there is a well-equipped gymnasium, with dressing room and three shower baths. The infirmary on the second floor has one large ward, three single ones, a nurse's kitchen with bathroom adjoining, all of which rooms can be isolated from the rest of the building.

The sunny balconies are an attractive feature in the fall and spring. The heating is by steam, and lighting by electricity. The Hall is one minute's walk from Victoria, and about seven from the University building.

Every student on entering is examined by a woman physician and assigned the kind of exercises in physical culture best suited to her needs. These she takes in a half-hour lesson five times a week. Regular attendance in the gymnasium is expected of all students during the first three years of their course, unless excused by the advice of the examining physician.

Although the hall has been open but two years, its accommodation is too limited for the large number of students seeking entrance to it. Of the fifty-five this year, fifty were registered at Victoria College, and over thirty taking music or other branches of study were refused admittance for lack of room. This is an indication of the need parents feel of a safe and cultured home for their daughters during the formative years of their student life. We hope before long to see many more residences ready for the men and women who come to this great centre of learning to seek their education.

Those desiring admission into Annesley Hall for the year 1905-6 should communicate with Miss Addison, Dean of Annesley Hall, Queen's Park, Toronto, as early as possible.

M. E. T. A.

“A Prince of Ballad-Makers”

BY J. L. RUTLEDGE, '07.

AS the last days of May of the year 1431 were slowly darkening to a close “Joan the Maid” laid down her life for France, dying, with the sound of the voices that bade her crown the unroyal head of Charles VII. still ringing in her ears, but dying only when her work was done. Had this been the only result of the mission of the Maid of Domremy her life would have been a failure. But it was not. She “drew the petty principedoms under her,” lifting them for a moment above their narrow and provincial spirit, and left them a legacy of heroic patriotism that has never been equalled. So from the curling smoke that crowned the pyre at Rouen awoke the spirit of New France.

Sometime in this same dark year there was born, it is thought in Paris, a child who was to be the first poet of that new France for which the Maid of Orleans had given her life. This child was François Villon. Stevenson, speaking of this year, says: “In it a great-hearted girl and a poor-hearted boy made, the one her last, the other his first appearance on the public stage of that unhappy country.” Of the “great-hearted girl” none need speak. Her name and fame have come sounding down the years, till now the whole world knows her story. It is of the other, the “poor-hearted boy,” whose very name is forgotten—it is of him that we would speak to-day.

In François Villon we have one of the most pathetic figures in this sad world’s history—a figure at once droll and grim, picturesque and sordid, in certain aspects beautiful, and in others quaintly grotesque. Of his life we know but little. Volume after volume has been written in praise or dispraise of him, but the result, although suggestive, is shadowy and incomplete. We do not even surely know his name, that which he bore not being his own by right: we do not know precisely when he was born, how, for the most part, his life was lived, nor, with any certainty, how or when he died. His own writings and a few legal papers tell us all that is known of a poet “who, like Dante, helped to make a human speech, or, like Burns, found a voice for the human heart.” To the world at large he is simply a rogue with the gift of rhyme, while those who have never read a word that he has written accept him vaguely as the incarnation of all that is evil. It must be admitted he gave the world some cause for its harsh judgment. He was a man with pre-eminently two soul-

sides, and the side he faced the whole world with was often his worst. With a strange perversity he was ever the apologist of his own virtues, while his faults, which were many, he blazoned forth with all the power of which he was a master. But it is scarcely just to judge him by the standard of our more enlightened and superior age; the angle of our vision is unfavorable to correct perspective. Place him rather, for comparison, amid the widespread corruption and lawlessness of his own time, then, perhaps, we may gain a more accurate estimate of the man.

Villon was born of humble parents, but received a good education, as education went in those days. At seventeen he became a student at the University of Paris, taking the degree of Bachelor at nineteen, and at twenty-one that of Master of Arts. Early he drifted into bad companionship, and even in his student days led a wild Bohemian life, swayed hither and thither by those with whom he came in contact, and by ill-fortune he fell among thieves.

Into his short life was crowded more of sin and misery than usually falls to the lot of man. During the cruel winters, when the Burgundians were investing Paris, he was penniless and starving. Can we wonder, then, with the low standards of his time, that he became a thief? He wounded a man to death in a street brawl, but this in self-defence; he was thrice imprisoned, and once condemned to death, which penalty, through the intercession of friends, was commuted to banishment from Paris.

Over against this dark record what is there that may be urged in his favor? At least this: His wayward heart went out in love for his native land, and patriotism, even in our day, is held a virtue; he gave to his mother, the only one of his parents of whom we hear, a great love and homage. We are told also that he loved little children and that little children loved him; and he was never quite without his longings for the beautiful and good. Like the "great-hearted girl," whom he honored so highly, he, too, heard his voices, calling, ever calling upwards. How different it might have been had he but hearkened to these voices and followed, as the children followed, the weird, sweet music at Hamelin so many, many years ago!

It has been said that Villon was the laureate of the fantastic Paris of the Fifteenth Century. It was in this Paris, known and loved so well by him, that he lived his life; "here he learned something of the wisdom of the schools and much of the wisdom of the streets," and here it was that his character for good or evil was formed. His

nature was impulsive to a fault, with childish bursts of inconsequent gaiety and depression. But, perhaps, it was this quality that gained him his largest and most loyal following, for the whole ragged army of the *gaminerie* of Paris worshipped the beggar poet as they worshipped neither God nor the king; the thief and the house-breaker, the beggar and the street arab, all acknowledging him as their chief. This was not admiration for the master craftsman, for he could not equal them in roguery, but the halo of greatness was about him, and even the sewer rats of the great city knew him for a genius. So it is that all through the contemporary literature of France we hear them spoken of as the subjects of François Villon. That Villon was a great poet cannot be denied. Who but a great poet, brimming over with patriotism, could have written that splendid invective against "The Enemies of France," or that Epitaph, "sharp as an etching written with a shuddering soul," the reading of which—distant though we be nearly five hundred years—fills us with horror, as we catch the dull clanking of the chains and the muffled flapping of foul wings about the gibbet at Montfaucon. Even Robert Louis Stevenson, who has so cruelly pilloried the naked soul of the wild poet, speaks of him as the "gallows-bird who was the one great writer of his age and country." His was the age of the artificial in literature. Through the poetry of that period knight and lady, squire and page, pass and repass, faint and shadowy as the figments of a dream. It was left for Villon to be the first one to "draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are" in the splendid, if erratic, verse that shone like a beacon through the dimness and obscurity that overshadowed the literature of the French Renaissance.

Shortly after his student days Villon was the companion of Montigny when the latter murdered a man in a little cottage hard by the cemetery of St. John. Stevenson, speaking of this, says: "If time had spared us some particulars might not this have furnished us with matter of a grisly winter's tale?" and forthwith, as it would seem, he proceeds to furnish this tale in his story, "A Lodging for the Night." Like all that comes from that great pen it is touched with the spirit of the master; but of Villon the picture is sombre and terrible. "The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and the pig struggled together in his face." Was ever man before damned so thoroughly in so few words? For he leaves as his estimate of him that he was

little but a paltry thief and a murderer. The poets, as a rule, have been more lenient with him. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet-painter, has given us three of his poems, among them "The Ballad of Dead Ladies," considered by many Villon's masterpiece, while Andrew Lang, John Payne and others have also sought to do him justice. But, as someone has said, Swinburne's tribute is "the most royal rose that has yet been flung at all adventure for the winds to carry to the unknown grave of Villon." If Swinburne had no other claim to fame, he would yet deserve remembrance, because he was great enough to honor greatness greatly.

Strange as was the life of Villon, it was not altogether unique. Like it, in a marked degree, was the character of Marlowe, the great dramatist of more than a century later. His was the same wild, reckless life; the things that were bad in Villon found their counterparts in Marlowe, and yet, for some cause, Marlowe has escaped the almost universal condemnation that has overtaken his less fortunate brother. It is true, it may be said, they were scarcely comparable in genius, yet should not the darker time in which the French poet's lot was cast, and his lesser gifts secure for him a more charitable judgment from the critics of our day. And in this judgment of the man it is to be remembered that he scarcely knew the meaning of happiness, and except for his poor old mother he found none to love him. But even that great disadvantage seemed to make for the advantage of those for whom he wrote, for may it not be that he was saved from love and happiness that he might be sent back into the world with a greater, broader sympathy for all that work and suffer. Of his many disappointments, the hardest of all to bear was his disappointment in himself. We can almost see the look of half cynical regret that passed over the dying poet's face as he wrote :

" And eke the lilies were ablow
Thro' all the sunny fields of France,
I marked one whiter than the snow
And would have gathered it, perchance,
Had not some trifle I forget
(A bishop's loot—a cask of wine
Filched from some cabaret—a bet—)
Distracted this wild head of mine.
A childish fancy this, and yet—
It is a thing that I regret."

The question will perhaps be asked, Had Villon any religious faith? Everything about his writings shows that he had a nature crying out

for something higher and better ; but in Christianity, as it was presented to him, he had no belief, and for it he had scant respect. It must, however, be remembered that he lived in the darkest period of the Church's history, before Savonarola and Luther had done their work. The Romish Church, practically the only church of the time, was passing through its most shameful days. Benefit of clergy was simply a mask to cover all manner of wickedness. The priesthood was not only corrupt, but ignorant, and Villon, failing to discover beneath all these abuses the broad basis of purity and truth, in common with most educated men of his time, entertained for it only a profound contempt. He worshipped life and its great possibilities, though, like the preacher of old, he felt it was "a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "Still I have lived," he says, "and having lived there is naught remaining ; man is but here a moment and then is gone—gone like the snows of yester-year." In his "Ballad of Dead Ladies" he emphasizes this thought again and again, closing each stanza with the same sad refrain :

" White queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden ;
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde, the lady of Maine ;
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
 Mother of God, where are they then ?
 But where are the snows of yester-year ?"
 * * * * *

" Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where are they gone, nor yet this year,
 Except with this for an overword,—
 But where are the snows of yester-year ?"

There must have been desolate hours in the poet's life when, tired of self and perhaps of sin, his weary soul longed for some solid ground to rest upon, yet in all the bleak waste of his sin-scarred life there was but one thing remaining to which he could turn his eyes for help and comfort. An old woman, homely enough to other eyes, yet to him beautiful ; ignorant and low-born, yet representing to him all that was pure and lovely and of good report. She was his mother and she was his religion. Stevenson speaks of her in much the same slighting, contemptuous tone that he adopts toward her gifted son. But the woman who could inspire such love, and the man who was capable of it, were alike above contempt. When Villon speaks of his mother's faith we lose the note of scorn, and catch instead one of

great tenderness. There is a little poem, matchlessly rendered in Rossetti's translation, entitled "His Mother's Service to Our Lady," in which we see how loyally he tries to identify himself with her, seeing with her eyes and speaking with her lips :

" I, thy poor Christian, on Thy name do call,
Commending me to Thee, with Thee to dwell,
Albeit in naught I be commendable.
But all mine undeserving may not mar
Such mercies as Thy sovereign mercies are ;
Without the which (as true words testify)
No soul can reach Thy Heaven so fair and far.
Even in this faith I choose to live and die."

Sometime in the dying autumn of the Fifteenth Century, the star of the destiny of François Villon sank in darkness and oblivion. Where or how we cannot tell. Whether in happiness or in the grey depths of misery and despair we know not. "The moving finger, wrote, and having writ passed on." Time, more tender than ever man was, drew the curtain on this the last act of his play of life, and the spirit of François Villon at last found rest. And so we leave him, with his own prayer upon our lips :

" Let no man laugh at us discomforted.
But pray to God that he forgive us all."



Fables, Their Origin and Development

A FABLE is a feigned tale or story intended to enforce some moral precept : a fictitious narrative conveying some useful information or instruction for entertainment.

The fable is allegorical ; its actions are natural, but its agents are imaginary : the tale is fictitious but not imaginary : both the actions and agents are drawn from the passing scenes of life. Gods and goddesses, animals and men, trees, vegetables, inanimate objects in general, may be made the agents of a fable : but of a tale, properly speaking, only men or supernatural spirits can be the agents. Fables are written for instruction ; tales principally for amusement ; fables consist of only one incident or action from which a moral can be drawn ; tales always of many which excite an interest for an individual.

Parables differ from fables in that they relate or represent things which, though fictitious, might happen in nature. It could not be written of parables as was written of fables by Babrius :

“ ’Twas the Golden Age, when every brute
Had voice articulate, in speech was skilled,
And the mid-forests with its synods filled.
The tongues of rock and pine-leaf then were free :
To ship and sailor then would speak the sea :
Sparrows with farmers would shrewd talk maintain :
Earth give all fruits, nor ask for toil again.
Mortals and gods were wont to mix as friends,
To which conclusion all the teaching tends
Of sage old Æsop.”

It is not to be supposed that Æsop was absolutely the inventor of fable. Under this form, more or less developed, the earliest knowledge of every nation—at least of every Eastern nation—has been handed down. The East has ever been the land of apologue and allegory. The physical peculiarities of nature are the powerful moulds in which are cast the forms of intellect. Beneath the sunny skies of the East, surrounded by the images of abundance and elated by warmth and brightness, man surrenders himself involuntarily to the fulness of their reaction upon his mind ; his language participates in this richness ; in the relations of life he illustrates by apologue, in poetry by fervid metaphor, in narrative by digression. In the East such fertility smiles around, such varied forms of life attract, such groups of animated beauty beckon, that language becomes highly

figurative and ornamental. We see this in the unsurpassed beauty and highly metaphorical language of the Old Testament.

In a climate in which the chief part of life is spent beneath the vault of heaven or under the shelter of the spreading tree or tents, the tendency is non-historic. Hence, that love of fable, that delight in marvellous adventure which characterizes the Eastern story-teller even at the present day, the "Arabian Nights" and the preponderating number of works of wild fiction and romance that swell an Eastern library, show the continued tendency towards tales similar to the fables made use of by Æsop.

"Fables," says Addison in *Spectator*, No. 183, "were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world." Thackeray, in his introduction to "The Newcomes," in an attempt to prove that there is nothing new under the sun, concludes thus: "With the very first page of the human story do not love, and lies, too, begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop; and asses under lions' manes roared in Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan; and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit."

To trace fables to their origin, we must go back to the rise of figurative language. Fables are allegorical; an allegory may be regarded as a continued metaphor; the metaphor is more frequent than all the other figures of speech put together; and the language, both of prose and poetry, owes to it much of its elegance and grace.

What richness and copiousness are added to language by the employment of figures of speech! By their means, words and phrases are multiplied for expressing all sorts of ideas; for describing even the minutest differences; the nicest shades and colors of thought.

What dignity is bestowed by them upon style. To say that "the sun rises," is trite and common; but it becomes a magnificent image when expressed, as Mr. Thompson has done:

"But yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the east."

To say that "all men are subject alike to death," presents only a common-place idea; but it rises and fills the imagination when painted thus by Horace:

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque tures."

"With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

By a well-chosen figure, even conviction is assisted, and the impression of a truth upon the mind made more lively and forcible than it would otherwise be. As in the following illustration of Dr. Young's : "Where we dip too deep in pleasure, we always stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious" : or in this, "A heart boiling with violent passions will always send up infatuating fumes to the head." An image that presents so much congruity between a moral and a sensible idea serves, like an argument from analogy, to enforce what the author asserts and to induce belief.

The more intimate acquaintance with the habits of wild beasts natural to an uncivilized life, would also suggest illustrations to be drawn from them ; while a closer intercourse with them, even though that of enmity, would be apt to attribute not only human passions, but motives and feelings, and, therefore, speech.

To represent wild animals as endowed with speech will appear far otherwise than a childish conceit, if we bear in mind that to transfer to inanimate objects the sensitive, as well as the willing and designing attributes of human beings, is among the early and widespread instincts of mankind, and one of the primitive forms of religion. And, although the enlargement of reason and experience gradually displaces this elementary fetichism, banishing it from the regions of reality into those of conventional fiction, yet the force of momentary passion will often suffice to supersede the acquired habit ; and even an intelligent man may be impelled in a moment of agonizing pain to kick or beat the lifeless object from which he has suffered. Herodotus tells us that Xerxes, when he found his bridge of boats over the Hellespont destroyed by a storm, commanded that the strait should be scourged with 300 lashes. By the old procedure, never formally abolished, though gradually disused at Athens, an inanimate object which had caused the death of a man was solemnly tried and cast out of the border. Cyrus divided the river Gyndes into 360 streamlets because one of his sacred horses had been drowned in its waters. And the reader can, no doubt, add several instances from his personal experience, especially if he has at any time indulged in the pleasant pastime of putting up stovepipes, or engaged in the irreligious practice of driving oxen. Little, then, may we wonder that men attributed speech to wild animals.

The Creator, to instruct mankind by the very prospect of nature, has endowed the brute part of it with various instincts, inclinations and properties to serve as so many pictures in miniature to man of the several duties incumbent upon him, and to point out to him the

evil qualities he ought to avoid. Thus, for instance, he has given us a lively image of meekness and innocence in the lamb, of fidelity and friendship in the dog, and, on the contrary, of violence, rapaciousness and cruelty in the wolf and tiger. This is a dumb language which all nations understand. It is a sentiment engraven in nature which every man carries about with him.

In later times, when neither kings nor mobs would bear to look upon naked Truth, recourse to this style of primitive wisdom furnished an effective garb with which to clothe it. It flattered by its appeal to national antiquity, and by exercising, without tasking, intellectual acuteness. Thus, fable was not in those days a child's plaything, but a nation's primer. Tyranny and rebellion were alike stayed by this the only word of the wise passion would listen to.

Æsop may be styled the inventor, or, at least, the most prominent user of this application of the fable to political purposes, and his name has ever since been connected with the fable. It was this circumstance, namely, the danger of free speech during the epoch of the tyrants, that raised the fable from folk-lore into literature. When free speech was established in Greek democracies, the custom of using fables in harangues was continued and encouraged by the rhetoricians, while the mirth producing qualities of the fable caused it to be regarded as a fit subject for after-dinner conversation. This habit of regarding the fable as a form of the jest intensified the tendency to connect it with a well-known name. Hence, Æsop's name has been connected with almost all the fables that have appeared in the Western world.

The Greek fable forms a literature of itself, and is marked by its own separate and distinguishing features. It is, in the words of Prof. K. Muller, "an intentional travesty of human affairs." The Æsopian fable invariably takes this form. Men are the subjects of it. Human actions, projects, thoughts, follies and virtues are delineated under the veil of animals endowed with the faculties of speech and reason. Thus, human motives are dissected, human infirmities exposed, and human conduct described in a method recommending itself to the conscience more forcibly than would the adoption of any definite reproof or any direct condemnation. This is, indeed, the excellence of a fable, that it conveys advice without the appearance of doing so, and thereby saves the self-love of those to whom the counsel it conveys is applicable. Their novelty, their liveliness, their strict analogy to real life are their main attraction; features of the genuine fable, which, under every form of its development, are a tribute to the imperishable charms of truth.

Addison, in *The Tatler*, No. 147, says: "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body; as by the one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue—which is the health of the mind—is kept alive, cherished and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burthensome when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason the virtue which we gather from a fable is like the health we get from hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it." So, likewise, in *Spectator*, 183, Addison tells us that the oldest fable on record which we know to have been practically applied, is that of the Trees and Bramble, as found in Holy Writ. When the Israelites, discontented in not having any earthly sovereign, had allowed Abimelech, the base son of Gideon, to usurp a kingly authority over them, Jotham, whose better claims had been passed over by them, addressed them in the Fable of the Trees and Bramble (Judges 9. 7). Likewise Nathan's parable (2 Samuel 12.) of the poor man and his lamb, is more ancient than any that is extant, except the above, and had so good an effect as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty, with the terrible application, "Thou art the man."

So much for the past of the fable. Has it a future as a mode of literary expression? Scarcely; its method is at once too simple and too roundabout; for the truths we have to tell we prefer to speak out directly and not by way of allegory. And the truths the fable has to teach are too simple to correspond to the facts of our complex civilization; its rude graffiti of human nature cannot reproduce the subtle gradations of modern life. But as we all pass through in our lives the various stages of ancestral culture, there comes a time when these rough sketches of life have their appeal to us as they had for our forefathers. The allegory gives us a pleasing and not too strenuous stimulation of the intellectual powers; the lesson is not too complicated for childlike minds. Indeed, in their grotesque grace, in their quaint humor, in their trust in the simpler virtues, in their insight into the cruder vices, in their innocence of the fact of sex, Æsop's fables are as little children. They are as little children and for that reason they will forever find a home in the heaven of little children's souls.

The Holidays

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

MY granddaughter arrives to-day :
"Schools out," she writes, "and off my feet
I shake the city's dust away,
And fly to meadows warm and sweet.
I'm lonesome for you, every one.
The city, maybe, has its charm,
But not for me ; give me the fun
And freedom of the dear old farm."

Now bless her tender little heart !
With all her ways so quaint and dear,
She is of summer's joy a part,
The brightest "event" of the year.
And if we had to do without
The patter of her feet, her song,
Her laughter or her merry shout,
We'd think the world had all gone wrong.

For just as sure as roses blow,
And skies are hazy with the heat,
And morning-glories make a show,
And poppies flame among the wheat,
And Whitefoot, with her shy young foal,
Adown the grassy lane doth roam,
And linnets pipe with all their soul,
My granddaughter comes marching home.

Then straight begins the noise and stir,
From morn till night she's never still,
The family yields the reins to her,
And lets her rule at her sweet will.
We spoil her badly, so folks say,
On purpose, be it understood.
To every child should come a day
For being spoiled. 'Twill do her good

To call to mind in after years
The hours of childhood, rich and rare,
That held no hint of pain or tears,
No touch of trouble or of care.
And may she hear when grave and staid
The echo of her gladdest song,
And see the old farm where she played
As happy as the day was long.

She's growing tall, this girl of ours,
And yet it seems a little while
Since she was toddling 'mong the flowers,
A baby with a baby's smile.
And questions ever on the fly
Where did the robin get his sing?
Did saucy bluebird touch the sky
And daub its color on his wing?

Did angels slip down with the dawn
And lift the green blades to the light?
Were orchards proud when they put on
Their pinafores of pink and white?
These, and a thousand just as queer,
Were daily, hourly, fired at me.
Granddaddy knew it all—the dear—
No other man as wise as he.

But, now it's verbs and Latin roots.
And spelling-book. At every chance.
It keeps me trembling in my boots
Lest I disclose my ignorance.
For old men have their vanities,
And as a Solomon to shine
In Janie's eyes, to dazzle, please
This slim young autocrat, is mine.

Did I say "Janie"? Well, she grows
So like her ma she cannot blame
If I forget how fast time goes,
And call her by the pretty name
That to another girl belongs—
A dark-eyed girl with happy face,
Who played her games, and sang her songs,
And was the sunshine of the place

Long time ago. No wonder I
From aches and crustiness am free ;
I will keep young until I die
If young things bear me company.
'Tis time the rig was back from town,
Unless the train was surely late.
Give me my hat ; I'll saunter down
And open up the roadside gate.

My granddaughter arrives to-day,
"School's out," she writes, "and off my feet
I shake the city's dust away,
And fly to meadows warm and sweet."
She says no word she does not mean,
"The city, maybe, has its charm,"
But ah ! it has no power to wean
Her loyal heart from the old farm.

The Transformation of Mary Baldwin

HILL Crest School was vacant and we had advertised for a teacher. A dozen applications had come,—most of them monuments of the ignorance or bad taste of boastful, upstart pedagogues. Miss Grace Calder's was an exception. She was not rugged, and applied largely in the hope of finding new vigor in the rough North. She could not boast of great scholarship, yet believed that the enclosed testimonial from her old teachers would assure us of her fidelity to duty. Neither had she any experience in the school-room, but she had a great love for children and thought that with that key the treasures of their young lives might be unlocked. How strange was all this ! Like the accompanying photograph it touched us rough woodsmen. No one would think of calling her pretty or handsome ; yet the rippling hair, the broad, deep forehead, the eloquent eyes, pursing lips and dimpled chin were certainly attractive. So, too, was the prevailing expression of sadness. She would do, we had thought ; and now she had arrived and rode here at my side, delighted with the rocky hills and verdant ravines, and with my swift, sure-footed sorrels.

Presently we drew near the first, and probably the worst home in our section. She shuddered as I tried to prepare her for the

picture. Then, climbing a little stony beech-clad hill, we suddenly came upon the clearing and the whole family group about the log stable by the roadside. It was a strange sight. In the foreground, on a broken plow, sat old Jim Baldwin with the butt of his rifle between his feet, while beside him young Jack strove to hold in a pair of gaunt and ragged cross-bred hounds that were impatient for the intended chase. Over the fence was Mrs. Baldwin, or "Big Molly," as she was familiarly called throughout the township; a conspicuous figure from the unkempt hair of her towering head to the big bare feet that protruded beneath the bottom rail. In the stable door, fork in hand, stood Mary, a great awkward girl of sixteen, with a sallow face, unlighted by any fire of the eye or play of the coarse and sullen features, broad, drooping shoulders, ill-fitting, badly-worn clothing, and rough, unlaced shoes. I hastily compared the two girls as I gave the introductions. Then the men of us tried to talk of the hunt, but our attention constantly drifted to the conversation of the women.

This was, from a back-woods standpoint, peculiarly animated, for Miss Calder's spirited and impressive expression of the advantages of even a meagre education, elicited from Mary a few sullen but bitter remarks about former school-mistresses, and plunged Big Molly into a tirade against their uppishness, their ignorance, their favoritism and their general uselessness. But the sweet face of the new mistress, while it paled and flushed alternately, lost none of its sweetness, and her farewell invitation had a ring of hope about it which presaged victory.

I had been proud of this strange little woman as we had talked. The soft brilliancy of her eyes, the melodious fulness of her voice, the dignity of her interest and sympathy in these poor people, who were the derision of their neighbors, invested her with a new charm. But she had my wife's old power of withdrawing into the secret chambers of her own being and forbidding gossip, so I confined my attention to the sorrels and drove as carefully as I could. Presently a deep little sigh encouraged me to venture an interpretation and to remark that there were lives in this country even more barren and unbeautiful than the rocky ledge that skirted the way. "Perhaps so, perhaps not," she replied, thoughtfully; and we went on in silence until our log shanty appeared on a hillside terrace, and beyond and above it, Hill Crest School. Then she admired our low roofs and white-washed walls, the straight symmetrical balsams, the garden green, the stone-encircled flower-bed, and the footpath that led off through sprouting grains past the little dairy, to lose itself in the shrubbery about our

tiny spring. "I shall love Mrs. Allen," she said, as we climbed the hill, and, when I had left the two together, I thanked Heaven that had sent this young woman to cheer and comfort the lonely wife whom I had been obliged, for her health's sake and mine, to remove from the refinements to which she had been born, and bury in this wilderness. "A true, sweet woman," mother whispered, as we retired, "and exceedingly, painfully interested in the Baldwins." Then I felt that there were better days in store for Mary.

It was the following Saturday night and the close of a very heavy week's work for me, when Miss Calder asked me how she could get a couple of letters posted. The office was ten miles along the bush road, and she confessed she had been afraid to go. I took them; they were heavy. Then claiming an old man's privilege, I asked her whether, if I would post them for her, she would not confide to me also some of the "shop-news" she was sending home, and she promised "some of it." Then Bess and I sped along over the rocky road, saw the letters dropped into the little cupboard drawer that served as post-office, and hurried back. Miss Calder and I were both tired, so I agreed to be content with Mary's history for the week, and she graciously gave me that.

"I was working at the blackboard on Monday morning," she said "when some little urchins with whom I had already chatted a few minutes, came tumbling in and breathlessly announced, 'Please marm, Mary Baldwin's coming up the hill! Guess she'll try to boss you like she did Miss German.' Then I saw a tall figure enter the porch, and there was Mary, her face a little brighter than when we saw her at home, and attired in a brilliant plaid dress, badly made and clumsily pinned together, but, like her boots, a great improvement on that first costume. Welcoming her, I directed her to a back seat, but had to have it lifted and set back a few inches before she could be comfortable in it. Then school was called and Mary became one of the crowd. At recess, when water was needed, she volunteered, with a sheepish smile, to go for it alone, and returning surprised me by bringing a drink up to my desk, remarking that I must be dry after so much talking. It always made her mouth dry to read a single verse of her lesson alone.

"When school had been called and her class was upon the floor, I had reason to remember that remark. In the course of the recitation I asked Mary to read. Before this her demeanour had been both amusing and painful. Now it was pure pain and

distress that I felt for her: the ashy color of her face, the uneasy shifting of the feet, the drooping of one shoulder, told how exceedingly distasteful was the task I had imposed. But thinking her bearing unreasonable, I urged the exercise, and this the more when I saw a significant smile pass over the school and caught the word 'balky' whispered by one of my Fourth Class pupils. I was foolish enough to allow the matter to become a contest of wills, and found that Mary's was quite as strong in a negative, as mine in a positive way. For a few minutes the most painful suspense hung over the school, then dashing down her book and uttering a bitter "I can't, I won't," Mary dashed out of the door, which closed with a bang behind her and plunged down the hill into the shulbery. The rest of the children exchanged "I told you so" smiles, and I had an almost unendurable hour, until I was able to go out and find the poor thing. When I did she was lying in a heap on a mossy rock and sobbing hysterically. Sitting down, I took her head in my lap, pushed back the wandering, tear-damp hair, wiped her eyes and rested my hand upon her forehead. After some minutes I broke the silence with the words "I'm sorry, dear !" And again she shook with sobs. A long talk, followed by an uneventful afternoon, brought us to 4 o'clock, when I asked Mary to stay, and after we had taken our noon lunch together she read the morning passage for me and also practised with me the work of the next day, that she might have confidence for that recitation. It was very nervous and unsatisfactory reading, but she read and has done so every day since, so that I anticipate a good year with her.

"A hundred times since I have been struck with her evident desire to please me and win a word or smile of approval. A hint that cleaner slates would be more becoming, brought a water bottle and slate cloths: a suggestion that a dusting after the noon sweeping would make the school look more homelike has meant a further drain on Mrs. Baldwin's rag-bag, and I believe we shall have in Mary a regular duster. A glance at the loose sweepings accumulated about the door as I came home to dinner on Thursday resulted in their complete disappearance, and the significant presence of Mary on the door-step on my return. Indeed, I have almost come to the conclusion that there is no life in this school section as barren or forbidding as yon long rocky ridge," she concluded, archly. "Now, you are sleepy, I see. We may both be glad of the night, and the day, of rest."

Next morning brought a big surprise. A shadow in the doorway as I pulled on my Sunday gaiters called my attention to

Mary, and I smiled at her question: "Is Miss Calder ready?" "Ready for what?" I asked, and Mary awkwardly replied, "Church." When they had gone, Mrs. Allen and I followed after, she praising the teacher, and I wondering at the pupil. The promise of this young woman's usefulness gave me some self-satisfaction over the choice we had made. I fancied all kinds of improvements in Mary, her home, and the whole community. Then rounding a sharp curve in the soft forest path, my wife checked me suddenly and silently, and we stepped aside into the bushes. There from my covert I saw Miss Calder pinning up Big Molly's dress so as to make it conform more with the girl's figure, and tastily rearranging the ringlets curled for the occasion. "The dear child!" said mother, as they moved on; and I could only smile assent. At 'meetin'' in the old Mud Lake log school, I enjoyed two sermons with one text, "Follow After Charity," and Miss Calder was not the less eloquent preacher, nor the less effective.

A fortnight later, as I was returning from a long tramp in search of some stray calves, I met the two on the edge of the Baldwin clearing, demurely munching away at two great cakes of maple sugar which Mary had often looked at and gloated over in anticipation of this hour. "Mrs. Baldwin told me I might come down for tea," our guest remarked, "but I'll be home in good time." She was; but what a sad, pained expression that sweet face wore on her return. Again that a barrier of reserve was thrown about her, and it was two months before, on a wet Sunday afternoon, "Mother," as the orphaned girl was pleased to call my wife, heard the story of that visit.

When we came in sight of the house I was frightened at first by the baying of those great bloodthirsty hounds and the hissing and cackling of geese, and Mrs. Baldwin's appearance, as she scolded the dogs into silence, did not quiet me very much. She was dressed so immodestly, so raggedly, and her great arms looked so menacing. Yet she was very kind and showered praises upon me. She directed me to a seat on the end of the great dugout water-trough beneath the eaves, and talked away roughly, almost profanely, of everybody and everything. I could not but smile when she told Mary to hurry off and fetch me a glass of buttermilk, and then go and show me how well she could make a quick batch of buttermilk cakes, and fry that venison steak and those left-over potatoes. Then she told me a dozen stories illustrative of her skill and courage in the hunt, interjecting many commands to Mary about the best maple syrup, the butter from

the wee blue crock, the cookies in Black Maria, and the white sugar in the ginger caddy. Finally, to my relief, Jim and Jack arrived, and Mary hesitatingly announced supper as ready.

"Then I got my first glimpse of the inside of the shanty. A gleam about the walls caught my eye, and I counted four fine rifles, clean, well oiled and carefully hung. They were the only ornaments of a very forbidding room. Thick, dusty cobwebs hung everywhere; the walls, never whitewashed, were covered with grease and dirt; the floor was black and oily, and the corners were stowed with old boots and clothes, pieces of dried skins, and all the odds and ends of the hunter, trapper and farmer. The supper—well, the dishes were so sticky, the oil-cloth cover so worn and filthy, and the food so strong, I could hardly eat a bite, but I enjoyed seeing the rest at it. After tea I helped Mary with the dishes, washing them as thoroughly and rapidly as I could, so that I might join my slow associate in drying them, and give her an idea of how dishes should be made to shine. That done, Mrs. Baldwin and Mary took down their rifles, and just to show me how, shot the heads off two old clucking hens so skilfully that the under parts of the beaks were untouched. Then Mary brought me home under armed escort. It was that visit that made me demand monthly scrubblings at school. Mary and I had long confidential chats about it, and now *they* scrub every week."

Almost a year had passed when Miss Calder was taken with a heavy cold and put to bed, and in less than a week mother followed. Then Mary came, and I had a chance to know her. We were, of course, confidants, she nursing from early morn till midnight, I through the wee, sma' hours; and I had no reason to be ashamed of my associate. Sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, cooking, baking, washing of dishes and clothes; even the darning of socks went on as when mother was around, and were almost as well done. Mother said quite as well, but I had never accepted that. The patients were dosed in strict obedience to Dr. Brown, and she was ever slipping into "the ward" to stir up a pillow or corn-husk bed, smooth the covers, chase away vexatious flies, or administer to any other need of the sufferers. Like a tyrant, too—for mother would not have asked it—she compelled the removal of the bawling calf, which for convenience I had penned up only a hundred feet from the house, to the small pasture on the opposing hillside, and the transfer of my deep-chested hound to her father's barn. Miss Calder laughed about it and tauntingly whispered, "guess she's goin' to boss you like she did Miss German."

Sometimes in the long evenings, when the patients had an easy spell, she would cull from her teacher's books rare bits of verse and prose which she had learned to love, and the appreciation and sympathy of her reading amazed and gratified all. Particularly did she revel in pictures of the wild, lonely and sublime in nature, in which in her long pupilage she had found a spirit and a vital personality. She was also very fond of any literature with a domestic spirit. I recall one evening her reading of the two familiar poems on the skylark. Shelley's she read with great enthusiasm of her own quiet kind, but without comment: Wordsworth's she prefaced with the remark to me that this was more like our own poor skylark, a creature of the earth, which she had often seen mount and fall, always keeping up that song to the tender, nestling brood.

But all these evenings passed. Our idolized teacher left us to follow her brother's fortune in the Golden West. Mary remained. For five years' she was practically mistress in her father's home. Then came Big Molly's last experience in the woods, when back at Lone Lake she stumbled on a bear and cubs. In a death struggle she killed her antagonist, but the injuries she received were too much even for her rugged constitution and Mary's tender nursing, and she passed, as she said, to the happy hunting grounds of her Indian friends. Then Jim and Jack went bush-ranging, and Mary came to make her home with us. Two happy years we have spent together, but now her flitting time has come. Nephew John is busy putting the last touches to his new house, and Mary plies her hook and needle almost incessantly. Sometimes, however, I catch her and mother with glowing, tearful faces pouring over long letters from the Sunset Province, and I know that Miss Calder's sympathy and influence are not forgotten, but will bear their fruit in a happy home on Maple Farm.

"SEVENTY-NINE."



ALONG THE G.T.R. SYSTEM.

The Fire-Ranger

BY A. P. COLEMAN, M.A., PH.D.

YOU have just pitched your camp on a backwoods lake, north of the most northerly settlement, with untouched forest, clean and solemn around you, doubled by reflection on the glassy water, and the romance of solitude settles upon you, so far from human habitation. Then a battered canoe rounds the point and lands beside your camp, and an athletic fellow steps on shore with greetings in English, much tingled with *habitant* French. It is the fire-ranger, who, though he does not say so, saw your smoke rising into the placid evening air and dropped round to see how careful you are with your camp-fire and to give you a warning, if necessary, about the dire consequences of setting out fires in the woods.

The fire-ranger is most often French-Canadian, though he may be of any nationality able to handle an axe and a canoe, and he earns his two dollars a day by keeping watch of tourists, or prospectors, or settlers who use fire.

Here and there through the far woods you have seen a white patch upon a big pine trunk, and approaching have read with respect, let us hope, "An Act to Preserve the Forests," signed by the Honorable Mr. Davis, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and setting forth the pains and penalties that will fall upon you if your servant, fire, escapes into the woods. Too often, however, the linen warning is wrapped ironically about a blackened stump in the midst of a burnt desolation. The fire-ranger represents the majesty of the law as detailed in the white placards and in the six miles square of his township he is "monarch of all he surveys."

His shack stands beside the shore of one of the numberless trout or clear or mud lakes of the north, and his lonely summer is spent, or should be spent, in excursions, east, north, west or south to all parts of his territory, his dog at his heels and his gun on his shoulder. If it rains he is happy and stays at home. No danger of fire while it rains; but three weeks of dry weather puts him in a worry. The lumbermen have perhaps, touched part of his township, piling up the pine tops where trees were felled, as if to ensure a fire this summer. The brown pine needles are tinder waiting to flash into flame when the prospector lights his pipe and drops the match: so the fire-ranger is on the

alert for columns of smoke, and hurries in that direction when he sees them.

In general, however, he leads the ideal life for a philosopher or a naturalist. He should be a Thoreau, or a Bradford Torrey, or a Gilbert White, but he never is, and yet he has a keen eye and can tell you where the dappled fawn lies in the bushes while her mother feeds on the marsh, where the bears gather blueberries in the brulé, or the beaver has made fresh cuttings among the willows. By law he is assistant to the game warden, so it is advisable not to shoot moose or red deer in his presence, though he will partake without offensive curiosity, of savory, fresh meat steaks or stew when you invite him to dinner. He carries his gun, of course, to shoot at marks, or to kill bears as long as the *skins* are in good condition. He is said by cantankerous prospectors to shoot a deer himself when the bacon gets low; but no one ever saw him do it.

I remember one occurrence that rather shook my faith in him, it must be admitted. He was chumming with a degenerate set of prospectors who were sinking a shaft at a supposed gold mine, when I dropped in for a meal. They were all seated round the table with a most appetizing stew on their tin plates, and could not refuse me a portion of the same. It was beaver. However, it was explained that the animal had dropped into the shaft and was unfortunately killed in getting it out.

The fire-ranger always has a dog, often two or three of various sizes, which threaten to devour the visitor at the lonely camp, until Mr. Le Blanc or Bellefeuille appears at the door. Sometimes he is installed in an old lumber camp, usually in the "eating camp," where there is a huge kitchen range in the rear, and a gigantic table down each side of the long, low room, with benches beside it. At the brightest end of one table, in the silence made more impressive by the memory of the jolly lumbermen of last winter, he has his tin plate and cup and spoon with the greasy fried pork, the beans and bread of his own baking beside him, dried apple sauce a little way off, and green tea with brown sugar to wash it down. His dog gets his share, and then it is a duty to smoke a pipe of French-Canadian twist tobacco and consider whether the dishes should be washed while the water is hot or left till evening. The latter is, of course, decided on.

Some of these men, however, especially if English speaking, keep their quarters in excellent trim, with shining tinware, floor swept behind the stove and under the bed; but this is the exception. A few of them, where there is to the shanty a wagon road at

all navigable, are married and have their families with them, like Le Blanc or Bellefeuille; and then the bread will be better, though the sweeping may not show a higher standard, and a jolly crowd of barefoot children, just a year apart, chase chipmunks or pick berries on the hills around. Then there is apt to be a small attempt at gardening; the indispensable potatoes and onions being cultivated. Bellefeuille had no cleared land around his place, but had planted the road with potatoes, which, I regret to say, suffered somewhat when our wagon jolted past towards Trout Lake.

When it cleared, after three days of rain which fell in torrents, I met Bellefeuille, looking happy, since fire could not run in that weather, and asked if his tumble-down shack did not leak. Oh! no; he had three sheets of paper on the roof.

Unmarried rangers are apt to be somewhat odd in their tastes, though seldom misanthropic. Charlie, the half-breed, near Windy Lake, was always accompanied by an indescribable odor which emanated even more unmistakably from his hound. He was waging war by trap and gun against a numerous tribe of skunks which inhabited the spaces under the log houses of the lumber camp, for skunk-skins, when dried, make an estimable fur, sold under quite a different name.

One fruitful fellow in the farther west had a very wide tract of shaggy hill and tangled lake and creek to patrol far out of the range of ordinary travel. Why not camp comfortably just beyond civilization and come back when the time was up instead of toiling over rocky, uncut portages? But he had a conscience and went the whole weary round. In my geological work in the region, at many a lonely portage I would see carved in the bark of a tree such inscriptions as "J. B., June 16th, 1898," proofs that he had passed that way and earned his money.

The fire-ranger's work is bearing fruit. Disastrous and widespread fires are now rare in our northern woods where so much white pine, that now would be priceless, went up in smoke years ago. Even yet, however, fires do occur. Six weeks of dry weather, a gusty west wind and a bank of smoke over the horizon, and the ranger knows his time of trial has come. It is sometimes futile for one man, or even for the ranger with all the settlers he can gather, to fight with shovels and buckets the onrush of the flames. The sun shows with a strange luridness through the smoke cloud, and then vanishes. Blackened cinders and ashes begin to rain down, and soon come sparks and brands whirled by the tempest, which rises as the fire sweeps

nearer. Fire bursts out in a dozen places, and with a roar, tree after tree is swathed in flames that flash and flare in the dry twigs, while the smoke becomes strangling. Then the ranger takes to his canoe and paddles frantically out to the gray surface beyond the falling tree trunks. Keeping to the openest water, with now and then a hint of the ghostly, ruined shore looming black or fiery through the shroud of smoke, he makes his way past the flames to the desolation where the fire has burnt itself out, and then to headquarters to report the loss of square miles of forest that, under present conditions, will never be replaced.

No more need of a fire-ranger in that township; so his summer's work is done.

Generally, however, his hermit summer passes uneventfully, and when autumn comes, the lumbermen, with monster teams and big wagons, jolt over the corduroy and push their late road farther into the bush to get ready for their winter's war on the red and white pine. Then the fire-ranger finds his tongue again, joins his old companions, and swears big oaths at the road, and the team, and the shanty man's life in general, though in his heart he loves the woods and is never happy out of them.



A VIEW IN INTERIOR OF VANCOUVER
ISLAND, B.C.

The History of the Class of '05**Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

IT was the misfortune of the historian not to be a participant in the thrilling events that marked the first year's history of the class of '05, whose record was to make so bright a page in the annals of Victoria. However, like the Preacher of old, he has "given his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that were done under heaven" by the said class, and partly by a close study of the ancient archives, partly by consultation with the most intelligent survivors of that remote period, and partly by a free use of the historical imagination, he has been enabled more or less perfectly to reconstruct the past.

It is a matter of common knowledge that every great epoch-marking event in history has been foreshadowed by supernatural portents more or less wonderful. It is, therefore, not surprising to discover that careful observers in the college precincts, as the month of September, 1901, was drawing to its close and the fateful Kalends of October drew on apace, noted certain occult manifestations. A thrill, as of expectation, ran through the iron pillars of the lower hall; a smile of satisfaction played over the stern marble features of the bust of Egerton Ryerson in the chapel; even the hitherto impassive countenance of the Egyptian Pharaoh's daughter began to assume an expression of extraordinary interest in her surroundings. Now those who were skilled in augury, well aware that "when beggars die, comets are never seen," knew that it could be no insignificant event which was thus portended by these signs and wonders—which, by the way, are now for the first time made public, thanks to the original research carried on by the historian—and they very naturally and quite properly referred them to the advent of '05. Thus it will be seen that the very college was on the *qui vive* as it awaited their arrival.

They came. They saw. They set in strenuously to conquer. The Queen heard of it, and sent her grandson to bear her congratulations. The faculty heard of it and were glad. The Sophomores heard of it and, in their undemonstrative but sympathetic way, they were glad, too. For the members of the class of '04 were not lacking in that paternal interest in the Freshman's welfare, which is so marked a characteristic of the Sophomore.

*Published by request.

This interest was first openly displayed in their anxiety for the proper conduct of our first class-meeting. With commendable delicacy of feeling, however, they had no desire to betray their distrust of the Freshmen's inexperience, and so decided upon the transom as a fit point of vantage from which to supervise affairs, without hurting anybody's feelings by seeming to do so. The cackling of geese, we are told, once saved Rome; it was regarded as a parallel case that the Freshman class was saved by the unintentional noise of the over-zealous Sophs. But it was four days later before the rest of the officers were elected.

Then ensued the anti-bob campaign, the history of which ought properly to be written in Epic verse by some Homeric bard. For, in truth, Fate, incarnate in the Bob Committee, lay in ambush upon the Freshman's pathway, and he was soon to realize the truth of the poet's melancholy words, "The paths of Freshmen lead but to the Bob."

I suppose that of all who were Freshmen in the fall of 1901, it holds true that—

Among the vividest pictures
That hang upon Memory's Wall,
Is that of the anti-bob practices
That were held in Richmond Hall.

Oh, the delicious sense of secrecy and mystery that enthralled the Naughty-Fiver's young and eager heart, as by devious paths he stole away to his retreat, ever and anon glancing carefully about him to see that he was followed by no spying Soph. Oh, the triumphant rapture that caught his spirit up, as in anticipation, he saw the Sophomores squirming for their sins, neath the cutting lash of the satire in the songs he was so diligently conning!

But the sophomore at Bobbing-time is as all-pervading as the atmosphere, and so he found his way to Richmond Hall. That was a red-letter day in the anti-bob campaign when vigilant Freshmen found the next room to the hall locked and occupied, as their suspicions but too truly told them, by the enemy. The storming of the outer gates let them into a lobby from which, a reconnaissance being made through the key-hole, the garrison was found to consist of two pale and trembling men. The fort was taken, the whole garrison made prisoners, and it was resolved to court-martial them at once. A court was constituted, a jury empanelled, advocates appointed, the prisoners arraigned. The charge was "attempting to steal state secrets." Their guilt was soon proven, it was, in fact, quite patent, and amid a solemn

silence the dread sentence of the court was pronounced that the prisoners be tapped, and that their photos be taken as the nucleus of a new Rogues' Gallery. The first part of the sentence was executed summarily; the latter part was more difficult. Those Sophomores were harder to take than a cross baby. In spite of the fact that they were tied firmly to boards, and their heads kept in proper position by the firm grasp of Freshmen in their hair, they stubbornly refused to look pleasant and watch for the birdie. At last, however, the deed was done and the prisoners released.

But some ineffectual fate pursues all Freshmen. The craven-hearted photographer was induced by the threatening Sophs to give up the plate, and the "dimpled chin" and the "monkey grin," celebrated by the class bard, were never suffered to appear in the Freshmen's photograph albums. How true it is that the best laid schemes of mice, men, and Freshmen gang aft agley!

Another beautifully laid scheme was that by which Proc. Burwash was concealed in the college to carry off the plans of war of the Bob Committee, upon a diversion being made by the rest of the class at the doors below. But alas, the vigilance of the Sophomores and the lack of organization on the part of our own men gave a decided advantage to the enemy. The future president of the Lit., and the future president of the Classical Association, as they walked innocently over the campus, received a pressing invitation to come in, which they felt obliged to accept. The future president of the Alma Mater Society who, it is said, had been invited especially to come out as being the "biggest and ugliest man in the class," was set upon by two or three, haled into the building, wrapped with much solicitude in a tennis net, to keep out the cold, and tenderly laid to rest on the reading-room table. Meanwhile Proc. had been discovered on the balcony in front of the windows of Dr. Potts' office, enjoying the balmy night air and watching the courses of the silent stars. He protested that he would rather gaze upon the twinkling stars than listen to the trickling tap, but his objections were overruled, and he was forced to exchange the contemplative life of the philosopher for the practical life of the arrested Freshman. Our four prisoners now had the opportunity of studying a trial scene from the point of view of the accused; they decided that while it was not wanting in interest, that interest was of a more painful kind. Needless to say, they were found guilty and were condemned to suffer the full penalty made and provided in such cases.

Most humiliating of all, however, was the discovery of the songs by the Sophs. Three of them contrived to wedge themselves between the ceiling of Richmond Hall and the roof of the building, and there, "cribbed, cabined and confined," listened at the ventilator and so stole words and music. Some presentiment warned the Freshmen of their presence. Percy, now our president, declared that he smelled the blood of a Sophomore and, accompanied by Connolly, ascended bravely to the mouth of that dark and cramped attic. A match was lit, but the light of a match hardly shines as far as "a good deed in a naughty world," so the Sophs remained undiscovered in that vasty inner darkness.

When the Bob really came off, it is said that, under the valiant leadership of Knight, the Freshmen would have stormed the platform to avenge the stealing of their songs, had it not been that the chairman adopted the policy of the "Big Stick." However, even as it was, the Freshmen's singing was acknowledged to have been better than had been. Indeed, fourteen of the class were in the Glee Club that year; even Cragg was a member, and the only reason Jackson didn't join was because he took stage fright when he went up to get his voice tested.

From the very first we have been a literary class; we have yearned for culture; we have sought every means of self-improvement. The lectures and the literary societies failed to satisfy in full these intellectual cravings. Did not the cynical smile of the Sophomore and the weary expression of the Senior quench the ardent spirit of the Freshman when he rose to address the house? And how could a mere Freshette, who wore her hair in braids down her back, front the cold dignity of Madame President? And so there came into being that mutual improvement society, whose membership was confined to ladies and gentlemen of the First Year, and which rude and unfeeling Seniors, with no sympathies for the Freshmen's high and noble aspirations after literary culture, christened the K. D. F. S. Three meetings were held. The subjects discussed ranged from the indispensableness of the Victoria Bob to the madness of Hamlet. But in course of time it died. No official certificate of death is to be found in the archives, and what the immediate cause of its decease, I cannot say. Suffice it to say that it died. Doubtless when the unquestionable talent of the members of '05 began to assert itself in the Men's and Women's Lit., its usefulness was over.

The enterprising character of '05 was most clearly demonstrated when, in the fall of 1901, they decided to nominate in the

Lit. elections, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a pianist, and assistant secretary, and, in the words of the motion passed, "support them to a man." Their modest forbearance is shown in the fact that they did not nominate any candidate for the presidency or the positions of leader of the government and leader of the opposition. It has never been our fault to be over-grasping. The course then adopted is not recommended to future Freshmen classes. They might not have as capable men to put into office as '05.

It was the same enterprising and enthusiastic spirit that compelled Cragg and Elliott, on the occasion of the first open Lit., to endeavor to make use, at one and the same time, of the privileges of the ladies' gallery and the members' benches. Before leaving this first year, we may remark that as the child is father of the man, so is the Freshman father of the Senior. Any person of insight, then, might have seen in the Freshmen who rose in class-meeting to protest against the stamping of feet at the entrance of the ladies, the decorous president-to-be of the Alma Mater Society, and might have foreseen the social successes that awaited Walden when he was the unanimous choice of another class-meeting to go after the lady members. Both of those facts are duly and soberly recorded in the minutes.

If enterprise and enthusiasm marked the Freshman year of '05, capacity and efficiency marked its Sophomore year.

The memory of our Bob we cherish with a tender pride. With paternal partiality, it may be, we are fain to believe that it has not yet been surpassed: '06 and '07 may disagree, but what care we for their opinion when we agree with one another? Surely it was during those nightly seances in Alumni and Jackson Halls that we were firmly knit together and grew really to love the halls of Alma Mater. Even the fresh Sophs became imbued with the class spirit as we waited nightly for the longed-for Freshmen's raid.

And who of '06 will forget the evening when we found them on the campus and, with hospitable compulsion, brought them in and then, taking pity on their fresh and youthful innocence, sent them home to bed? To this very day their hearts warm gratefully toward us when they think of our lenient forbearance in sparing them the horrors of the tap.

To '05 Bob Committee, under the presidency of Robertson, belongs the credit of revolutionizing the Bob and purging Bob methods from some objectionable features hitherto prevailing. But '05 has been famous for the breaking and making of precedents in all lines.

One Junior Year was uneventful. But we were quietly preparing ourselves to assume the burdens of Seniors, and now that that gravity and reverence which doth hedge about a Senior has become our inheritance, we may, without conceit, remark that those burdens have been borne easily and gracefully. Who have presided with such grace and wit over the Union Literary Society as the presidents of '05? When have ACTA's editorials been so widely read and commented upon, and her financial standing been so secure as under the business manager and editor-in-chief of '05? When has the Glee Club been so popular as under the president and business manager of '05? When has the Athletic Association been so prosperous and so nearly won success for her team as under the president of '05? When has the Y. M. C. A. seen a year of success so real as under the president of '05? And the '05 president of the Alma Mater, as he looks on the new common rooms for the men, may well say, "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*"

In athletics, '05 has been the backbone of every game. It has furnished more men on every team than any other year, and often more than all other years together.

In debate we have carried off for the last two years the inter-year championship, and if we do not do so this year, Knight and Cruise will know the reason why.

And now we are about to step down from the seats of the mighty and hand over the responsibilities and burdens of high office to the class of '06. We believe that they will carry them worthily, for with all our virtues, we are modest, and do not think that we are the people, and that wisdom will die with us. Soon most of us will leave our Alma Mater's halls. Our names will be forgotten here; but though forgotten, we shall not forget. In the storm and stress of a sterner and more strenuous life, "Naughty-Five, Victoria," will be a grateful memory. And not a memory only, but an inspiration, too. For, as sons and daughters of Victoria, we shall stand for every high ideal, in the church or in the state, in the home land or in the far land, and be disciples always of the truth that makes us free. And because friendship always uplifts and purifies, we shall be better men and women for having learned to know and love each other. And in our hours of retrospective reverie, when "Fond memory brings the light of other days around us," and in that light we see the faces of our class-mates, we shall softly and reverently say, "Thank God for Victoria and '05."

J. S. B., '05.

Reminiscences of a Methodist Minister

ON the 5th of September, 1854, I sailed from Liverpool to enter the work of the ministry in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of Canada. For the remainder of the Conference year I was stationed at Point Levis, a village on the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec. The construction of the G. T. R. had brought to it a great influx of population, a large number of whom were members and adherents of our Church. My work there being limited to one service a day, I was often called upon to supply in several churches in the city of Quebec, and also had the opportunity of hearing the foremost preachers in our own and other denominations.

At the Conference of 1855, I was appointed to the Chaudiere River, seventy miles east of Quebec, where gold was being found in paying quantities. My first business was to purchase a horse, and this to me was a serious matter, as my knowledge of horse-flesh consisted in distinguishing a horse from a cow, and that was about all. I was directed to a man who had several horses for sale. When I waited upon him I was received with much courtesy, and informed that he had every variety. I told him that I was a minister and wanted a trusty hack. I tried also to look knowing, but I am confident that he instantly detected my complete verdancy in such matters. He said he had the very thing, and proceeded to trot out several strange looking animals. One had extremely long legs and a body like a greyhound. Another was wall-eyed, and another had but one eye. The one that took my fancy was a low set, broad, rather sinister looking beast, with an immense mane and tail, and a meditative eye. The man greatly approved my choice. He said that he was a French horse, that he had been a little spoiled by his previous owner, and that he had been obliged to work him pretty hard, which accounted for his being so low in flesh. "Every rib stuck out." He informed me that he was seven years of age (he was nineteen as I afterwards found out), that he was a little hard to catch in the field and would sometimes nip a little. In the course of time it came to my knowledge that seven men would fail to corner him, and that only certain parties dared to put the harness on him. I paid down on the spot \$85.00, and had him taken to the stable of a friend, from whom I had purchased a harness and a gig. I was up early the next morning and prepared to start on my drive of seventy miles. My host advised me to go no farther than Leeds, fifty miles, the first day. He put on the harness for me, interjecting the operation with divers observations about the

strange acting beast I had got. "I'll warrant he's tough, but a hard case. My, but he acts queer! He's been worked down to take the ginger out of him. I'm glad that harness of mine is a strong one. Be careful now and keep a stiff line." For my part I was in great spirits at the prospect of taking my first drive. In due time all was ready, so I shook hands with my kind host, mounted the box, took the lines and off I went—and I went in a hurry, too. The uncircumcised, fly-bitten brute took the bit in his teeth, and ran with all his might. In after years, when experience with horses had taught me their moods and habits, such an occurrence would have alarmed me exceedingly, but on this occasion I was not in the least alarmed. I thought he was a fine goer, and that all was as it should be, so enjoyed it very much. Fortunately, he did not kick, and I met nothing on the road. I obeyed strictly the command of my host to keep a line in each hand and bear back with all my strength, but I might as well have pulled at a lamp post. He ran and ran until the perspiration poured off him. When he had had enough of it he slackened up a little. This did not suit me. I was intoxicated with the swift motion, and wanted more of it, so I took out the whip and applied it vigorously. He made another spurt, and then gave up entirely. I had conquered him without knowing it. He never ran away with me again. From that day forth this peculiar animal conceived for me a great respect, and even fondness.

I had been advised to feed him at a French tavern, twenty miles from the city. I knew that oats were fed to horses, but no one had told me how much to feed, nor had I ever seen a horse fed to my knowledge. On arriving at the inn, I made the Frenchman understand that I wanted the horse fed, telling him that I was in haste and would like to have him fed at once. On his asking me how much he was to feed, I pointed to a wash-tub that was in front of the house, and said, "give him that full." I was determined to do the handsome thing. The Frenchman smirked and chattered, but he certainly gave him half a bushel, and he ate every grain and was none the worse. Fortunately I never thought of giving him water, and he did not get a mouthful until the next morning, when the hostler told me he thought that French horse would drink the pond dry.

The day after my arrival at the Chaudiere, my host informed me of a settlement sixteen miles down the river where he thought the people would be very pleased to have Sunday afternoon service; but as the road was in many places very rough, it would be necessary for me to go on horseback. Accordingly I looked around for a saddle, and

heard of one owned by an old pensioner. I went to see it, and found it a massive affair weighing fifty pounds, but recommended by the old dragoon as a very safe saddle. This I took to mean that there would be no danger of falling off. By the way, it had a hook in front, which I to this day remember with gratitude. The next morning, after breakfast and prayers, I went into the field to catch the Frenchman. As soon as he spied me he began to make circles around me, with his ears anything but upright, and his meditative eye showing much more white than was natural. He kept circling nearer and nearer, and finally turned broadside on me. Then I saw my chance. I seized him by his tail and held on for dear life. A more astonished animal it would be difficult to conceive of. He stood perfectly still, and permitted the hired man to put on his bridle and lead him to the stable to be saddled. While I was preparing for my first venture on horseback, I heard some forcible adjectives coming from the direction of the stable, with an occasional yelp. Charlie was biting the hired man. My host furnished me with a bridle which had a severe bit. They all came out to see me mount, every mouth extended from ear to ear. My host superintended the mount. "Now, take the bridle in your left hand. Now, not that foot, the other foot, the left foot. That's it, that's it. Now, up you go." And up I went. "Now, hold on with your knees." This caution was superfluous. I did hold on, not with my knees only, but with every available portion of my anatomy. I made a desperate effort to appear easy and dignified, for I felt sure they were all choking with laughter, but I fear it was a complete failure. Charlie made some queer motions and I devoutly wished myself down again. I observed my host's face to be strangely drawn as he bade me farewell, and I thought at the time that he was about to weep. I am now morally certain that as soon as his back was turned he fairly writhed in convulsions of laughter. I would fain have shaken hands with him, but that was out of the question. My left hand grasped the bridle and my right hand had a convulsive hold on the hook. On the whole, Charlie was well broken for the saddle. He went on with a little, quick, wobbling walk, which to me, now at my advanced age would be easy as a rocking chair, but then, on my first venture, seemed full of peril. But I stuck to him like a leech. After going a few miles in this way I thought I would essay a trot, and never can I forget that first trot. Charlie had a high, hard step, though on the run easy as a sedan chair. This first trot lasted for about 100 yards, and I thought that every joint in my body was loosened, while perspiration ran from every pore. I walked for many miles after this

and reached my destination in safety. By degrees and by constant practice I became a good rider, but never shall I forget my experience of the first three months. Learning to rise in the saddle I found most difficult. For a long time I was sure to rise at the fatal moment, and then it was thump, bump, thumpetty bump. Oh, the agonies of that period, the soreness, the stiffness, the utter weariness, but I persevered, and had great practice. On one Sunday I preached at the Chaudiere at 10.30 a.m., then rode sixteen miles to preach at 3 p.m., then eight miles for service at 6 p.m. On the next Sunday I was at the Chaudiere at 10 a.m., and then rode thirty-six miles to preach at 6 p.m. The last ten miles of the ride was through a dense forest, and on one occasion as I was going easily along, Charlie made a sudden stop and stood rigid. He was not a nervous horse, so I felt sure that something unusual was at hand. In a few moments two huge bears and a small bear crossed the road about 100 yards in front of where we stood, but they took not the slightest notice of us and immediately disappeared again into the forest.

I soon discovered that Charlie had been a racer and had won many a ribbon with John Baptiste on his back—I fear on the Lord's day. For many months when I heard the step of a horse coming quickly, either behind or before, I would instantly dismount and lead him into the fence corner, where I held on to the bit with all my strength. Nothing could restrain him from taking part in a race so long as one kept on his back. In due time, as my confidence and skill increased, I no longer dismounted, but took my full share in the innocent diversion. In that day and age the saddle was the general mode of travelling, and young men especially would race. But Charlie's racing propensities were not always convenient. On one occasion I was returning on Monday morning to the place where I lodged, having preached the night previous in a large village, the head of the circuit. When about a mile on the way, three horsemen came swiftly down a side line and headed for the village. They were all racing, and two of them were officials in the old Kirk of Scotland. I resolved instantly to dismount, but it was too late. Charlie, though nurtured in the Church of Rome, had evidently a sneaking regard for the honor of John Wesley and his militant circuit riders. I could not control him. He whirled round and bounded after the Kirk; he overtook the Kirk: he passed the Kirk and tore triumphantly through the village, amidst the shouts and laughter, the encouragements and acclamations of the delighted onlookers, most of whom were my hearers on the previous evening. I hid myself for the rest of the day and returned to my lodgings after sunset.

In 1856 I was appointed to Dudswell, in the eastern townships, but was there only six months when I was requested to repair to Millbrook without delay, the case being urgent and no man available. This was in the depth of winter and I was fifty miles from the nearest railway station. After due consideration, I had a jumper constructed large enough to contain all my belongings—one large trunk, containing my books, and one smaller for my wardrobe. I had two excellent robes, and Charlie was decked out with a new harness. He had grown very fat, and his breadth was a sight to see. I started on my drive of 400 miles on January 3rd, 1857, and landed safely at my destined post on the 13th.

I kept this peculiar horse, about which I have said so much, for nearly five years, and then sold him to a Mr. Stewart, residing near Chatham. He was then twenty-four years old. Mr. Stewart told me shortly after he got him that he was afraid to go near him, especially in the stable. I heard of him twelve years after this, when he must have been thirty-six years old, and he was then said to be as good as he ever was. He was without doubt an extraordinary animal. He had great vices and great excellencies. He was a vicious biter and was no respecter of persons. He was especially hostile to the ladies and would bite the fairest maiden if he got a chance. He had strong likes and dislikes. Some could not go near him—others he barely tolerated, and for a favored few he showed real affection. His endurance was phenomenal, and, as a saddle horse, he was unsurpassed. I suppose he has long ago gone the way of all horseflesh. Peace to his ashes!

But I must bring these reminiscences to a close. The men and women of the generation in which these events occurred have nearly all passed away, and we shall soon follow them. I am not among those who think the former times in every way better than the present. Our people have advanced socially and domestically, and during the past forty-five years the style of Methodist preaching has in many respects sensibly improved.

The old-fashioned preachers of half a century ago were invariably hortatory, and all that I ever heard of that class had a tone. This tone rose and fell with a mournful cadence and was often quite effective, especially on funeral occasions, and at camp-meetings, when it was customary for one of the brethren to exhort at the close of the sermon. The great majority of their hearers seemed to like it. I remember distinctly more than forty years ago, an intelligent man remarking of a certain preacher, that his sermons were excellent if he

would only *preach them*. The preacher in question spoke in a natural manner and the hearer, though an intelligent man, hankered for the tone. This peculiarity has almost entirely disappeared. I have often wondered why men in speaking on religious subjects should dismiss their natural voice, and assume an unnatural tone. I have always thought the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ the most manly creed in the universe, and why men should not talk about it in a manly fashion is a standing mystery to me. It would appear to me that the perfection of manner of delivery would be that of high conversation, subdued or animated by the solemnity or elevation of the theme.

The Methodists of fifty years ago were, as a rule, more emotional than they now are. It would appear that the increase of culture diminishes the potency of emotionalism in religion as in other things. The more men are dominated by reason, the less liable are they to sudden and sweeping eruptions of feeling. But it is open to doubt whether appeal and application are as close and sustained and searching now as then. We cannot afford to part with any quality in our sermons that is really good. Fire and finish are not antagonistic. The notes of urgency and certainty must still be sounded forth. In the pulpit some men burn. They give out much warmth, but little wisdom. Others shine: there is no lack of light, but a plentiful lack of heat. Let it be ours to be what John the Baptist was: "A burning and a shining light."

"OCTOGENARIAN."



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



Which Is Fittest?

SOLOMON'S treatise on Botany has never been discovered. That he had one is evident from the fact that "He discoursed of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall" (1 Kings 4. 33). The boundaries of his flora are not ours by a very long way. His largest, the cedar of Lebanon, would be very small indeed beside a Californian Sequoia. His hyssop on the wall would be gigantic compared with one of our single-celled micrococci.

The number of planets known to him would be probably about four or five hundred. Multiply this by a thousand and you will still be below the number of our named species.

Some years ago a writer imagined all the members of the animal kingdom placed in a line according to relative sizes. This vast procession, headed by the Behemoth and with an unicellular infusorian as rear-guard, gave an insect of the proportions of the common house-fly the middle place. That is, the Behemoth is as much larger than the fly as it is than the infusorian. Then he turned his attention to plant life, and by instituting a similar comparison, judged that the giants of California are as much larger than that small moss (*Funaria hygrometrica*), about three inches high, than it is larger than Proto-coccus. So he called this moss the mean as to size.

To some, such investigations may appear too fanciful for any utility, but can anything that gives us life in true perspective be wholly without value? We think not and, therefore, venture to ask your consideration of a topic that, though like the foregoing, devoid of material value, is yet rich in those quaint qualities that make nature study so enticing.

We propose to discuss the question: Which of all the plants known to us in Canada is the fittest to live? By this we mean, which fulfils the aims of its being most efficiently?

In order to do this, it is first necessary to get a clear understanding of the objects for which a plant exists. We think all will concede

that the first of these is merely to live and, perhaps, also none will dispute, that the second is to reproduce itself, so that its posterity may live also. The plant's usefulness to man and to the rest of the animal world is merely incidental, and does not figure in the discussion as to its perfection as an organism.

With these two desiderata in view, and that we may economize time and get into the heart of our subject at once, let us introduce to our readers, that peer among its fellows—the much-maligned Canada thistle. “What!” cries some champion of the æsthetic: “Dare you give this vulgar weed precedence of the rose, the carnation or the sweet pea?” Surely, for these are but drawing-room heroes—like the arm-chair Commodores of the Russian fleet compared to the get-there Togos and Kammimura.

We may all probably unite in the wish that the thistle did not exist, but that does not discount its sturdy qualities that are the determining factors in its doing so and that make it the conqueror in many a day of difficulty. Let us, then, consider its points of pre-eminence.

Woven into its fabric there is a quality of hardiness which enables it, though an herb, to brave our winters and live on, year after year, forcing every soil to pay tribute to its needs, and defying any stress of drought, or excess of moisture, to interfere with the fulfilment of its purposes. What the Briton is to the human family, the thistle is to the herbal.

It takes a generous grasp upon the soil, spreading its rootlets like the tentacles of an octopus. There are other plants equal to it in this regard, but in drawing our final conclusions we must form an opinion from the combination and not the individual points.

Plants are open to many dangers, many trials and vicissitudes, many foes who seek their destruction. There are the weather perils, felt most by young plants that have sprung from germinating seeds of the early autumn. How admirably the thistle takes advantage of the warm bosom of mother earth. The wee plant places its leaves in a circle flat on the ground, so that radiating warmth will sustain it against the frosts of fall and spring. This lowly attitude gives it also the full benefit of winter's snow-robe, that folds it close from Boreas's nipping winds. It also secures for the young thistle a plant-millionaire's share of the sunlight and permits it to cover over and smother out a multitude of other plantlets, while it is making chlorophyll for itself, that life blood which is to give to it its conquering qualities.

The dandelion, the mullein, and many other plants cling to the earth in similar fashion, but lack other distinguishing qualities of the thistle.

Plants are the assimilators of the mineral for the benefit of the animal. Without the plant the animal could not be : therefore, the plant forms a large part of the animal's dietary. This fact is a dire menace to the plant's existence, and it is driven, in self-defence, to many an expedient. The dandelion arms itself with a bitter milky juice, disagreeable to the taste. The mints and mustards store up aromatic and pungent principles. Some plants have emetic and poisonous effects, so that the eating of them furnishes an experience which soon becomes a lesson learned. Our thistle has a device of its own. It adorns its foliage with needle-point prickles that nothing but a donkey's maw can withstand. You will, therefore, frequently see fields cropped short of every other herb, while the thistle remains in undisturbed possession. These prickles serve yet another purpose. Not only do they defend from the herbivore, but from the pilfering ant, who is always on the look-out for sweets, and would rob our thistle flowers of the nectar stored by for other purposes, were they not warned off by these barbed-wire entanglements.

Second only to the sustenance of itself is the reproduction and care of its kind. In this connection our thistle shines. Plant efforts in the behalf of their young are very various and most interesting. As cross-fertilization is highly beneficial and necessary to the resistance of degeneration, many devices are used to this end. The wind, birds and insects are all pressed into service, especially the last two, to become attractive to whom, is quite an object in plant life.

As decoys for these useful admirers they use many little harmless coquetries : adorn themselves in pleasing colors, issue perfumed notes of invitation : provide five o'clocks of nectarine, and it is all one to them whether their guests are the clumsy bumble-bee, or those keepers of bad hours, the night flying hawk moths. The thistle is the front in this regard. Having naturally a very small flower, it adopts the principle that "union is strength," and so combines a thousand of its flowerets into one big head, and flaunts it forth like bunting in the breeze. Bees like color ; but, gourmands as they are, they like still better the honeyed smells and nectar juices which the thistle plentifully provides. Wherever you see thistle flowers on a sunny day, you will also see bees, and it is these that the thistle wants. With their great woolly heads they brush up and carry to the next thistle flower a plentiful supply of pollen. The clever thistle has thus effected its cross-fertilization.

Then, when the seeds are formed and ripened, they must be advantageously placed that they may have a good start in life. Some

plants drop their seeds straight to the ground. These germinate in dense clumps, resulting in a family choking contest, in which most are destroyed or crippled. Many devices to prevent this are adopted. Some, like the burr, beset themselves with little hook-like claws and catch on to every animal (or pant-leg) that goes their way. Some, like the Touch-me-not, provide a spring that comes to its greatest tension just when the seeds are ripe, and with a snap sends them yards away. Others pack their seeds inside a delicate morsel, appetizing to birds or other animals (berries, fruits, etc., are examples), and these become the transportation facilities whereby broad distribution is made. Some depend on atmospheric currents and furnish their offspring with tiny air-ships, by means of which they may take advantage of the breezes. The maple keys that are so noticeable on our avenues in the spring, are a sample of the cruder navigators: but the dandelion and the thistle are the master-designers of botanical aeroplanes. The airy, fairy thistle-down parachute, with its burden of a single seed, may be started on a journey of miles by the slightest puff of summer air. Its resting place is determined generally by a summer shower. The parachute becomes wet and falls, with the seed, to the earth, forming a covering till its little passenger has sprouted into life. Nothing can be more refined than this Dumont-like characteristic of our Canada thistle.

We quite recognize that the thistle has strong rivals. One of the most formidable is the dandelion. Yet, after acknowledging the latter's strong points, we think the thistle wins because of its superior defences.

Another very interesting competitor is the ox-eye daisy. It falls short in the transportation of its seeds, but almost equals the thistle in its defensive methods, as it substitutes for prickles a stinging aromatic foliage. In attractive qualities it goes the thistle one better. Not only does it combine the insignificant single flowerets into a charming cluster bloom, but it devotes the outer row of these to sterility, in order that they may bend all their energies (for the common good) into being gay. Just note the corolla-like crown of petal-shaped flowerets that surround the fruitful yellow centre, which, by their contrasted beauty, captivate the fancy of their insect friends. This attribute of the daisy counts high, but what it scores in this direction it loses on other points of comparison.

Success with us, as well as with the plant, depends on efficiency. The modest qualities of sterling worth that stand the stress and strain of adversity are of more value to us and our fellows than those ostentatious gifts and graces to which the superficial world gives its applause.

J. H. B.

Forestry at Yale

BY F. JACOMBE, '96.

TO the student of the University of Toronto, the month of May brings the time of "sweating," metaphorically speaking, under the burden of examinations; to the student of the Yale Forest School that month brings a time of sweating, in an entirely literal sense, in the performance of duties imposed by the school's curriculum, namely, tree-planting. This is a part of forestry work that annually falls to the lot of the junior class of the institution as a part of the course in forest seeding and planting, and is one of the "practical" parts of the instruction. The tract on which the planting is done is known as the Maltby Lakes tract, and is owned by the New Haven Water Co. There are on it several miniature lakes, from which it gets its name, and it is equally well, or better, marked by a number of outcrops of rock of an exceedingly hard nature. Owing to the nature of the ground our planting had to be done with mattocks, for the rock, as may be imagined, was not far from the surface; in fact, sometimes a stranger approaching from the distance would be inclined to think, from the sound, that a number of men were chopping trees, instead of making unavailing efforts to split rocks. A mattock, it may be explained, is a sort of cross between a hoe and a pickaxe, and looks like a larger and good deal heavier edition of a carpenter's adze. Perhaps, at the beginning of his work, one may know the mattock only from having seen pictures of it in books, but ere the work is finished, he knows its feel, its weight (especially toward the end of the day), its use and, probably, its capacity to raise blisters.

This, however, is but a part of the field work which a course in forestry includes. In the fall and spring terms half a day per week is devoted to field trips in dendrology, *i.e.*, tramping through the woods and learning to recognize the different species of trees directly from actual specimens. At first sight this looks like pure fun, and there is certainly a great deal of pleasure in tramping through the woods on a pleasant autumn morning. But, incidentally, you have pointed to you on each trip some twenty or twenty-five species of trees, and to remember the distinctions between these and to be able to name, on the instant, the species of the tree pointed out by the instructor, is not always as easy as it may look, especially as the term wears on and the number of species increases.

Moreover, when you have been out for a four hours' tramp, from 8.30 a.m. till 12.30, and then hustle off after dinner to a 2 o'clock lecture in a warm lecture room, it isn't human nature to sit throughout that lecture bolt upright and constantly alert, and it is to be feared that the professor of physiography found the junior foresters somewhat inattentive at Monday afternoon's lectures; for the most part half of them were asleep or nodding, while the other half, greatly amused, spent much of the time in watching the first half. As often as not, by the way, work begins at 8.30 in the morning, a somewhat early hour for one who, in his undergrad days, was wont to think a nine o'clock lecture quite early enough.

At the close of the fall term's work, that is to say, a few days before Christmas, comes the final test of the term's work in this subject, and as an experience in examinations it is quite unique. The class meets some winter morning at "The Green," in the centre of the city, and takes a ride on the electric railway a few miles out of the city to some spot previously decided upon by the professor in charge; an instructor also accompanies the party. Each student has provided himself with slips of paper. The professor goes ahead of the party and points out trees he wishes identified; the student writes on the slip of paper the name of the tree which he thinks the specimen is, signs his name and hands the slip over to the instructor. When the class of 1906 took this exam., the ground was covered with a couple of feet of snow, and through this we had all to flounder. The professor greatly enjoys speaking of the strenuous times other classes have had in these examinations. The exam. one year was held in a heavy snowstorm, while on another occasion, on account of an ice-storm just previous to the examination, the men had to suck the ice off the twigs of the trees in order to get a good sight of the buds, from which they are trained to identify the trees.

This, by no means, concludes the tale of practical work. The work of the junior year (the course is a two-year one) begins in the beginning of July at Milford, Pa., where part of the school buildings are located. Here work is taken up right in the woods, and a common remark of the lecturer is "Now, gentlemen, we'll just go out and see this thing I have been talking about." Throughout this summer term the men live in tents; the term lasts until the middle of September, and is an extremely happy joining of work and summer holiday in the woods. A full description would require a whole article. The work here con-

sists of Forest Mensuration and Silviculture. Under Forest Mensuration are included the study of the growth of trees, measuring their height and estimating their volume, valuing areas of standing timber and other such subjects. Silviculture includes the study of the natural environment of the trees and their condition of growth and, on its practical side, the methods of treating woodland.

A summer school for those contemplating taking up forestry as a profession, teachers and others is held at the same time as the summer term.

In the fall term of the junior year, too, three days a week are given to field work in surveying, which, in the beautiful weather that prevailed last autumn, was most enjoyable, while, in the fall term of the senior year the work at New Haven lasts only till Thanksgiving time, after which the seniors are sent out into the lumber camps for three weeks or more to study lumbering at first hand. The entire spring term in the senior year, the last term which the seniors have to put in, is spent down at Milford, Pa., and the men are engaged at actual work in the woods, similar to that which they will have when they go into the actual practice of forestry.

A word as to the distinctive work of the forester. Of the part in the training of the forester that is occupied by the study of lumbering and various subjects intimately related to lumbering and by the study of surveying and other subjects belonging more particularly to the work of an engineer, I shall have occasion to speak again. Yet Canada has had lumbermen and engineers for decades, but is only starting to employ foresters. Wherein lies the forester's special work?

The forester is concerned with trees, it is true, but not with all trees in all places. The trees growing in parks and along roadsides have little or no interest for him, in his capacity as a forester, except for secondary uses, such as the crop of seeds to be obtained from them; and this, too, even though the trees referred to are maple, oak and other species otherwise valuable to him. The trees that do interest him, however, are trees growing in a forest which are of use for some economic purpose or which benefit such species as are of economic use; thus, underbrush, of no value in itself, may be useful to trees which, in their earlier years, require more or less protection, and so may meet the latter requirement.

The most important economic use of the tree, of course, is for lumber. Regarded from the æsthetic standpoint, a tree may be

"a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever"; its form may be a poem in itself, and yet the tree may be of little value to the forester. Such a tree will probably branch profusely and branch, say, eight or ten feet from the ground; and the consequence of this will be that you cannot get a half-decent log out of the tree, and the only use that can be made of it will be for fuel, and its consequent use to the sons of men and its pecuniary value will be greatly reduced. Granting that this last sentence has a most mercenary ring to it and smacks hopelessly of the Philistine, yet consider the immense use of wood in building the homes of men and the furnishings thereof; and consider how many beautiful trees had to be felled in order that you, with the object of penning an indignant protest against such vandalism, drew a wooden chair up to your wooden desk and took in hand your pen (the handle of which was wooden) and wrote on paper (made of wood pulp), and, when the burning words were penned, put on your shoes (made of leather, tanned with the bark of hemlock) and posted your letter, to be whirled (in cars mostly made of wood) to its destination. And these are a very few of the uses of wood.

Such trees as I referred to the lumbermen have felled wherever they were to be found; and now that they are almost all gone comes the question, "Where is our future supply to come from?" On the answer to that question hangs the whole question of forestry. Trees will spring up again, after a fashion, if nature is simply left alone; but nature will vastly improve her productions if she is given a little assistance to that end. Most of the cereals have been known for centuries; but, had men simply left nature alone, the supply of cereals would have been vastly smaller and of worse quality. So nature, given a little assistance, can grow more trees, and those of better quality, than if left alone. The results of the past century and a half of scientific forestry in Europe are sufficient to validate such a statement.

Thus the distinctive work of the forester is the establishment and tending of the forest until it is ripe for the harvest. He must know how his forest starts and how to start it (when that is necessary), the various ways of sowing the seed over the area to be dealt with, or, if advisable, of planting young trees on it, or, if the forest is reproducing itself naturally, the best means of treating these young trees, so as to get them to give the best results. Having got his forest started, he must know the various ways of treating it and when to use each, as well as how to protect it against its many enemies, such as insects and fungi, wind and water, frost, and, worst of all, fire.

Not only so, but he must look also on the business side of his work, for his duty is not only to care for the tree until it is large enough to harvest, but also to harvest it in the best condition, take it to the market in the most advantageous way, and get the best price for it. The financial aspect of the question confronts the forester at every turn, from the time he has to decide upon the best and cheapest method of sowing or planting his trees until he comes to harvest the tree and see that he gets the best current price for the timber. For the most part, this business side of the work is left until the second year, when the subjects of forest management, lumbering, lumber markets, and preservation of timber are taken up. Forest technology, *i.e.*, the consideration of the peculiarities in make-up of different woods, their strength and their adaptation to different purposes is also a part of the work of this year.

There is yet another side to the forester's training. Much theoretical work has to be done, and of this, naturally, the greatest part comes in the first year. The student receives a thorough training in botany; in addition to the forest botany or dendrology, courses are given in plant morphology, in plant histology and cytology and in plant physiology. Of these some, such as the morphology and the physiology, are regularly offered in the graduate school; others are given in the forest school only. Throughout the year there is given a course in physiography, which has special reference to the physiography of the United States, and which also includes a study of soils, with the preparation of a soil map of a given area near the city. A course in entomology also teaches of the various insect enemies of forest trees. Courses in surveying, map drawing and road construction are also given, in order to enable the forester, without the need of outside assistance, to deal with various engineering problems that will confront him in dealing with the tract of forest under his control. The minimum tract under the control of a head forester in Germany is, I believe, 10,000 acres; on this continent forestry will have to make great advances before the forester of equivalent rank gets off with any such little patch as this to manage.

As to the school itself, it is the youngest of the departments of Yale University. It was founded in 1900—just five years ago—by the gift of \$150,000 from Mr. and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, and their sons, Gifford Pinchot and Amos R. E. Pinchot. Mr. Gifford Pinchot is now, by the way, at the head of the United States Forest Service. The endowment has since been

increased by the donors to \$200,000. This provides not only for the school at New Haven, but also for the summer home of the school at Milford, Pa. The building certainly does not, at first glance, give one the idea of a school; it was originally the residence of the late Professor O. C. Marsh, the well-known geologist.

The Forest School is one of the graduate schools of the university, and the regulations provide that, in order to obtain the degree of M. F. (Master of Forestry) at the close of his two-year course, the candidate must have a degree on entrance. No particular degree is stated, and the class of 1906, for instance, numbers among its members bachelors and masters of arts, science, philosophy, agriculture and law. Naturally the large majority of the students are citizens of the United States, but there are also in attendance at the present time three subjects of His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., namely, two Canadians and a South African. The last is Mr. G. A. Wilmot, of Cape Colony; the other Canadian besides the writer is Mr. A. H. D. Ross, M.A. (Queen's), late head master of Tillsonburg High School. Students who have not a degree receive, on completing the course, the diploma of the college, certifying to their proficiency in the subjects in which they have passed the examination. If a student has had a thorough training in botany, geology and mathematics, it is possible, by the very hardest kind of work, to do almost all the work in one year, but I shouldn't advise anyone to take this course.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.

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Editorial

Victoria Alumni

ON the removal of Victoria from Cobourg to Toronto the alumni gathered in goodly numbers, and seemed to have transferred their old time loyalty to the Alumni Association from the old pile of blessed memory to the new college in the Park. But it would seem that curiosity and a desire to see the new building must have been a controlling influence, for year by year the interest slackened and the attendance diminished until, apparently, life went out. Some half-dozen years of inactivity have succeeded. Of late, however, there have been questionings and suggestions, and some of the older graduates have thought that the time for revival has arrived. Perhaps the increasing activity in University matters manifest in so many directions has had something to do with these stirrings to new life. Be that as it may, a call was made for the resident graduates to come together, and in spite of many other attractions some thirty assembled in the Library. Prof. Bain occupied the chair, and Mr. C. C. James acted as secretary, in continuance of a former appointment.

The following resolutions were passed:

1. That this meeting hereby authorizes the calling of a meeting of the Alumni Association in the fall of this year.

2. That three committees be formed—a Education Committee, a Legislation Committee, and an Historical Committee, to exercise general supervision on behalf of the Alumni of Victoria College over such matters as may pertain to each committee, and to report to the next meeting of the Alumni Association, and thereafter from time to time.

3. That these committees consist of the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number :

Education Committee—Rev. James Allen (Convener), Dr. D. J. Goggin, Dr. L. E. Horning, Mr. F. C. Colbeck.

Legislation Committee—Mr. E. B. Ryckman (Convener), Mr. Justice Maclaren, Mr. C. W. Kerr, Mr. J. R. L. Starr.

Historical Committee—Mr. C. C. James (Convener), Dr. W. H. Withrow, Mr. R. J. Clark, Mr. E. W. Grange.

4. The Historical Committee are authorized to collect information as to the alumni, and to publish the same as a separate publication.

5. The officers were authorized to have a luncheon or dinner in connection with the next meeting, the place of holding same to be decided by the officers.

6. The Alumnae Association are to be asked to co-operate with this Alumni Association in the meeting to be held and the work to be undertaken by the committees.

ACTA VICTORIANA hopes that the revival may be permanent, and that the new life of the Association may be even better and more helpful than the past, and suggests that the graduates of recent years throw themselves heartily into this movement which may do a great deal to develop our College : for in our opinion the best interests of the University of Toronto are to be attained by the growth and up-building of the various colleges, each in its own peculiar line of work and expansion.

University Problems

DURING the session just ended the University of Toronto has been very much before the public. The result of the work of the commission has been several suggestions to the Government in regard to the President's duties. As an indirect result, the Graduates' Club, representing the City of Toronto Alumni, has been stirred up to make certain proposals looking to the strengthening of the Alma Mater. With some of these proposals, as outlined in the *Globe* of June 6th, we are in full sympathy. For instance, when it is proposed to cut loose, in large part, from the Government, a suggestion is made that would seem to remove all possibility of the baleful influence of party politics in the making of appointments. Again, as this is a democratic country, and as the graduates are directly the constituency to which the University must appeal for support, there can hardly be an objection to the graduates being represented upon the Board of

Trustees. They ought to be the persons most capable of choosing men who will most wisely safeguard all the University interests. There is also no reasonable doubt that the Senate needs reforming, for it is now an unwieldy and heterogeneous body. What is suggested as to the duties of College Councils is in the right direction, and is what the various colleges are doing.

There are, however, some points which must be very carefully thought over and some lines along which action must be slow. For instance, it would be subversive of the best interests of the University to disenfranchise the members of the Faculty so completely as is proposed. There can be no doubt that the good name and fame of the University is in the hands of her Faculty, University and College combined. Muzzle the members in any way or reduce them to the rank of hired men who must not have an opinion on pain of losing their places, and all proper ambition must at once cease. The idea does prevail in some quarters that all a Professor has to do is to teach and in all things else keep silence. That opinion prevails widely and affects the status of all classes of teachers, in Ontario at least. It is the underlying cause of the poor teachers, so much complained of on all hands. And above all, there must be no muzzling of the Faculty in the matter of the curriculum of studies. To have to submit every change, no matter how small, to a Board of Trustees, who cannot in the nature of things be conversant with all the details of each department, would be at once to make it impossible to be up-to-date in work ; and if the University cannot be abreast of the times there is only one other position which can be occupied. That no one desires. Whoever is appointed to the Faculty must be a man to be trusted and must have a certain trust reposed in him, else he will soon become inefficient. There is a better division than that proposed by the graduates of Toronto as to the duties of Board of Trustees, Senate and College Council, respectively, and one which will not induce conflict of prerogative and authority. The Senate needs to be reformed, but the right reform has not been suggested as yet. Centralization of all powers in a Board of Trustees, be they never so wise, would be very far from the ideal.

Suggestion is made that some colleges have too many privileges. What that means is not too clear, though its purport can be guessed. Very possibly the next University Act will see the relation of the various colleges to the University changed in some points. One ought to be the clear separation of University College from the University, as it is termed in the Act. Put fully on a par with Victoria and Trinity, each having its own set of officers as distinct

from those of the University, good will come to University College, and not evil. Ontario has really room for only one large University, which must be progressive and abreast of the times. Endow that richly, make it easy and agreeable for each outstanding college to join forces with the State University ; give the Faculty a voice, and a large voice in the shaping of the educational interests of the University, and thus of the country, and the graduates will not need to be ashamed of their Alma Mater.



And now we come to the time when we must lay
FAREWELL. down this task and see others assume it. In doing
so we desire to thank all those who have rendered us
assistance in any way during the year. It has been encouraging to
receive many words of commendation on our work. Our sister
journals in the colleges of the United States and Canada have almost
without exception kindly awarded us a place in the front rank ; and
many of our subscribers have sent us letters which have been a great
inspiration. The following from Dr. H. F. Biggar, of Cleveland, Ohio,
who graduated from "Old Vic." in '63, will give some idea of the esteem
in which ACTA is held by many of our most distinguished readers.

My Dear Sir,—Enclosed kindly find check for ten dollars (\$10.00) for ACTA VICTORIANA. The Christmas number is exceedingly good. The contributions are scholarly, instructive and interesting, and the artistic feature is beyond criticism. I devour every page from the beginning to the end of each number. I loan them to a few of my friends, who are grateful for the privilege of perusing them, and appreciate their worth. Dear old Vic., God bless her. With best wishes to all of you, believe me.

Yours very cordially,

H. F. BIGGAR, '63.

Those who have ever served on ACTA in the positions of most importance will heartily agree that to produce a Journal which can elicit such words requires time and labor of which few others have any idea. But it requires more than that—money. Apparently many of our readers do not realize that fact, to judge by the way they neglect payment of subscriptions. Without any endowment, it is a very hard task for a business manager to finance such a Journal and attend to his college work. Indeed, we feel confident that if our subscribers had any conception of the demands upon his time and thought, they would try to assist him by at least being prompt in meeting their obligation to the Journal. And we trust that this reference will not only lead those who have been negligent to pay up arrears, but will induce all to give a hearty support to our successors in their attempt to keep dear "Old Vic." well to the front.



W. H. WOOD, '01, was, at the last meeting of the British Club of Yale University, elected its president for the coming year.

E. E. CRAIG, '96, has been appointed Assistant Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Evanston, Ill. Mr. Craig has just finished a three years' course in the Hartford (Conn.) School of Religious Pedagogy, and graduates this spring with the degree of B. R. P. (Bachelor of Religious Pedagogy). He will take up his new duties at once.

A. R. FORD, '03, writes us a note from which we gather the following interesting item: A re-union of the following former Victoria students was held in New York City, May Day: Misses Dingwall, A. G. Scott and Mary Jeffery, and Messrs. J. H. Wallace and A. R. Ford. The irrepressible and ubiquitous Jimmy was as hilarious as ever, and figured as hero in several exciting adventures. A. R. Ford acted as cicerone to the party in their wanderings through the mystic mazes of Gotham. Jimmy is at present holidaying in Toronto, where his cheerful presence has added to the pleasure of several of '05's closing festivities.

REV. V. J. GILPIN, '98, has been appointed pastor of the new Unitarian Church at London, Ont.

MR. R. J. SPROTT, '00, last year resigned his Chicago fellowship, and has, since September, been principal of the Business University, Vancouver, B.C.

DR. J. W. SCHOOLEY, '63, of Welland, has been appointed Associate Coroner for the County of Welland.

REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG, '93, of Port Carling, was awarded the first prize for his story, "The Kneeling Deer," in the Short Story Competition instituted by *East and West*.

REV. E. A. WICHER, B.A., '95, M.A., B.D., at present minister of St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N.B., has been invited to take the chair of New Testament Exegesis and Literature in the San Francisco Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church.

W. H. HAMILTON, '02, has left Winnipeg, and is now in insurance business in Fargo, South Dakota.

HOWARD NEVILLE, '02, is in the offices of the Toronto Street Railway Company.

REV. E. N. BAKER, B.A., '79, M.A., '82, B.D., pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, this city, and Rev. E. A. Healy, B.A., '83, M.A., of Los Angeles, Cal., had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon them at the convocation of Victoria College, on May 2nd.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY has honored one of our graduates, Rev. Eber Crummy, B.A., '87, B.Sc., by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

THE Class of '03 are arranging to hold a re-union next year, for which the officers of the class are already preparing. Members of the Class are requested to notify the president, Mr. Russell Dingman, 136 Robert Street, Toronto, of any change of address.

ON March 21st, at Toronto, Charles E. Treble, M.B., '01, M.D., M.C.R.S., was married to Miss Violet M. Patterson, of this city. Mr. Treble was a member of the class of '98 at Victoria, though he did not proceed to graduation, and in his Sophomore year occupied the very important position of President of the Bob Committee.

C. C. JAMES, B.A., '83, M.A., '86, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada at a recent meeting in Ottawa. ACTA congratulates Mr. James on his well-merited distinction.

W. G. GATES, '04, and A. R. Ford, '03, have severed their connection with the *Ottawa Journal* and the *New York Financial Enquirer* respectively, and are going west to engage in newspaper work there.

J. H. WALLACE, '03, is under appointment to go to China to work among the literati under Y. M. C. A. auspices. He will sail this fall for Nanking, where he will learn the language.

THE college chapel was the scene of an event of more than ordinary interest on the evening of May 15th, when Rev. Chancellor Burwash united in marriage two popular members of the class of '01, E. A. McCulloch, B.A., M.B., and Miss Mercy Powell, B.A. - ACTA extends to the young couple heartiest good wishes. They will reside in Toronto, where Dr. McCulloch has entered into partnership with his father-in-law, Dr. Powell.

THE March number of *The Missionary Bulletin* contains the following notice which will be of interest to many: Married: At H. B. M. Consulate-General at Yokahama, by H. B. M. Consul-General J. C. Hall, Esq., on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at 10 a.m., and at 16 Tatsuoka-cho, Hongo, Tokyo, by Rev. C. J. L. Bates, M.A., assisted by Rev. H. H. Coates, M.A., B.D., and Rev. Y. Hiraiwa, on the same day, at four p.m., Rev. Robert Cornell Armstrong, B.A., of Hamamatsu, Enshu, Japan, and Miss Ketha Winnifred Service, daughter of Rev. William Service, of Harrowsmith, Ontario, Canada. ACTA extends to Mr. Armstrong, on behalf of his many Victoria friends, the very best wishes for himself and wife.

ON Wednesday, May 10, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. E. Boomer London, Miss Mina Gertrude Boomer was married to Rev. Clayton J. Moorhouse, of Rutherford, London Conference, Rev. Geo. Daniel, M.A., performing the ceremony. We wish Clayton and his bride a useful and happy life.

THE Secretary of the Class of 1905 requests that the members acquaint him during the month of September with their addresses for next year, so that he may be enabled to keep an accurate register of the members of the class. His address will be John S. Bennett, Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, P.Q.

Obituary

ON April 18th, at Fergus, there died W. H. Johnston, M.D., a member of the graduating class in medicine in '73.

HAMILTON MEIKLE, M.D., formerly of Oakville, Ont., died on March 21st at Emsworth, England. Dr. Meikle graduated in '80.

REV. J. WALKER SHILTON, '87, passed away at his home in Drayton on March 31st, after a year's illness, at the age of 53. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in 1875, and has been earnest and successful in the work and much beloved by those to whom he ministered.

JAMES ADAMS MATTHEWSON, the veteran wholesale grocer of Montreal, who died on April 3rd, 1905, was one of the earliest students of Upper Canada Academy, being enrolled in the second year of its existence, 1837-38, and up to the latest period of his life had a warm interest in the old institution. He was born in Ireland in 1822, and in 1833 came to Montreal, where

his father established the wholesale house of which his son afterwards became the head. Mr. Matthewson was a prominent member of St. James Methodist Church.

ON May 9, Heber N. Hoople, B.A., M.D., died at his home in Brooklyn. Dr. Hoople was of a United Empire Loyalist family in Stormont County, and graduated in Arts from Victoria in 1878. After some years spent in teaching, he entered the Toronto School of Medicine, and graduated in 1885. He had, for many years, been surgeon of the eye and ear department of various hospitals in New York City, and had written many standard works on his specialty.

ON May 14 there occurred the death of Mr. Orion J. Jolliffe, M.A., for twenty years Classical Master of Ottawa Collegiate Institute. He was the son of Rev. Wm. Jolliffe, was born at Bowmanville in 1851, and graduated from Victoria in 1876, taking his M.A. degree in 1882. His ripe scholarship and pedagogic ability gave him a high place in his profession. He was an active worker in the Dominion Methodist Church at Ottawa, and filled the office of Superintendent of the Sunday School. He is survived by a widow and six children.

ONE of Victoria's most distinguished alumni, and one of Canada's greatest citizens, passed away on the morning of May 29, in the person of Hon. Wm. MacDougall, Senior Privy Councillor and one of the Fathers of Confederation. Mr. MacDougall was born in York in 1822, and after receiving his education at local schools and at Victoria University, entered the law office of the late Hon. J. H. Price, was admitted as an attorney and solicitor in 1847, and was called to the bar in 1862. Mr. MacDougall had both inclination and talent for the work of journalism, and in 1847 established the *Canadian Farmer*, and in 1850 the *North American*, an independent journal of somewhat radical tendencies, which was merged in the *Toronto Globe* in 1857, when Mr. MacDougall joined the editorial staff of that paper. In 1858 he entered the political arena, being elected member of Parliament for North Oxford. On the formation of the Coalition Government, which resulted in confederation, he was one of the two Reformers whom Hon. Geo. Brown took with him into the cabinet. Assuming the office of Provincial Secretary, he was from the first an active promoter of union, attending the confederation conferences at Charlottetown and at Quebec. He was also present at the conference in London, England, when the terms of the compact were finally agreed

upon. He was sworn in on July 1, 1867, as one of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, and was appointed Minister of Public Works in the government formed by Sir John A. Macdonald, being created, at the same time, Companion of the Order of the Bath, in recognition of his service in promoting confederation. He was prominent in the negotiations leading to the acquisition of the North-West, and became the first lieutenant-governor of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory in 1869. He was, however, driven from the Territory by the partisans of Louis Riel. In 1871 he acted on the commission for delimiting Ontario's north-west boundary, and in 1873 on a special commission to confer with imperial authorities on Canada's fisheries. On his return to Canada he resumed the practice of law, but since 1890 has been an invalid. Throughout his political career, Mr. MacDougall has shown political independence, statesman-like ability, and unfailing devotion to Canadian interests. He was married in 1845 to Miss Amelia Caroline Easton, who died in 1869. His second wife was Miss Mary Adelaide Beatty, daughter of John Beatty, a former professor of Victoria University, at Cobourg.

Exchanges

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt during the past year of the following exchanges: *Cornell Era*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Yale Alumni Weekly*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Oxford Magazine*, *Edinburgh Student*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Mitre*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Alumnian*, *Varsity*, *Educational Monthly*, *East and West*, *McGill Outlook*, *Vox Collegii*, *Queen's University Journal*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Argosy*, *Hya Yaka*, *Trinity University Review*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Ontario Normal College Monthly*, *Allisonia*.



ALONG THE G. T. R. SYSTEM.



The Hebrew Wisdom

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I.

THE term Wisdom, which occurs so often in the Old Testament, describes, apparently, a distinct direction of the Hebrew mind, corresponding with what we should call the philosophy of other nations. Wisdom Literature is the usual designation of those Hebrew writings which deal not with the national law and life of Israel, but with the moral and religious principles of *all* human life. The books and psalms in which this philosophy (if such it may be called) is contained, are: (a) of the canonical books, Job, certain Psalms (such as 8, 19, 29, 37, 49, 73, 90, 92, 103, 104, 107, 139, 147, 148), Proverbs and Ecclesiastes; (b) of the non-canonical, Ecclesiasticus (Ben Sira) and the Wisdom of Solomon. This body of literature indicates a direction of the ancient Hebrew thought, marked and powerful enough to rank it along with the most remarkable characteristic of Israel, its prophecy—from which, however, it is to be sharply distinguished.

II.

The first references to this trend of thought would seem to indicate that it developed itself originally as an independent, intellectual movement side by side with the religious one, in the form of a “half poetical, half philosophical observation of nature.” The Israelites, like all other peoples, must have reflected, more or less, from the time when they attained a settled civilization, on general questions of life. The lowest forms of such reflection appear in popular proverbs and fables, which express the result of ordinary, common-sense, experience and observation. Such are Jotham’s fable (Judges 9. 8-15) and the proverbs cited in 1 Sam. 10. 12; 2 Sam. 5. 8; 20. 18, and Jer. 31. 29.

In the Pentateuch, the Prophets and the Historical books the terms Wisdom and the Wise frequently occur. The former, as here used, presents a great variety of connotation, as: practical sagacity (Judges 5. 29; 2 Sam. 13. 3; 14. 2; 20. 16); the skill of the artisan (Ex. 31. 3); wide acquaintance with facts (1 Kings 4. 29-34); learning (Jer. 8. 9); skill in expounding secret things (Ezek. 28. 3); statesmanship (Jer. 18. 18). Wise men are spoken of as a class by some of the earlier prophets (Isa. 29. 14; Jer. 8. 8; 9. 11; 18. 18; Ezek. 7. 26); but their wisdom lies in practical acquaintance with the affairs of the state and of life. A fundamental difference between them and the sages of Proverbs appears in the fact that the prophets are hostile to them (Isa. 5. 21; 29. 14; Jer. 8. 8); they reproach the wise with conceit and immorality. They were probably men of experience and practical sagacity, whose views of public policy were opposed to those of the prophets, and in this regard (according to the views of the latter) they belong in the same category with the false prophets. The "wisdom of the wise" in these early days concerned itself not with universal human life, but with the political, legal and moral questions of Israelitish policy. Later (as in Proverbs and Job) the word gathered a deeper significance, and it is to this larger sense we turn to find the ancient Jew's philosophy of life.

"The wise men" (using the term in its later meaning) "took for granted the main postulates of Israel's creed, and applied themselves rather to the observation of human character as such, seeking to analyze conduct, studying action in its consequences, and establishing morality upon the basis of principles common to humanity at large. On account of their prevailing disregard of national points of view, and their tendency to characterize and estimate human nature under its most general aspects, they have been termed, not inappropriately, the Humanists of Israel." The aim and function of the sage are clearly described in Eccles. 39. 1-11: the wise man, while he meditates on the law of God, will search through the world for knowledge, and will gain honor and renown among all men for his acute sayings and his practical understanding. The sages in this later time seem to have formed a distinct class which made the pursuit of Wisdom the chief aim of life. It is probable that a sort of academic life gradually established itself, for the wise men are alluded to in the Old Testament in terms which appear to show that they must have formed, if not a school, yet a tolerably prominent class in ancient Israel. Just how far they were influenced in their search for Wisdom by the thought of other nations, it is difficult to say. We unfortunately

know nothing of early Persian literary life, and it is not probable that the Jews came into intellectual contact with the Greeks before the time of Alexander. Immediately after his death Greek schools of philosophy sprang up abundantly in Egypt and Western Asia ; and from them it seems probable that the Jewish sages got ideas which colored their thought. No doubt they learned something of all current science ; but they have left no full statements of their non-religious opinions (there are hints in Ecclus. 43 and Wisdom 7). Hence in studying their philosophy we are obliged to confine ourselves to the main points of moral and religious thought.

Part of the thought of the Wisdom books they have in common with preceding and contemporary literature, and this may be dismissed with a brief mention. "They inherited the belief in monotheism and in the practically unlimited character of the Divine attributes pertaining to knowledge and power. For them, as for the prophets, God is terrible to those who violate His commands (Job 15 ; Prov. 1. 20-37 ; Ecclus. 27. 29 ; Wisdom 5). They take monogamy for granted, and recognize a well-ordered family life and all the ordinary virtues. They retain the common view of man as being made up of body and soul, and possessing conscience and freedom. They retain the traditional sharp division of men into the two classes of good and bad."

As to differences we have first to note the relatively non-national character of the Hebrew Wisdom. It lays little stress on national institutions, laws and hopes, but it holds to *some* extent to the moral and religious superiority of Israel over other nations. The sacrificial ritual is referred to a few times as an existing custom (as in Prov. 15. 8 ; Eccles. 5. 1 ; Ecclus. 34. 18-20), but rather with the purpose of controlling it by moral considerations ; and faithfulness in the payment of tithes (Prov. 3. 9), and vows (Eccles. 5. 4) is enjoined. The sages recognize the propriety of observing the custom, but do not put it in the same category with obedience to moral principle. Such things as circumcision and the Sabbath they take for granted, but find no occasion to mention. They do not refer to the synagogue services. They are silent, too, respecting Messianic hopes, their national feelings seeming to recede before their philosophic and religious devotion to virtue.

III.

When we come to the positive side of our enquiry and ask what the Jewish conception of wisdom is, we find at the outset that it differs

in two important particulars from the Greek or any other secular philosophy: *first*, in *starting-point*; and consequently, *second*, in *method*. "Greek philosophy was the operation, or the result of the operation of the reason of man upon the sum of things. It threw the entire universe into its crucible at once. It had to operate upon the unresolved, unanalyzed whole. Its problem was: given the complex whole of existence to frame such a conception of it as shall be satisfying to the mind and contain an explanation within it. Its object was to observe the streams of tendency, and, by following them up against the current, to reach the one source which sent them all forth. Thus to name God was its latest achievement. But the problem of the Hebrew Wisdom was quite different. It started with the analysis already effected—effected so long ago, and with such firmness and decisiveness, that the two elements, God and the world, stood apart with a force of contrariety so direct that even the imagination could not induce them to commingle or become confused. Hebrew thought was at the source to begin with: and instead of following currents upwards, it had the easier task of descending to them, and seeing how they subdivided and ramified, till they flowed under all things. Thus the efforts of the wise man were not directed toward the *discovery* of God, whom he did *not know*. What occupied him everywhere was the *recognition* of God, whom he *knew*. The Hebrew philosopher never ascended from nature or life to God; he always came down from God upon life, and his wisdom consisted in detecting and observing the verification of his principles of religion or morals in the world and the life of men. Hence, the Proverbs of Solomon, or others of the wise, are not popular sayings as proverbs are with us, shrewd or lively condensations of human wisdom in the mere region of secular life. They are for the most part embodiments of some truth of religion or morals, statements of how such truths may be observed verifying themselves in life and society" (Prof. A. B. Davidson). Or to put this in another way: the Hebrew sage does not propose to himself the abstract question, "What is truth?" and then pursue an independent search for an answer through all the accessible categories of human thought and knowledge. He begins not with a *question* but with a *creed* or an *axiom*. Given that there is a Supreme Being, Creator and Sustainer of all things, Wisdom is to understand so far as finite intelligence may, "the manifold adaptation and harmony, the beauty and utility of His works and ways, and to turn our knowledge of them to practical account. Wisdom is, in all the complex relations of human life and conduct to know and do His will."

This essential difference between the Wisdom of Israel and secular philosophy had, of course, an effect upon the method. The Wisdom had strictly no method. As a principle already known was observed verifying itself in some form or other, that form was seized and set apart in a single gnome or proverb. The Book of Proverbs, from the tenth chapter onwards, is largely made up of such observations. Here we have, perhaps, the most ancient proverbs, and they present us with a nearer approach to reflective observation in a methodical way than we find anywhere else. But the train of reflection being religious and practical was usually set in motion only by something personal. Some crisis in the religious life occurred, some point of God's dealing was covered with obscurity ; and the wise man's mind threw itself upon the problem with an energy and a passion which only a matter of life and death could inspire. Hence, the Hebrew Wisdom is characterized by a personal interest in the questions debated, very different from the objective coldness of ordinary speculation, and by an earnestness which has nothing in it of the gaiety of the Socratic banter.

Enough has now been said to make apparent the true nature of the Hebrew Wisdom. It is essentially a "Divine philosophy, practical rather than speculative, never attempting logic or metaphysics, but contentedly remaining within the sphere of practical ethics." A view of the universe, not as distinct from God, much less a view of God distinct from the universe ; rather a view of the universe with God indwelling in it. But the term Wisdom is used in various ways to express modifications of this general idea. To the study of these we may now turn.

IV.

In the first place the world, together with all its phenomena and occurrences, may be looked at in an objective way, having no relation to the mind of man as comprehending it, or taking up any moral position in regard to it. All that is or that happens may be regarded as an expression of the Divine will or efficiency. In short, God is the reality behind every individual thing, whether in the physical world or in the conscious life of man. The moral order of social life, the rewards or punishments of conduct in prosperity or misfortune, human reason, man himself—all these are but phenomena. This conception we have in such expressions as "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and labor addeth nothing therewith ;" "The ear which hears and the eye which sees, God made them both." Perhaps its highest generalization is seen in such gnomes as these : "The Lord made all

things answering to their end : ” “ He hath made everything beautiful in its time ; ” “ To everything there is a season, and a time to every matter under the heaven. ” The thought in all these is not far to seek. The world, as an orderly whole, is viewed as the expression of God’s mind ; it embodies and expresses God, His character, His thought and His method. The world, with God immanent in it, considered in itself as an objective thing, is Wisdom. This is the *Divine* Wisdom. Hence the view so frequently expressed in Proverbs that true Wisdom is with God alone. Only as He imparts himself to man does man become wise. True Wisdom is beyond the reach of man’s unaided powers. He must search diligently for it. To be sure, he must make full and honest use of his natural abilities ; but in doing so he must not fail to recognize that Wisdom is the gift of God.

“ If thou seek her as silver,
And search for her as for hid treasures :
Then shalt thou understand the fear of Yahweh,
And find the knowledge of God.
For Yahweh giveth Wisdom ;
Out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. ”

This view of Wisdom, as that unity which forms the sum total of the Divine manifestations, passes readily into a slight modification of the general conception : “ The world being a unity, animated by Divine principles, of which all its phenomena are embodiments, these principles may be regarded as an articulated, organized whole outside of God himself, the expression of His mind, but having an existence of its own alongside of God. The unity of thought and efficiency that animates and operates the world, may be abstracted from God, the actual, living Operator. Thus there arises the conception of an idea of the universe or world-plan, which, however, is not a mere thought or purpose, but an efficiency as well. On account of the powerful efficiency of God, this plan or organization of principles which is the expression of God’s mind and power, may be idealized and regarded as animated, and may have consciousness attributed to it. ” Or to put this in simpler language, Wisdom, as a body of principles which most fully express God’s mind and power, as having its origin in God and realizing itself in creation, is looked upon as having an existence of its own beside God, or in other words, is personified. Hence it is viewed as Jehovah’s artificer in creation. In this work it plays before Him in the intoxication of delight. Its play is *creation*. “ As it moves in grace and power before Him, its exquisitely articu-

lated limbs and frame bearing themselves with a Divine harmony, every movement embodies itself in some creative work." This is the conception of Wisdom we have in Proverbs 8. 22-31.

"Jehovah possessed me in (or *as*) the beginning of His way,
Before His works of old.
I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
Before the earth was.
When there were no depths, I was brought forth ;
When there were no fountains abounding with water.
Before the mountains were settled,
Before the hills was I brought forth ;
While as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields,
Nor the first of the clods of the world.
When He established the heavens, there was I ;
When He set a circle upon the face of the deep :
When He made firm the skies above :
When the fountains of the deep became strong,
When He gave to the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress His commandment,
When He marked out the foundations of the earth :
Then I was by Him as a master workman ;
And I was daily His delight,
Rejoicing always before Him,
Rejoicing in His habitable earth ;
And my delight was with the sons of men."

A similar personification appears in the Wisdom of Solomon 9. 1-4, 10, where Solomon pleads with the Lord :

"O God of my fathers, and Lord who keepest thy mercy,
Who madest all things by thy word,
And by thy wisdom thou formedst man,
That he should have dominion over the creatures that were made
by thee,
And rule the world in equity and righteousness,
And execute judgment in uprightness of soul ;
Give me Wisdom, her that sitteth by thee on thy throne.
Send her forth out of the holy heavens,
And from the throne of thy glory bid her come,
That being present with me she may toil with me,
And that I may learn what is well-pleasing before thee."

This is the highest generalization of the term which we find, and it forms the contribution of the Wisdom Literature to the Christology of the Old Testament, presenting as it does a beautiful prophecy in

type of the cosmic significance of Christ as the Divine creative power, a conception which St. Paul gives us in his epistle to the Colossians (chap. 1. 15-17), and St. John in the prologue of his gospel.

Under these general conceptions Wisdom is thus restricted to the idea of the world as a moral and material order and harmony, ordained and maintained by God, which it is man's wisdom, by God's aid, so to comprehend as in it to understand and occupy his appointed place. This brings us to another general conception of the term Wisdom.

Although this Divine Wisdom, as thus described, operates in all things, and consequently in man no less than in other things, it was not intended that it should lie outside of man's mind, or effectuate itself in him unconsciously, as it does in other things. The difference between him and them is, that he can understand the Divine Wisdom, can by the free exercise of his will "throw himself into its current, and thereby realize it in himself voluntarily." In other words, man has the power to apprehend and assimilate the Divine Wisdom. Thus his relation to it becomes twofold: (1) *intellectual*, and (2) *religious* or *moral*. He can both understand it and bring his will and conduct in harmony with it. And this is *Man's Wisdom*. Thus we pass from the conception of Wisdom as a universe with God everywhere operative in it, to a view in which it becomes a moral and religious factor in the life of man. And it is not difficult to see how the Hebrew mind would pass readily from the one conception to the other. According to the Jewish mode of thought God directs the whole course of nature and the whole life of man. As in the beginning the breath of God gave life to man, so the Divine Wisdom, filling and ordering all things, yet able to choose its own course, enters into the souls of those who fear Him, and brings them into unison with his thought. This conception, indicated in Prov. 2. 10: "Wisdom shall enter into thy heart, and knowledge shalt be pleasant to thy soul," is also very distinctly stated in Wisdom 1. 4: "For unto a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter, nor dwell in the body that is subject unto sin." The idea of Wisdom here seems to be parallel with the Old Testament idea of "spirit," viz., a life common to God and man, breathed into man by God. And this conception is not "pantheistic" in the modern sense of the term. It seems rather to be—to use Professor Toy's words—"an ethical and philosophical expansion and purification of the old tribal and national idea of the unity of the Deity with His people."

When we view the Hebrew Wisdom from this human standpoint, and study the terms under which, as an attribute of man, it is more

closely defined, we discover that it has everywhere both a *theoretical* and a *practical* side. These, however, are rarely kept apart, for it is a fundamental position of the sages that God's purpose can be comprehended only by those in harmony with it. To illustrate: Take the frequently quoted proverb, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (usually quoted "wisdom"). By examining the two terms "fear" and "knowledge," we find that each had in the Jewish thought both a theoretical and practical content. The former represents God as the source of all ethical authority and law, and reverent obedience to Him as the true principle of life. The term goes back historically to the dread which was felt in the presence of the powerful and stern tribal or national deity. Semitic deities were generally conceived of as lords and kings, exercising constant control over their peoples, and punishing them for disobedience. This is the prevailing attitude of the pious man throughout the Old Testament, only there is a gradual growth in the meaning of the term from that of mere dread of the Divine anger to that of reverence for the Divine law, although it would seem that the term never entirely lost the coloring implied in the word "fear." As one has very aptly said, "The Old Testament ethical conception of life is not love of a moral ideal as the supreme good, but regard for it as an ordination of the supreme authority: the world is looked upon not as a household in which God and man are co-workers, but as a realm in which God is king and man is subject." The point of view, then, of the sage, when he uses this word, is, that he who lives with reverent acknowledgment of God as lawgiver, will have within his soul a permanent and efficient moral guide—a guide which will lead him on to true knowledge of God. Thus the "fear of the Lord" (*i.e.* the attitude of reverent acknowledgment of His authority) is "the beginning" (the first essential, to an understanding) of true "knowledge" (which is, of course, knowledge of God). But this implies more than an *attitude of soul*, viz., acknowledgment of God (the theoretical side); it involves also a *direction of life*, viz., the putting forth of the life in active obedience to His will (the practical side). Thus in this term "fear," alone, there is both a theoretical and a practical content. This is seen, too, in the term "knowledge." By the forth-putting of the life in reverent acknowledgment of, and obedience to God there comes the "knowledge" of God. But this again is practical as well as theoretical. There could be no true knowledge of God without the effort to obey His will, for to be in harmony with Him is surely necessary in order to know Him. Thus these two terms both involve the idea of an attitude of soul (the

attitude of reverence for authority), and an activity of life (the activity involved in obedience to the dictates of that authority). Hence the very interesting fact that in the Hebrew Wisdom one set of terms serves to express both the intellectual and the moral wisdom. The "wise" man is the righteous man, the "fool" the godless. "Intellectual terms that describe knowledge are moral terms that describe life." "Behold the fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil (that) is understanding."

Other terms, under which the general term Wisdom, on this human side, is defined, look rather at the intellectual than at the practical side. Such, for example, are: Understanding or intelligence, shrewdness, sagacity, practical ability, power to steer the life—a nautical term). Under these terms it seems to be regarded as an intellectual power—the gift of God, to be sure—but subject to ordinary conditions of training and growth, and to a certain extent under the control of its possessor.

When looked at from this theoretical and practical side, which we have termed the "Human Wisdom," it is difficult to say just what department of modern thought this Wisdom most nearly resembles. Still it will appear that the Hebrew sage collated the Divine and human points of view. He began with certain conceptions of God, His character and purposes, and His relations to the world and man. What he observed in the world and in the life of man was God fulfilling himself in many ways. Thus his doctrine of Wisdom came to be a doctrine of Providence in a wide sense. But his ideas of God and of His plan were not discovered by him in the world (for to repeat what was said at the beginning of our study, he did not argue from the world back to God), they were rather given him in the law, and were, as we should say, "*a priori*" principles, the verification of which he sought in the world and life about him. And according to the ways in which he saw these principles realized may be classified the different *phases* of Human Wisdom. To a brief study of these we may now turn.

V.

It should, perhaps, be said with reference to this attempt at classification, that it does not necessarily imply that the three forms which will be indicated, follow one another historically. It is merely an effort to show, in a general way, the different phases through which the Human Wisdom passed as it viewed the question of the Divine control of the world. One cannot always argue from the degree of development of a truth in Scripture as to the exact era in history at

which it appeared, for much may depend upon the power of the writer, and the particular crisis of the people's history on which he is commissioned to shed light. Then, too, we must always be ready to recognize in Scripture an element which will not accommodate itself to what we might consider beforehand would be the way in which truth would develop itself. Hence, this effort to classify does not necessarily decide the dates of the books mentioned.

To proceed to the classification, the first form of Wisdom is that which has given us all those results of the sages' observation which indicate an exact harmony between certain principles and their manifestation. The sage with certain "*a priori*" conceptions of God and His relation to the world, looks out over life for an illustration of these principles he holds, and he everywhere finds it. "The history of events and of the life of man shows a perfect equation between occurrence and principle. External providence and God as conceived are in complete accord." That always happens which the principle demands should happen. There are no exceptions. Naturally, in such a view of the world the question of evil, and its consequences, and its relation to God occupies a large place. So, too, do such questions as those of human prudence, sense and intelligence. In this phase of Wisdom there is no exception to the general law that it is "well with the righteous and ill with the wicked." It is this phase, which meets us in the Book of Proverbs, chaps. 10-22. To take a few examples, "The fear of the Lord addeth length of days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened" (10. 27); "Riches profit nothing in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth from death" (11. 4); "Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner" (11. 31). Among these proverbs (*viz.*, chaps. 10-22) there are a few which seem to lack any very deep moral purpose, and are little else than the remarks of a keen insight into the ways and motives of men. Most of them, however, have a visible connection with higher principles and are either designed to exhibit God as realizing himself in life and providence, or to show the attitude which men should hold toward God and toward each other, in view of the principles by which the world is governed. In this phase of Wisdom the sage sees everywhere in life illustrations of the principles he holds as to God's government of the world. Piety, for example, appears here as the successful and most advantageous course. Virtue is never unrewarded (10. 27; 16. 20). Misfortune befalls only the ungodly (11. 31); for the pious it is only a passing chastisement.

The second form in which wisdom appears presents a striking contrast to this former one. We now pass to the phase in which actual experiences are diametrically opposed to the principles held, a period in which there arises a deadly struggle between the mind filled with principles, and phenomena in providence which seem to contradict them. God's external providence is found to be out of harmony with the necessary conception of God, and there arises a deep problem for religious faith. The wise man sees that in some cases the wicked prosper, while the righteous beg for bread ; or in the larger national sense, he sees God's chosen people Israel trampled into the dust by the gigantic idolatries of the heathen world. What of his principle now, that it is well with the righteous and ill with the wicked ? To the Oriental mind this contradiction between principle and occurrence was a very grave problem, for it had no third term to place between God and the world by which to solve its difficulty, or, as we should say, it had no idea of "secondary causes." In the Jewish way of thinking, God and history, God and occurrences were in immediate connection. "God did all that was done and did it immediately." Hence the perplexity. To the solution of it the ancient Hebrew addressed himself with an energy which has produced the masterpiece of Old Testament literature—the Book of Job. Other parts of Scripture where this second form of Wisdom appears are such Psalms as 37, 39, 49 and 73. It is a study of engaging interest to work through the portions of Scripture which bear the record of the sages' efforts to solve this problem of the Divine government, and to see how pious men were enabled to accommodate themselves to the mystery ; what old principle they fell back on ; what new insight into God's providence was given them ; how sometimes the speculative darkness remained impenetrable and they sought to realize for themselves the consciousness of God's presence in spite of it, "Nevertheless I am continually with thee." Or, how again the wise men moved the difficulty along from stage to stage until they pushed it across the borders of this life altogether and the Wisdom became an Eschatology (as in the Book of Wisdom). There is a deep pathos in all these efforts of the sage to solve this distressing perplexity rising from the fact that when a calamity befell him, accustomed as he was to see these principles verify themselves in life externally, it not only raised a speculative difficulty, but re-acted also on his personal relations with God, and threw a cloud over them. We shall look later at the various considerations which the wise men offered to explain the seeming contradictions in the Divine government. They were for the most part practical, and scarcely touched the principle at all.

The third form of Wisdom is that which we have in the Book of Ecclesiastes. The condition of things there seems to be this. All the principles of Wisdom as it appears in Proverbs are still held. All the problems of the phase of Wisdom just discussed are also apparently present, and in what seems to be a more aggravated form. But the author here holds a different attitude toward them. He no longer sets himself to the solution of the difficulties in a determined effort to equate occurrences and principles. He rather sinks down with a sense of complete human prostration in the face of difficulties which cannot be solved, and addresses himself to utilize, as best he can, the contradiction which he everywhere sees between principle and occurrence. To use Davidson's words, "He was nearly carried away, on the one hand, by a sense of dependence upon God and His overpowering efficiency, which was abject; and on the other, by a sense of the crushing evils and mass of the world which was overwhelming; and between the two, human prostration was complete." An analysis of a book so difficult to analyze as that of Ecclesiastes is, of course, beyond the limits of this discussion. All that can be done here is to indicate in the most general way the fundamental thought of the writer; but when this has been done and the book has been carefully studied, I think it will appear to the reader that Dr. Davidson's estimate of the particular phase of Wisdom it represents is well borne out. There seems to be little question as to the fundamental thought of the book. "All is vanity" is the constant and pessimistic wail of the writer, and even if in the epilogue (if it be a part of the original book) the "preacher" comes to a better thought of God and His dealing with the world, it does not alter the fact that throughout the rest of the book there is everywhere heard this plaintive note of human powerlessness in the face of an overpowering efficiency which fills the world with contradictions past man's understanding. And the note is so persistent and is presented under so many forms as to make it evident that this book marks a distinct phase of the sages' thought of the Divine ordering of the world. In the first of a series of parallel arguments under which the "preacher" treats his general theme, "All is vanity," he tries to establish it as a fact that all that happens on earth exhibits an iron law of cycle, in which certain passing phenomena recur regularly (I. 3-11). All man's efforts to discover a reasonable ground for this arrangement come to nought (I. 12-18). The "preacher" assures us that he has tried all kinds of expedients to banish the pessimistic disposition produced by the above observation. He has revelled in every species of enjoyment; he has given himself

to the most laborious inventions. But all in vain (2. 1-11). God has a plan for the world; everything has its time and season. But man cannot find out what this plan is, and hence, rarely orders his life in accordance with it. He may think that a certain line of conduct will produce a certain result; but it may be quite different, so that life may seem to be ruled by chance, not by law. And he is not master of his own fate. God has ordained this, and he helplessly struggles against it. He is caught in an evil snare and cannot escape. Hence, the best thing for him to do is to utilize his fate as best he may and get the most possible out of life with all its contradictions. Life is a bad business at the best, but it lies within man's power to palliate its misery by prudence and the due enjoyment of what little pleasure he can get. The attempt to find consolation in the pursuit of Wisdom has likewise been a complete failure, and has ended in blank despair (2. 17-24). The second argument on the general theme shows how the contraries which characterize all that happens on earth prove all labor on man's part to be vain. Birth is followed by death, planting by rooting up, etc. (3. 1-9). The law of nature, which always destroys again what it has made (3. 10, 12, 15), shows that there is no moral principle in the ordering of the world. Consequently there can be none in the case of men either, for as their existence is not essentially different from that of the beast, no more can their fate be different (3. 16, 18-21). Special arrangements for the good man are impossible in the plan of the universe. In the third argument there is still some complaint about human suffering from which there is no escape, and which is yet so useless, and about the restless and yet fruitless labors of men. Laws of Nature, not moral laws, rule everything. There is no Divine government of the world. This is proved by the world's course. Man's lot is a continuous, vain struggle. Pleasures cannot compensate him for this, for they rest on illusion. Nor does the pursuit of Wisdom bring any real satisfaction, for the pursuit of her is fruitless. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" There is something deeply pathetic about all this. And it does not seem very difficult to understand how such a pessimistic view of the world would occupy the mind of one with such postulates as the "preacher" had with regard to the Divine government.

We have thus traced the three general aspects of Human Wisdom.

First, the period of principles without exceptions—a period perhaps necessary that there might be well fixed in the minds of the people, certain positive, general truths regarding God's government and human life.

Second, the period of difficulties and exceptions. "Here the principles are still so powerful that the exceptions are felt to be intolerable, and are flung in general, with a certain violence, out of the way. But the principles begin to raise questions, and in consequence to suffer modifications through a more extended observation of actual life."

"*Third*, the period of comparative quiescence in the presence of difficulties which are themselves drawn into the general scheme and shown, as parts of it, to have their own utility."

From this classification it will appear, that as the Wisdom aimed at detecting and exhibiting the operation of fixed principles in the world and life, it became practically "a doctrine of Providence in a universal sense." In such a doctrine the question of retributive justice—rising especially in connection with the second phase of Wisdom we have just discussed—would necessarily have a very large place, so large, indeed, as to become the most important question of the Wisdom Literature. Hence, we may bring our study to a close by indicating, in a general way, the considerations urged by the sages in the effort to solve the perplexing problem as to why the wicked sometimes prosper, while the righteous are afflicted.

VI.

The general principle that it was "well with the righteous and ill with the sinner," was seen to be contradicted on two sides. The wicked were many times observed to be prosperous, and on the other hand, the righteous suffered calamity every day. The first side of the difficulty is treated in such Psalms as 37, 49, and 73; the second side, in the Book of Job.

The solution offered by Psalm 37 is very simple. It proceeds upon the idea that the good fortune of the wicked has no continuance. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass. The wicked plotteth against the just; but the Lord laugheth at him, for he seeth his day coming." And on the other hand, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt inherit the earth." In brilliant, poetic language the sudden end of the prosperity of the wicked is described, and this has the counter-description opposed to it, of the exaltation and happiness of the godly, which always comes to pass after a transient period of woe. The Psalmist satisfies himself and other people with affirming the general principle, and by saying that the exception to it is of short duration. It is a practical solution—nothing more than a palliative when the evil has gone no further than to breed discontent. The difficulty that there is

any exception at all does not assume any great proportion in the presence of the acknowledged brevity of its duration. In such an effort at solution there is no principle reached (nor indeed any attempt at reaching any) either with reference to God's general administration of human affairs or of His particular treatment of the wicked. The solution was, of course, true in particular cases, and was many times applicable, but very obviously it was incapable of being made a general principle to explain the difficulty and to satisfy the mind in all cases. The observation of new facts demanded new explanations and further modifications of the theory. Wicked men might be found who had grown old in their wickedness.

Psalm 73 accordingly grappled with the problem afresh, and sought relief from the perplexity by dwelling on the manner of the wicked man's death. It urges that however long the ungodly might live, he would not depart from this world in peace; his end would be amidst terrible manifestations of the Divine displeasure. This Psalm marks an advance on the one just discussed in several ways. In the first place the Psalmist's mind is in a condition much more inflamed. The problem has now passed from the region of mere feeling, and has become a real speculative difficulty. The writer calls his difficulty an "amal," "a trouble so great as to threaten to confound the boundary lines of good and evil." "As for me my feet were almost gone. . . . Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world. . . . Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain . . . for all the day long I have been plagued." The Psalmist had been greatly perplexed by the spectacles that life presented, and he wavered between faith and disbelief. At last his mind returns to its equilibrium, and in the Psalm he surveys the path by which he has reached it. In the sanctuary a light had been shed on the end of the wicked. The Psalmist was enabled to look through the confusions of a life however long, and behind the brilliancy of a prosperity however great, and to behold the terrors of God's displeasure gathering round the wicked man at last. This solution is thus quite in advance of that in Psalm 37, as it shifts the problem to the edge of the grave, and finds in the terrors which gather at the death of the wicked an awful balancing of the inequalities of a lifetime of prosperity. These terrors are simply the foretastes to the wicked man at his death, of what life (or rather existence) in Sheol will be to him, as contrasted with the state of the righteous. The wicked sinks into Sheol and there remains entirely cut off from fellowship with God. In the case of the righteous man, on the other hand, Sheol is overleapt, and fellowship with God is prolonged. The con-

siderations here given, while they seem to embrace nearly all the elements of a solution, simply move the difficulty on a stage, without really touching the principle at stake, for they leave unexplained the fact that the ungodly may enjoy a lifetime of prosperity ; and they are inadequate, too, from the standpoint of the thesis that "all is well with the righteous and ill with the sinner," a postulate which demanded outward prosperity for the righteous by way of reward, and outward suffering for the wicked by way of punishment. Hence, the solution offered left room for further complications.

The Book of Job differs from these Psalms in its attitude toward the problem. The question which occupied the Psalmists was the prosperity of the wicked : here the problem is the affliction of the just : and under the form of a drama we have in this poem our finest exhibition of the problem of the doctrine of retribution on all its sides and in all its depth. As Job's mind, step by step, reaches some apprehension of the meaning of his history, he throws aside, one after another, traditional solutions of it which satisfied his friends, and which, if the case had not been his own, would probably have satisfied him. He destroys, in every one of its forms, the principle of retributive justice. The part played by Job, as indicated in his speeches, is purely a negative one, and the net result of this negative side of the argument is briefly this : "What hitherto it has been the custom to call the exercise of Divine justice in the fortunes of men, is nothing more than the exercise of Divine omnipotence, whose resolutions are without any moral quality. These take their place, undistinguished, amongst natural occurrences, be these beneficial or destructive, and affect all men alike. In like manner individuals are prosperous, or the reverse, in the affairs of their natural life, without regard to whether they are good or bad. The gifts of prosperity and the blows of adversity, in so far as by these are understood material well being or suffering, do not depend at all on the moral character of the man, and have no relation at all to the righteousness of God. Such is the result of an unprejudiced examination of things. The old doctrine of Divine retribution is completely shattered against it." On the positive side of the problem, the book, as I understand it, contributes in a twofold way : one practical and to religious faith, the other speculative and to a troubled mind. There is, first, in the speeches of the Almighty (chaps. 38-41) the answer to religious faith. What this was we are left to infer. But whatever it was, Job's vision of God brought to him an elevation and rest of soul, in which the speculative difficulty is lost in a larger religious experience which satisfies the heart. It would seem from the setting of these Jehovah speeches

that the reply which satisfied Job's heart was to this effect: Nature in her positive operations, in the variety of her creatures, and in their mode of life, reveals an admirable law and order; from this it follows, that not merely brute force but also hidden wisdom interpenetrates and controls the life of nature. The depths of this wisdom are indeed beyond man's understanding, but the analogy of the life of nature leads us to postulate a similar order for the moral world, although man cannot state its laws. And the implication is, that in this order all is being overruled for man's good. The speculative answer is given us in the prologue: and here we see an advance on all former theories amounting almost to a revolution. In the revelations of the heavenly Cabinet suffering is seen to be abstracted entirely from the merits of the sufferer, and raised to the place of a general force in the constitution of the Universe, used by God for general ends, like other forces, and "affecting individuals not in their own cause, but in the interest of the whole."

Such, then, is the highest point to which the Hebrew sage has taken us in his effort to solve the perplexities of a problem whose mysteries have not all yet passed away, even under the light of a fuller revelation. Beyond this it scarcely concerns us to go, although it is interesting to notice that when the doctrine of immortality came in, the discussion of God's justice closed, in the apparent assumption that the future will wipe out the seeming injustice of the present. This is apparently the thought in the Book of Wisdom, which virtually affirms that this injustice exists only to human sight, and is inexplicable when the present alone is considered. In affirming this the "Wisdom" passes over to an Eschatology and discussion ends.

Prophetic Vision

BY CLYO JACKSON, '05.

THE prophet is essentially the man to whom "the word of the Lord has come." Thus, it is that again and again the great seers of sacred history are introduced: and their mission has been to reveal that bit of eternal truth God has ventured to entrust to their care.

A share in this divine confidence is ours: even in us is something of vital truth confided. For "it shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and to your sons and to your daughters shall the word of the Lord come, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams."

The dream is of the past, the vision is of the future. Old men are they who dream dreams. The gray-haired grandfather delights to re-

call the scenes of his youth. For him the golden age is the good *old* time ; our oldest living graduate must needs write "Reminiscences," for "your old men shall dream dreams."

Not so the youth ; he will write of visions, of ideals. The young man dips far into the future and looks forward expectantly to that far-off realization of his fondest and ever-growing hope. Men who have bequeathed great discoveries and inventions, have ever been young men ; for with that far-seeing, youthful eye, quick to discern new relations, comes the vigour to launch plans, which to the staid man of years seem foolhardy. Marconi is a young man. And it is he who sees the vision ; the old man dreams the dream. Only occasionally will you meet with some rare spirit, who, despite his years, has kept his heart young—one who has never lost sight of his vision ; such an one is Merlin, who even when dying follows the gleam.

To some of Victoria's students—young in heart—has come the prophetic vision. These can not content themselves with only Canada for Christ ; they would be true Canadians—but above their national sentiment rises the wider, universal concern for brother-men, and they must seek to bring the whole world to Him. To this end they purpose spending a life where each can do his most to realize the ideal—some in Japan and China, some—it may be—at home ; which interpreted means that they are determined to make their will subservient to His will—that they are determined to be obedient unto the heavenly vision—to be obedient even unto death.

But why is the vision come to some particular students ? That the vision may become general. The historic plan has been to particularize truth, that it may thus become general. Israel, Greece, Rome, each has had its particular truth to teach to the world. A particular day in seven we hold sacred, in order that our every day may become sacred—may become particular. Truth must become particular ; added to this is the further consideration, that truth must become incarnate. We will be interested only in men. When the world is prepared for new truth, there must come the man sent from God to stand for it. Other men may have guessed that the world was round ; but the truth must become incarnate, there must come the Columbus, to live and give his life, if need be, all for his fact. When the world was ready for the larger revelation that the All-great is the All-loving, too, this, even this must become incarnate ; and He who was to stand for this fact, even though the son of God—became the son of man. So the word of the Lord, that He is not willing that any should perish, has become particular and incarnate in us ; the vision has come to some that others might see.



MISS ALICE E. WILSON, who was obliged to drop out of college at the end of her third year, was back for the Convocation gaieties.

'Twas amusing to hear the quartette, Misses Wallace, Wilson, Spence and Patterson, give their old cry :

Who are we? Can you guess?
 We are the scribes of the H. C. S.
 Are we workers? None can beat!
 We would rather work than eat!
 It's all over for better or for worse.
 Next year of course we'll *study*.

It we know more it is what we *learned*.

Here's to a year gone, but not forgotten—1904-05!

BROWNLEE—"I am a Freshman, and I have the interests of the Freshmen very much at heart, *especially next year*."

FORBES R. (to Local Editor)—"Here's a local for you—a girl spoke to me in the Hall."

SMALL BOY meeting on St. Mary Street, at 7.30 a.m. Present—G. E. T. and C. D. H.—"There goes a couple of those bum Methodist preachers." (Kindness of H. D. R.)

(BELATED)—Freshette (at Senior Dinner)—"Who was *Auld Lang Syne*?"

At the Metropolitan Church Sunday night before an exam. Sophomore (reading notes before the service)—"One can't afford to be *too* narrow at this time of the year."

HILES, at the photographer's (passing the comb over his bald spot)—"There! as long as it's back out of my eyes."

MISS G—ge was so apprehensive lest the preacher should "fall into the bath-tub" at J—Street B. Church one Sunday evening, that she couldn't listen to the sermon.

SOPHETTE (meeting mother of J. L. Rutledge)—"I am so glad to meet you. I think I like you better than your brother."

SENIORETTE (returning from sunrise picnic)—“I think you boys ought to go over and hook that scarlet and gold awning.” J. A. M.—“O, but you can’t; it has ‘stationery’ on it.”

STAPLEFORD—“What do you know about Simcoe County?” Morgan—“Well, I ought to know something about it, I’ve lived in Cookstown, Hillsdale, Coldwater and Midland.” S—“What were you working at?” M. (cogitating)—“Oh! just growing up.” S—“Say, you didn’t work long hours at it, did you?”

Miss S—r, ’05—“Miss P—n, won’t you play ‘Consolation?’ You know we won’t have ‘Consolation’ next year.” Personal Ed. (anticipating pleasure of being a professor at Stanstead College next year)—“I’m glad I’ll be within reach of ‘Consolation’ when I’m lonely.” Miss P—n—“Do you expect to be lonely after Mr. B—t.” J. S. B.—“I hope so, Miss P—n.”

JENKINS, ’07—“How did you fellows all get pseudonyms in *a* or *b*?” “We’re all *j*’s in our class.”

THEY were discussing Greek legends at the dinner table, and the “obol to be given the ferryman of the Styx, was mentioned. Quoth Bradshaw—“They must have had money to burn in those days.”

A young man wrote on an exam.

For which he’d neglected to cram.

He put up a bluff

But it wasn’t enough,

When the results came out he said, “Pshaw!”

J. S.—B—t, ’05—“When Naughty Five meets again each man is expected to bring at least *one* wife.”

BRIGHAM YOUNG MORGAN—“I’m terribly excited. That’s the kind of gloves I wear when I am getting married.”

CHAPERONE of ’05’s walking party, June 4th, seeing the botany box slung over J. A. M.’s shoulder—“What in the world has Mr. *Dorson* got there. Is he going to collect bugs?”

AT the Sunrise Breakfast. Reggie—“I hope my wife will never have to get up at five o’clock to chaperone a college party.”

PROF. LANGFORD (rising to speak)—“Do you wish some toast?” Robbie—“I should like it buttered.”

PROF. L— (in speech after breakfast)—“I have had a very happy time so far. I am here largely because Mrs. Langford is, but I am glad to be here, barring the initial difficulty of starting.” Pres. Campbell—“I can’t say I can sympathize with Prof. L— about difficulty of rising so early.” Prof. L—“You will some day.”

IN a quest for a position of isolation and mental abandon, a fair Señora resorted innocently to the present sarcophagus of one of Egypt's queens. Her Royal Ghostess, in high disdain that a mortal should disturb her ancient peace by assuming in her presence the undignified state of plugging, complained to Osiris, who straightway telepathed the Curator of the Relics to interfere. This one proceeded thus diplomatically: Curator opens door—departs. Nothing doing! Interval—repeats—hesitates—goes. *Même jeu.* Again—lingers—“Oh! do you wish to use this room, ‘Dr.’!! Burwash?” Curator—“Oh! no, Miss Patte—son, I just thought I would look in and see how the mummy was.” Enters—takes up mummy's head caressingly—says something in Esquimaux—rambles on. Fair Señora *celerrime exiit.* Mummy fades.

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Permanent Executive of the Class of '05: President, T. P. Campbell, B.A.; Vice-President, Miss A. D. Switzer, B.A.; Secretary, J. S. Bennett, B.A.; Treasurer, Miss E. Walker, B.A.

The following are the officers elected by the various societies for the coming year:

Y.W.C.A.—Hon. Pres., Mrs. Misener, B.A.; Pres., Miss K. R. Thompson, '06; Vice-Pres., Miss M. E. Carman, '07; Sec., Miss Mary Gundy, '07; Treas., Miss Isabel Gowanlock, '08.

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Union Literary Society—Hon. Pres., Dr. Bell ; Pres., D. A. Hewitt, '06 ; 1st Vice-Pres., A. M. Harley, '06 ; 2nd Vice-Pres., F. E. Coombs, '07 ; Critic, E. W. Morgan, B.A. ; Asst. Critic, E. J. Moore, '06 ; Leader Govt., J. G. Brown, '06 ; Leader Opp., G. A. King, '07 ; Cor. Sec., A. D. Macfarlane, '07 ; Rec. Sec., P. G. Knox, '08 ; Treas., J. B. Lamb, '07 ; Curator, F. S. Albright, '08.

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Symphony Orchestra—Hon. Pres., Dr. F. N. Badgley ; Pres., J. H. Adams, '06 ; Vice-Pres., K. H. Smith, '08 ; Sec.-Treas., C. B. Kelly, '07 ; Librarian, Rev. T. Green, B.A. ; Bus. Mgr., Rev. E. M. Burwash, M.A., B.D.

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Indian Relics Fund

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(From May 25, 1904, to May 24, 1905.)

Cash.

'03. J. H. Wallace, B.A., \$5.00.

'06. (Collected by D. A. Hewitt) : D. A. Hewitt, \$3.00 ; H. G. Brown, \$2.00 ; J. M. Copeland, \$3.00 ; G. E. Trueman, \$2.00 ; C. E. Mark, \$3.00 ; J. W. Cahoon, \$2.00 ; R. J. Manning, \$2.00 ; J. Wells, \$3.00. Total, \$20.00.

'07. (Collected by L. N. Richardson) : A. D. Macfarlane, \$2.00 ; F. W. H. Armstrong, \$1.00 ; H. B. Dwight, \$3.00 ; H. F. Woodsworth, \$1.00 ; J. L. Rutledge, \$1.00 ; H. J. Sheridan, \$1.00 ; L. L. Lawrence, \$1.00 ; F. F. Coombs, \$2.00 ; W. T. Brown, \$1.00 ; A. K. Edmison, \$1.00. Total, \$14.00.

'08. (Collected by D. W. Ganton) : A. E. Owen, \$1.00 ; W. A. McCubbin, \$1.00 ; A. N. Kitt, \$1.00 ; A. MacLean, \$1.00 ; C. R. Gundy, \$1.00 ; W. N. Courtice, \$1.00 ; C. W. Coulter, \$1.00 ; F. S. Albright, \$1.00 ; W. B. Wortman, \$1.00 ; D. E. Dean, \$1.00 ; E. J. Halbert, \$1.00 ; C. F. Connolly, \$1.00 ; K. H. Smith, \$1.00 ; J. C. Kee, \$1.00. Total, \$14.00.

Conference Theology—(Collected by Rev. R. A. Whattam) : Rev. A. E. Lunan, \$5.60 ; Rev. A. J. Brace, \$5.00 ; anonymous, per Rev. A. J. Brace, \$4.00. Total, \$14.60.

Notes.

'07. (Collected by L. N. Richardson): F. W. H. Armstrong, \$4.00; E. J. Jenkins, \$5.00; W. B. Albertson, \$5.00; H. J. Sheridan, \$2.00; A. K. Edmison, \$2.00; J. R. Rutledge, \$2.00; H. F. Woodsworth, \$2.00; J. N. Tribble, \$3.00; W. T. Brown, \$2.00. Total, \$27.00.

'08. (Collected by D. W. Ganton): E. J. Mathews, \$4.00; G. C. Raymer, \$5.00; R. A. Downey, \$4.00; A. L. Smith, \$5.00; H. W. Nancekivell, \$1.00; A. N. Kitt, \$4.00. Total, \$23.00.

Complete Financial Statement re Subscriptions.

RECEIPTS.

	CASH.	NOTES.	TOTALS.
The Chancellor's Lecture	\$20 00	\$20 00
The Faculty.....	53 00	53 00
Graduates to '01.....	16 50	16 50
Naughty Two, '02	49 45	\$40 00	89 45
Naughty Three, '03	40 00	17 00	66 00
Naughty Four, '04	37 21	44 00	81 21
Naughty Five, '05	44 50	95 00	139 50
Naughty Six, '06.....	61 35	22 00	83 35
Naughty Seven, '07	14 00	27 00	41 00
Naughty Eight, '08.....	14 00	23 00	37 00
Conference Theology.	31 60	6 00	37 60
Interest.....	5 18	5 18
Grand Totals.....	\$395 79	\$274 00	\$669 79
Total Cash Receipts			\$395 79

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dec. 19, 1902.	Interest, 6% on \$450.00.....	\$27 00
Feb. 5, 1903.	Discount on Draft	0 15
Feb. 23, 1903.	Payment on Note	130 00
Nov. 19, 1903.	Interest, 6% on \$320.00	21 15
Feb. 15, 1904.	Payment on Note	120 00
Aug. 8, 1904.	Payment on Note	30 00
Dec. 28, 1904.	Interest, 6% on \$200.00, \$170.00	13 20
Total Cash Disbursements.....		\$341 50
May 24, 1905.	Cash Balance.....	54 29
		\$395 79

The committee are pleased to acknowledge the assistance given by Mr. J. F. Knight, B.A., in the canvass among the gentlemen of Naughty Eight.

The attention of those subscribers whose notes are overdue is called to a motion passed by the Union Literary Society empowering the committee to send a *billet doux* to such delinquents—hence *carpe diem*.

L. A. DAWSON, B.A.,
Convener.



ONCE again the shield, the much-coveted shield, has, with a judgment which we cannot but commend, shown a preference for summering in the Queen City. But we must not commend it too highly, for it was not until a deputation from Toronto had visited Whitby, and had used all their powers of persuasion, that it consented to accompany them back to the cool and shady halls of Victoria.

It was for this reason, then, that the morning of May 24th saw a merry group at the Union Station, welcoming stragglers and awaiting tickets from the man-in-the-line. But the engineer was evidently not as patient as the students, for at 8 o'clock he steamed away, leaving the man-in-the-line and four or five of his followers running as poor seconds. The first contingent arrived safely and, after being welcomed at the station and college, proceeded to make and renew acquaintances, until the secretary should have completed arrangements for the matches. Nothing final could be decided, however, as the President of our tennis club was missing, for he had been among the "also rans" at the Union Station. But a later train brought these unfortunates to Oshawa, and from there they came by coach to the College. But we still felt that all was not complete, and breathed a sigh of surprise and relief when the stalwart form of Mr. F. W. Ketchum Harris, B.A., '04, was seen entering the gates. He joined the group about Dr. Hare, and in a few minutes they dispersed to start the tournament forthwith. But the delay had, by no means, caused any waste of time, for both then and throughout the day, the members of the guard of honor seemed to have learned very thoroughly from their college work, not to let time and opportunity slip by.

The first contest was between Miss Desire Campazzi, O. L. C., and Miss Helen Graham, Vic. The first set was won by Miss Campazzi, 6—4, but as the game went on Miss Graham got her hand in and with more steady playing won out 6—4, 6—0.

Miss Mabel Harrison, Vic., won from Miss Petty Smith, O. L. C., after a long and closely contested match, Miss Harrison

winning by more staying power. The score was 4—6, 8—6, 8—6.

Miss Grace Maclaren, Vic., won from Miss Mabel Campazzi, O. L. C., 3—6, 7—5, 6—1. Miss Maclaren's playing after the first set was marked by some splendid placing.

Miss Cauldwell, O. L. C., won from Miss Biggar, Vic. For although Miss Biggar rallied in the second set, Miss Cauldwell finished stronger. Score 6—1, 1—6, 7—5.

In the doubles Misses Maclaren and Biggar, Vic., won from Misses Cauldwell and Mabel Campazzi, O. L. C., 6—1, 1—6, 6—2; and Misses Graham and Harrison, Vic., won from Misses Desire Campazzi and Smith, O. L. C., 6—3, but owing to lack of time the game was not finished.

Victoria thus won four out of a possible five events, making her wins total five out of the eight semi-annual tourneys, which have been held since the present shield has been up for competition.

Though the tennis furnished the greater part of the programme throughout the day, the scattered groups on the sunny lawns attested that other interests were being considered. Kodaks were plentiful and "Percy," with his usual courtesy, consented to act as a model for a group of fair camera-owners. He posed in a realistic manner as the "Sleeping Beauty;" "Robbie" acted as "bell boy" and "Jain" and "Freddie" Harris ran a race, as their contribution to the fun.

In the evening it was only dire necessity that induced us, bearing the shield, to tear ourselves away and turn our sun-burned faces toward Toronto. To the kindly entertainment of Dr. and Mrs. Hare during the day, Miss Addison's luncheon after arrival at the Hall, furnished a happy climax. The end of examinations, Queen's weather, and the many delights which, for brevity, can best be summed up under the name Ontario College, had combined to make the day a perfect one.

LOOKING ON, '05.

NOTES.

What happened baseball in Victoria this spring? The query has been put to us repeatedly, and thus far has been unanswered. A large quantity of goods requisite to the game found its way from Harry Love's to the big locker in the dressing room, but beyond being stolen in small lots, the beautiful new gloves, balls, bats, etc., have been little use. The trouble then would seem to lie with the players. Strange to say the original husky nine which had upheld Vic's reputation

for the last few years, remained almost intact. The only conclusion we can draw, then, is that interest has fallen off, and that the former enthusiasts have suffered a change of spirit. If this change is due to the management of the team, those in authority should be severely censured, regardless of their motives. If there is a lack of support or interest for any particular line of athletics, that line may be dropped, but the way in which baseball has been thrown down this season reflects no credit upon an organization which, generally speaking, holds an enviable reputation for its businesslike methods. Our baseball record has always been a clean and dignified one, and to let the game die out unattended, unthought of, is a lamentable thing. As far as we know, no discussion in this regard took place at any of the regular meetings of the "Union." It is to be hoped that the future will be innocent of such unbusinesslike procedure. The burly twirlers, catchers and sluggers have been much in evidence loitering in the corridors, disporting themselves on the tennis courts and alley board, but the untrammelled appearance of the grass on the campus shows that they are strangers to it. Mr. Campbell was seen once limping painfully around the field, while little Jane rolled in the tall grass playing with a batted off cover, but aside from this pathetic demonstration of the fact that an old love never really dies, we have no evidence of any attempt to maintain the sport. We grieve to see these men of pristine greatness lose energy and descend to a state of puffy inactivity, shambling about with pendulous jowl and laggard gait. Only one or two excuses have been offered, and after serious consideration, we fail to see that they are remarkably plausible. In the first place, some of the players have been *so* busy, having graduation photos taken that really no one should expect their presence on the diamond; secondly, it has been urged that spring shopping has been much more extensive this year, and consequently the boys have found little time for less important things. We leave these explanations with the student body. May next year witness a reconstruction round the plate.



Varsity has made some ludicrously ineffectual attacks upon the American Colleges, as far as baseball is concerned, but has clearly demonstrated to our cousins across the line, Canadian superiority in Canada's National game. The lacrosse team has been having a successful and enjoyable tour and we expect them home burdened with laurel wreaths. Victoria is well represented on the team by Trench and Coombs, two of our promising second year men. It is gratifying to note that we are more and

more becoming a very important factor in University athletics: indeed, I do not know that we are now surpassed by any college in the federation, and from present prospects next year will see us in the front.



From the *Globe*.—Swathmore, Penn., June 3.—(Special)—'Varsity beat Swathmore, inter-collegiate champions of the United States, thus winning the inter-collegiate championship of all America, by 7—4.

SUMMER TRAINING.

We are happy to learn that Ham. Adams has entered a contract for the summer months to pace jack-rabbits for a faddist in Iowa. Ham. carries a bunch of greens in his hand and the pot-pies chase him. Remarkable records are being made.

"Jane" Salter is to wear the mask for the Oshawa Fans, when not busy catching other than foul flies.

Macfarlane is managing Red Men in the back woods. If he comes back with all his weight for a fierce Rugby season we wont haggle about his scalp.

Robertson has formed a class in "parlor croquet." Be careful of the furniture, Bobbie.

"Pussy" Hincks is to scull at Muskoka during the coming hot months. For other employment he will run his own ferry.

Joe Gain is tired of a fish diet: he has decided not to caddy for salmon again this summer.

Mr. Booth is booked as physical instructor in mental gymnastics by the Wide Awake Athletic Association of Hamilton.

Reggie Davison is to be "swimming master" at a well-known watering place. He affirms that were it not for the screaming, the wash would be much lighter than that involved in training a ladies' hockey team.

Percy Campbell has descended to Association football. In spite of his artificial limbs he is expected to lead Peterboro' on to victory.

"Bill" Connolly has decided to swing hammocks at various resorts along the blue St. Lawrence. He maintains that the skill acquired can be adapted to the tennis courts.

Vic. students will be glad to know that genial Bob Pearson is doing some long stunts in the pulpit. Bob has developed an instinct in platform eloquence that worries the best of 'em. Strike them out, Bob.





